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THE TRUMPETER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

It was at Laramie, between the mountains, and Henniker was celebrating the present and drowning the past in a large, untrammelled style, when he received a letter from the quartermaster-sergeant at Custer, — a plain statement until the end, where Henniker read: —

“If you should happen at any time to wish for news of your son, Meadows and his wife have taken the child. They came on here to get him, and Meadows insisted on standing the expense of the funeral, which was the best we could give her for the credit of the troop. He put a handsome stone over her, with ‘Meta, wife of Trumpeter Henniker, K Troop —th U. S. Cavalry,’ on it; and there it stands to her memory, poor girl, and to your shame, a false, cruel, and cowardly man in your treatment of her. And so every one of us holds you, officers and men the same, — of your old troop that walked behind her to her grave. And where were you, Henniker, and what were you doing this day two weeks, when we were burying your poor wife? The twenty dollars you sent her by Billy, Meadows has, and says he will keep it till he sees you again. Which some of us think it will be a good while he will be packing that Judas piece around with him. — And so good-by, Henniker. I might have said less, or I might have said nothing at all, but that the boy is a fine child, my wife says, and must have a grand constitution to stand what he has stood; and I

have a fondness for you myself when all is said and done.

“P. S. I would take a thought for that boy once in a while, if I was you. A man does n’t care for the brats when he is young, but age cures us of all wants but the want of a child.”

But Henniker was not ready to go back to the Meadows cottage and be clothed in the robe of forgiveness, and receive his babe like a pledge of penitence on his hand.

The shock of the letter sobered him at first, and then the sting of it drove him to drinking harder than ever. He did not run upon that “good thing” at Laramie, nor in any of the cities westward that one after another beheld the progress of his deterioration. It does not take long in the telling, but it was several years before he finally struck upon the “Barbary Coast” in San Francisco, where so many mothers’ sons who never were heard of have gone down. He went ashore, but he did not quite go to pieces. His constitution had matured under healthy conditions, and could stand a good deal of ill-usage; but we are “no stronger than our weakest part,” and at the end of all he found himself in a hospital-bed under treatment for his knee, — the same that had been mulcted for him twice before.

He listened grimly to the doctor’s explanations, — how the past sins of his whole impenitent system were being vicariously

reckoned for through this one afflicted member. It was rough on his old knee, Henniker remarked; but he had hopes of getting out all right again, and he made the usual sick-bed promises to himself. He did get out, eventually, without a penny in the world, and with a stiff knee to drag about for the rest of his life. And he was just thirty-four years old.

His splendid vitality, that had been wont to express itself in so many attractive ways, now found its chief vent in talk — inexpensive, inordinate, meddlesome discourse — wherever two or three were gathered together in the name of idleness and discontent. The members of these congregations were pessimists to a man. They disbelieved in everybody and everything except themselves, and secretly, at times, they were even a little shaken on that head; but all the louder they exclaimed upon the world that had refused them the chance to be the great and successful characters nature had intended them to be.

It need hardly be said that when Henniker raved about the inequalities of class, the helplessness of poverty, the tyranny of wealth, and the curse of labor; and devoted in eloquent phrases the remainder of a blighted existence to the cause of the Poor Man, he was thinking of but one poor man, namely, himself. He classed himself with Labor only as he might feel his superiority to the laboring masses. There were few situations in which he could taste his superiority, in these days. The "ego" in his *Cosmos* was very hungry; his memories were bitter, his hopes unsatisfied; his vanity and artistic sense were crucified through poverty, lameness, and bad clothes. Now all that was left him was the conquests of the mind. For the smiles of women, give him the hoarse plaudits of men. The dandy of the garrison began to shine in saloon coteries and primaries of the most primary order. He was the star of sidewalk convocations and vacant lot meetings of the Unemployed. But

he despised the mob that echoed his perorations and paid for his drinks, and was at heart the aristocrat that his old uniform had made him.

In the summer of 1894, a little black-eyed boy with chestnut curls used to swing on the gate of the Meadows cottage that opens upon the common, and chant some verses of domestic doggerel about Coxe's army, which was then begging and bullying its way eastward, and demanding transportation at the expense of the railroads and of the people at large.

He sang his song to the well-marked tune of Pharaoh's Army, and thus the verses ran: —

"The Coxeyites they gathered,
The Coxeyites they gathered,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morn,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morn-
ing,
And stole a train of freight-cars in the morn.

"The engine left them standing,
The engine left them standing,
On the railroad-track at Caldwell in the morn.
Very sad it was for Caldwell in the morning
To feed that hungry army in the morn.

"Where are all the U. S. marshals,
The deputy U. S. marshals,
To jail that Coxey army in the morn,
That 'industrious, law-abiding' Coxey's army
That stole a train of freight-cars in the morn?"

Where indeed were all the U. S. marshals? The question was being asked with anxiety in the town, for a posse of them had gone down to arrest the defiant train-stealers, and it was rumored that the civil arm had been disarmed, and the deputies carried on as prisoners to Pocatello, where the Industrials, two hundred strong, were entrenched in the sympathies of the town, and knocking the federal authorities about at their law-abiding pleasure. Pocatello is a division town on the Union Pacific Railroad; it is full of the company's shops and men, the latter all in the American Railway Union or the Knights of Labor, and solid on class issues, right or wrong; and it was said

that the master workman was expected at Pocatello to speak on the situation, and, if need arose, to call out the trades all over the land in support of the principle that tramp delegations shall not walk. Disquieting rumors were abroad, and there was relief in the news that the regulars had been called on to sustain the action of the federal court.

The troops at Bisuka barracks were under marching orders. While the town was alert to see them go they tramped away one evening, just as a shower was clearing that had emptied the streets of citizens; and before the ladies could say "There they go," and call each other to the windows, they were gone.

Then for a few days the remote little capital, with Coxeyites gathering and threatening its mails and railroad service, waited in apprehensive curiosity as to what was going to happen next. The party press on both sides seized the occasion to point a moral on their own account, and some said, "Behold the logic of McKinleyism," and others retorted, "Behold the shadow of the Wilson Bill stalking abroad over the land. Let us fall on our faces and pray!" But most people laughed instead, and patted the Coxeyites on the back, preferring their backs to their faces.

It seemed as if it might be time to stop laughing and gibing and inviting the procession to move on, when a thousand or more men, calling themselves American citizens, were parading their idleness through the land as authority for lawlessness and crime, and when our sober regulars had to be called out to quell a Falstaff's army. The regulars, be sure, did not enjoy it. If there is a sort of service our soldiers would like to be spared, doubtless it is disarming crazy Indians; but they prefer even that to standing up to be stoned and insulted and chunked with railroad iron by a mob which they are ordered not to fire upon, or to entering a peaceful country which has been sown with dynamite by patriotic labor

unions, or prepared with cut-bridges by sympathetic strikers.

We are here to be hurt, so the strong ones tell us, and perhaps the best apology the strong can make to the weak for the vast superiority that training gives is to show how long they can hold their fire amidst a mob of brute ignorances, and how much better they can bear their hurts when the senseless missiles fly. We love the forbearance of our "unpitied strong;" it is what we expect of them; but we trust also in their firmness when the time for forbearance is past.

Little Ross Henniker — named for that mythical great Scotchman, his supposed grandfather — was deeply disappointed because he did not see the soldiers go. To have lived next door to them all his life, seven whole years, and watched them practicing and preparing to be fit and ready to go, and then not to see them when they did march away for actual service in the field, was hard indeed.

Ross was not only one of those brightest boys of his age known to parents and grandparents by the million, but he was really a very bright and handsome child. If Mother Meadows, now "granny," had ever had any doubts at all about the Scottish chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, the style and presence of that incomparable boy were proof enough. It was a marked case of "throwing-back." There was none of the Bannock here. Could he not be trusted like a man to do whatever things he liked to do; as riding to fetch the cows and driving them hillward again, on the weird little spotted pony, hardly bigger than a dog, with a huge head and a furry cheek and a hanging underlip, which the tributary Bannocks had brought him? It was while he was on cow-duty far away, but not out of sight of the post, that he saw the column move. "Great Scott!" how he did ride! He broke his stick over the pony's back, and kicked him with his bare heels, and slapped him with his hat, till the pony bucked him off into a sage-

bush, whence he picked himself up and flew as fast as his own legs would spin; but he was too late. Then, for the first time in six months at least, he howled. Aunt Callie comforted him with fresh strawberry jam for supper; but the lump of grief remained, until, as she was washing the dishes, she glanced at him, laughing out of the corner of her eye, and began to make up the song about Coxey's army. For some time Ross refused to smile, but when it came to the chorus about the soldiers who were going

"To turn back Coxey's army, hallelujah!

To turn back Coxey's army, hallelloo!"

he began to sing "hallelujah" too. Then gun-fire broke in with a lonesome sound, as if the cavalry up on the hill missed its comrades of the white stripes who were gone to "turn back" that ridiculous army.

Mother Meadows wished "that man Coxey had never been born," so weary did she get of the Coxey song. Coxeyism had taken complete possession of the young lord of the house, now that his friends the soldiers had gone to take a hand in the business.

In a few days the soldiers came back escorting the Coxey prisoners. The "presence of the troops" had sufficed. The two hundred Coxeyites were to be tried at Bisuka for crimes committed within the State. They were penned meanwhile in a field by the river, below the railroad track, and at night they were shut into a rough barrack which had been hastily put up for the purpose. A skirt of the town little known, except to the Chinese vegetable gardeners and makers of hay on the river meadows and small boys fishing along the shore, now became the centre of popular regard; and "Have you been down to the Coxey camp?" was as common a question as "Are you going to the Natatorium Saturday night?" or "Will there be a mail from the West to-day?"

One evening, Mother Meadows, with little Ross Henniker by the hand, stood close to the dead-line of the Coxey field,

watching the groups on the prisoners' side. The woman looked at them with perplexed pity, but the child swung himself away and cried, "Pooh! only a lot of dirty hobos!" and turned to look at the soldiers.

The tents of the guard of regulars stood in a row in front of a rank of tall poplar-trees, their tops swinging slow in the last sunlight. Behind the trees stretched the green river-flats in shadow. Frogs were croaking; voices of girls could be heard in a tennis-court with a high wall that ran back to the street of the railroad.

Roll-call was proceeding in front of the tents, the men firing their quick, harsh answers like scattering shots along the line. Under the trees at a little distance the beautiful sleek cavalry horses were grouped, unsaddled and calling for their supper. Ross Henniker gazed at them with a look of joy; then he turned a contemptuous eye upon the prisoners.

"Which of them two kinds of animals looks most like what a man ought to be?" he asked, pointing to the horses and then to the Coxeyites, who in the cool of the evening were indulging in unbeautiful horse-play, not without a suspicion of showing off before the eyes of visitors. The horses in their free impatience were as unconscious as lords.

"What are you saying, Ross?" asked Mrs. Meadows, rousing herself.

"I say, suppose I'd just come down from the moon, or some place where they don't know a man from a horse, and you said to me: 'Look at these things, and then look at them things over there, and say which is boss of t'other.' Why, I'd say *them* things, every time." Ross pointed without prejudice to the horses.

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Meadows, "if these Coxeyes had been taken care of and coddled all their lives like them troop horses, they might not be so handsome, but they'd look a good deal better than what they do. And they'd have more sense," she added in a lower voice. "Very

few poor men's sons get the training those horses have had. They've learned to mind, for one thing, and to be faithful to the hand that feeds them."

"Not all of them don't," said Ross, shaking his head wisely. "There's kickers and biters and shirks amongst them; but if they won't learn and can't learn, they get 'condemned.'"

"And what becomes of them then?"

"Why, you know," answered the boy, who began to suspect that there was a moral looming in the distance of this bold generalization.

"Yes," said Mother Meadows, "I know what becomes of some of them, because I've seen; and I don't think a condemned horse looks much better in the latter end of him than a condemned man."

"But you can't leave them in the troop, for they'd spoil all the rest," objected the boy.

"It's too much for me, dear," replied the old woman humbly. "These Coxeyes are a kind of folks I don't understand."

"I should think you might understand, when the troops have to go out and run 'em in! I'm on the side of the soldiers, every time."

"Well, that's simple enough," said Mrs. Meadows. She was a very mild protagonist, for she could never confine herself to one side of a question. "I'm on the side of the soldiers, too. A soldier has to do what he's told, and pays with his life for it, right or wrong."

"And I think it's a shame to send the beautiful clean soldiers to shove a lot of dirty hobos back where they belong."

"My goodness! Hush! you'd better talk less till you get more sense to talk with," said Mrs. Meadows sternly. A man standing near, with his back to them, had turned around quickly, and she saw by his angry eye that he had overheard. She looked at him again, and knew the man. It was the boy's father. Ross had bounded away to talk to his friend Corporal Niles.

"Henniker!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead-

ows in a low voice of shocked amazement. "It don't seem as if this could be you!"

"Let that be!" said Henniker roughly. "I did n't enlist by that name in this army. Who's that young son of a gun that's got so much lip on him?"

"God help you! don't you know your own son?"

"What? No! Has he got to be that size already?" The man's weather-beaten face turned a darker red under the week-old beard that disfigured it. He sat down on the ground, for suddenly he felt weak, and also to hide his lameness from the woman who should have hated him, but who simply pitied him instead. Her face showed a sort of motherly shame for the change that she saw in him. It was very hard to bear. He had not realized fully the change in himself till its effect upon her confronted him. He tried to bluff it off carelessly.

"Bring the boy here. I have a word to say to him."

"You should have said it long ago, then." Mrs. Meadows was hurt and indignant at his manner. "What has been said is said, for good and all. It's too late to unsay it now."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Meadows? Am I the boy's father or am I not?"

"You are not the father he knows. Do you think I have been teaching him to be ashamed of the name he bears?"

"Old lady," cried Henniker the Coxeyite, "have you been stuffing that boy about his dad as you did the mother about hers?"

"I have told him the truth, partly. The rest, if it was not the truth, ought to have been," answered Mrs. Meadows stoutly. "I have put the story right, as an honest man would have lived it. Whatever you've been doing with yourself these years, it's your own affair, not the boy's nor mine. Keep it to yourself now. You were too good for them once, — the mother and the child; they can do without you now."

"That 's all right," said Henniker, wincing; "but as a matter of curiosity let me hear how you have put it up."

"How I have what?"

"How you have dressed up the story to the boy. I'd like to see myself with a woman's eyes once more."

Mrs. Meadows looked him over and hesitated; then her face kindled. "I've told him that his father was a beautiful clean man," she said, using unconsciously the boy's words, "and rode a beautiful horse, and saluted his captain so!" She pointed to the corporal of the guard who was at that moment reporting. "I told him that when the troops went you had to leave your young wife behind you, and she could not be kept from following you with her child; and by a cruel mischance you passed each other on the road, and you never knew till you had got to her old home and heard she was dead and buried; and you were so broke up that you could n't bear your life in the place where you used to be with her; and you were a sorrowful wandering man that he must pray for, and ask God to bring you home. You never came near us, Henniker, or thought of coming; but could I tell your own child that? Indeed, I would be afraid to tell him what did happen on that road from Custer station, for fear when he 's a man he 'd go hunting you with a shotgun. Now where is the falsehood here? Is it in me, or in you, who have made it as much as your own life is worth to tell the truth about you to your son? *Was* it the truth, Henniker? Sure, man, you did love her! What did you want with her else? Was it the truth that they told us at Custer? There are times when I can't believe it myself. If there is a word you could say for yourself, — say it, for the child's sake! You would n't mind speaking to an old woman like me? There was a time when I would have been proud to call you my son."

"You are a good woman, Mrs. Meadows, but I cannot lie to you, even for the

child's sake. And it's not that I don't know how to lie, for God knows I'm nothing but a lie this blessed minute! What do I care for such cattle as these?" He had risen, and waved his hand contemptuously toward his fellow-martyrs. "Well, I must be going. I see they're passin' around the flesh-pots. We're livin' like fighting-cocks here, on a restaurant contract. There'll be a big deal in it for the marshal, I suspect." Henniker winked, and his face fell into the lowest of its demoralized expressions.

"There's no such thing!" said Mrs. Meadows indignantly. "Some folks are willing to work for very little these hard times, and give good value for their money. You had better eat and be thankful, and leave other folks alone!"

Little Ross coming up heard but the last words, and saw his granny's agitation and the familiar attitude of the strange Coxeyite. His quick temper flashed out: "Get out with you! Go off where you belong, you dirty man!"

Mrs. Meadows caught the boy, and whirled him around and shook him. "Never, never let me hear you speak like that to any man again!"

"Why?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you why, some day, if I have to. Pray God I may never need to tell you!"

"Why?" repeated the boy, wondering at her excitement.

"Come away, — come away home!" she said, and Ross saw that her eyes were red with unshed tears. He hung behind her and looked back.

"He's lame," said he, half to himself. "I would n't have spoken that way if I'd known he had a game leg."

"Who's lame?" asked Mrs. Meadows.

"The Coxeyite. See. He limps bad."

"Did n't I tell you! We never know, when we call names, what sore spots we may be hitting. You may have sore spots of your own some day."

"I hope I sha'n't be lame," mused the boy. "And I hope I sha'n't be a Coxey."

The Coxeyites had been in camp a fortnight when their trial began. Twice a day the prisoners were marched up the streets of Bisuka to the court-house, and back again to camp, till the citizens became accustomed to the strange, unrepudiable procession. The prisoners were herded along the middle of the street; on either side of them walked the marshals, and outside of the line of civil officers the guard of infantry or cavalry, the officers riding and the men on foot.

This was the last march of the Coxeyites. Many citizens looking on were of the opinion that if these men desired to make themselves an "object-lesson" to the nation, this was their best chance of being useful in that capacity.

For two weeks, day by day, in the prisoner's field, Henniker had been confronted with the contrast of his old service with his present demoralization. He had been a conspicuous figure among the Industrials until they came in contact with the troops, and then suddenly he subsided, and was heard and seen as little as possible. Not for all that a populist congress could vote, out of the pockets of the people into the pockets of the tramp petitioners, would he have posed as one of them before the eyes of an officer, or a man, of his old regiment, who might remember him as Trumpeter Henniker of K troop. But the daily march to the court-house was the death-sickness of his pride. Once he had walked these same streets with his head as high as any man's; and it had been, "How are you, Henniker?" and "Step in, Henniker;" or Callie had been laughing and falling out of step on his arm, or Meta — poor little Meta — waiting for him when the darkness fell!

Now the women ran to the windows and crowded the porches, and stared at him and his ill-conditioned comrades as if they had been animals belonging to a different species.

But Henniker was mistaken here. The eyes of the pretty girls were for the

"pretty soldiers." It was all in the day's work for the soldiers, who tramped indifferently along; but the officers looked bored, as if they were neither proud of the duty nor of the display of it which the times demanded.

On the last day's march from the court-house to the camp, there was a clamor of voices that drowned the shuffling and tramping of the feet. The prisoners were all talking at once, discussing the sentences which the court had just announced: the leaders and those taken in acts of violence to be imprisoned at hard labor for specified times; the rank and file to be put back on their stolen progress as far westward, whence they came, as the borders of the State would allow; there to be staked out, as it were, on the banks of the Snake River, and guarded for sixty days by the marshals, supported by the inevitable "presence of the troops."

But the sentence that Henniker heard was that private one which his own child had spoken: "Get out with you! Go back where you belong, you dirty man!" He had wished at the time that he could make the proud youngster feel the sting of his own lash: but that thought had passed entirely, and been merged in the simple hurt of a father's longing for his son. "If he were mine," he bitterly confessed, "if that little cock-a-whoop rascal would own me and love me for his dad, I swear to God I could begin my life again! But now, what next?"

There had been a stoppage ahead, the feet pressing on had slackened step, when there, with his back to the high iron gates of the capitol-grounds, was the beautiful child again. A young woman stood beside him, a fine, wholesome girl like a full-blown cottage rose, with auburn hair, an ivory-white throat, and a back as flat as a trooper's. It was Callie, of course, with Meta's child. The cup of Henniker's humiliation was full.

The boy stood with his chin up, his hat on the back of his head, his plump

hands spread on the hips of his white knickerbockers. He was dressed in his best, as he had come from a children's fête. Around his neck hung a prize which he had won in the games, a silver dog-whistle on a scarlet ribbon. He caught it to his lips and blew a long piercing trill, his dark eyes smiling, the wind blowing the short curls across his cheek.

"There he is, the lame one! I made him look round," said Ross.

Henniker had turned, for one long look — the last, he thought — at his son. All the singleness and passion of the mother, the fire and grace and daring of the father, were in the promise of his childish face and form. He flushed, not a self-conscious, but an honest, generous blush, and took his hat away off his head to the lame Coxeyite — "because I was mean to him; and they are down and done for now, the Coxeys."

"Whose kid is that?" asked the man who walked beside Henniker, seeing the gesture and the look that passed between the man and the boy. "He's as handsome as they make 'em," he added, smiling.

Henniker did not reply in the proud word "Mine." A sudden heat rushed to his eyes, his chest was tight to bursting. He pulled his hat down and tramped along. The shuffling feet of the prisoners passed on down the middle of the street; the double line of guards kept step on either side. The dust arose and blended the moving shapes, prisoners and guards together, and blotted them out in the distance.

Callie had not seen her old lover at all. "Great is the recuperative power of the human heart." She had been looking at Corporal Niles, who could not turn his well-drilled head to look at her. But a side-spark from his blue eye shot out in her direction, and made her blush and cease to smile. Corporal Niles carried his head a little higher and walked a little straighter after that; and Callie went slowly through the gates, and sat

a long while on one of the benches in the park, with her elbow resting on the iron scroll and her cheek upon her hand.

She was thinking about the Coxeyites' sentence, and wondering if the cavalry would have to go down to the stockade prison on the Snake; for in that case Corporal Niles would have to go, and the wedding be postponed. Everybody knows it is bad luck to put off a wedding-day; and besides, the yellow roses she had promised her corporal to wear would all be out of bloom, and no other roses but those were the true cavalry yellow.

But the cavalry did not go down till after the wedding, which took place on the evening appointed, at the Meadows cottage, between "Sound off" and "Taps." The ring was duly blessed, and the father's and mother's kiss was not wanting. The primrose radiance of the summer twilight shone as strong as lamplight in the room, and Callie, in her white dress, with her auburn braids gleaming through the wedding-veil and her lover's colors in the roses on her breast, was as sweet and womanly a picture as any mother could wish to behold.

When little Ross came up to kiss the bride, he somehow forgot, and flung his arms first around Corporal Niles's brown neck.

"Corporal, I'm twice related to the cavalry now," said he. "I had a father in it, and now I've got an uncle in it."

"That's right," the corporal agreed; "and if you have any sort of luck you'll be in it yourself some day."

"But not in the ranks," said Ross firmly. "I'm going to West Point, you know."

"Bless his heart!" cried Callie, catching the boy in her arms; "and how does he think he's going to get there?"

"I shall manage it somehow," said Ross, struggling. He was very fond of aunt Callie, but a boy does n't like to be hugged so before his military acquaintances, and in Ross's opinion there had

been a great deal too much kissing and hugging, not to speak of crying, already. He did not see why there should be all this fuss just because Aunt Callie was going up to the barracks to live, in the jolliest little whitewashed cabin, with a hop-vine hanging, like the veil on an old woman's bonnet, over the front gable. He only wished that the corporal had asked him to go too!

A slight misgiving about his last speech was making Ross uncomfortable. If there was a person whose feelings he would not have wished to hurt for anything in the world, it was Corporal Niles.

"Corporal," he amended affectionately, "if I should be a West Pointer, and should be over you, I should n't put on any airs, you know. We should be better friends than ever."

"I expect we should, captain. I'm looking forward to the day."

A mild species of *corvée* had been put in force down on the Snake River while the stockade prison was building. The prisoners as a body rebelled against it, and were not constrained to work; but a few were willing, and these were promptly stigmatized as "scabs," and ill treated by the lordly idlers. Hence they were given a separate camp and treated as trustees.

When the work was done, the trustees were rewarded with their freedom, either

to go independently, or to stay and eat government rations till the sixty days of their sentence had expired.

Henniker, in spite of his infirmity, had been one of the hardest volunteer workers. But now the work was done, and the question returned, What next?

Again he was a free man, as he sat one evening by the river. A dry embankment, warm as an oven to the touch, sloped up to the railroad track above his head; tufts of young sage and broken stone strewed the face of it; there was not a tree in sight. He heard the river boiling down over the rapids and thundering under the bridge. He heard the trumpets calling the men to quarters. "Lights out" had sounded some time before. He had been sitting motionless, his knees drawn up, his head resting on his crossed arms. The sound of the trumpets made him choke up like a homesick boy. He sat there till, faintly in the distance, "Taps" breathed its slow and sweet good-night.

"Last call," he said. "Time to turn in." He took off the rags in which his child had spurned him.

"The next time I'm inspected," he muttered, "I shall be a clean man." So, naked, he slipped into the black water under the bank. The river bore him up and gave him one more chance, but he refused it: with two strokes he was in the midst of the death-current, and it seized him and took him down.

Mary Hallock Foote.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS DAY AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE.

My friend Mr. Foster, after a second visit to the old country house in Somersetshire, put his journals into my hands, giving me leave to print as much as I pleased of them, and in any shape I thought best. His reason for not doing

the work with his own hands may appear hereafter. I have done it for him as well as I was able, and as it seemed to me that my friend, in his former account, sometimes got his facts and fictions a little mixed, especially as to

names, I will here say that the children of the squire will be called by the family name of Knighton, as he himself will be if occasion requires it, though he will generally keep the name of squire, as is usual in Somersetshire.

The ground and the trees, the hedges and the roofs, were white with snow when Mr. Foster drove through the gateway in the old wall and stopped at the tower door. The squire and his daughters came out to meet and to welcome him, and the elder lady threw back the folds of the heavy red and black curtains which hung before the inner archway, and gayly said,

"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

Mr. Foster answered, "Most willingly, if Giant St. Loe's great sword does not come clattering down upon me as Douglas's did on the Knight of Snowdon. But no," he added, looking up, "I see it is safely wreathed with laurel." In the hall, already known to our readers as well as to Mr. Foster himself, a bright fire was burning on the hearth. The walls were festooned with bunches of evergreens, kept in place by the frames of the pictures, the sparkling red and green of the holly contrasting with the red and gold of the uniforms of the old Indian heroes, Clive, Watson, and Kirkpatrick; and the pale mistletoe berries recalled the days when the stately dames who now look down so demurely, with prayer-book in hand, from their portraits on the walls, might have pouted saucy maiden lips to meet the kisses of their bachelors. In the middle of the hall, planted in a gayly-painted tub, was a small spruce fir-tree, about seven or eight feet high. This the ladies had been decorating when Mr. Foster arrived, and they now went back to their work. On tables within reach were boxes of red, green, and blue tapers, some half empty, some not yet opened; small tin mirrors with facets to reflect the light; crackers in colored gelatine; little bags of gold, silver, or colored paper filled, or ready to be filled, with sugar-

plums; and rows of dolls, horses, cats, dogs, knives, whistles, writing-desks, and work-boxes.

Mrs. Knighton. You are doubly welcome, Mr. Foster; first for your own sake, and next because we want your help for our Christmas doings. My husband has hardly got back from the unusual autumn and winter sitting of Parliament when he has to attend to all manner of business at home, — Petty Sessions, Board of Guardians, Highway Board, School Board, and, next week, County Council and Quarter Sessions, besides all manner of parish and estate business; so you may suppose I cannot get any help from him in trimming Christmas trees, though he will be here with the children to see the show.

Foster. What, then, is your own programme?

Mrs. Knighton. This evening, for our children, snapdragon and flapdragon, and afterwards, for all the children of the parish, our own included, the Christmas tree and a magic lantern. To-morrow, Christmas Day, my father-in-law likes, and thinks that other people like, that every home should have its own festivities. And on the day after Christmas we have an old-fashioned sort of ball for the tenants, farmers, and cottagers, our servants, and ourselves and friends, in or out of the house, who can enjoy such homely revels.

Foster. You remind me of Bracebridge Hall.

Squire. "With a difference," I hope. I should be sorry to be thought like Washington Irving's squire, even if you are willing to take the place of Mr. Simon.

Foster. I should be content with the part of the traveling visitor. But may not your friends speak of you as "a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time"?

Squire. No. Leave out "fine" and "olden," and I will try to do what I can to deserve the rest. Washington Irving

was a genial humorist, and there is probably something of real regret for a vanished past in his description of the absurd efforts of the squire of Bracebridge Hall and of his relative, Mr. Simon, to renew and bring back that past by the efforts of a lifetime, though, like all humorists who give rein to their imagination, he runs into caricature. And though caricatures are very admirable fooling, they must not be taken for portraits.

Miss Knighton. I have heard my aunt say that she once spent an evening at Woburn, looking over a volume of Punch with Lord John Russell, and that the minister was greatly delighted when they came to a caricature of himself.

Foster. And a young lady told me of another of our statesmen who amused himself with showing her a scrap-book of caricatures of himself.

Squire. Very likely. Yet Lord John Russell would not have admitted that the queen thought him too small for the place, or that he had run away when Cardinal Wiseman looked out of the window, or that he was truly represented by Punch on these and such like occasions.

Foster. I certainly did not mean to imply anything of caricature or ridicule in my reference to Bracebridge Hall. I was thinking of Irving's serious reflections and expressions of regret for the good old times. You always used to prize old traditions, whether of your own family or of the old house in which you live. And Mrs. Knighton's programme, as I call it, seems to me only a Christmas holiday version of those traditions.

Squire. There is, I believe, some real beneficial use in all such traditions as long as they live, and if it is so, it is our business and duty to keep them alive; but they are for the most part perishable in their very nature. They die because they have done all that it was in them to do, and also that they may make room for new and better forms of the old life. We must bury the dead thing out of the way, not pretend that it is

still alive and galvanize it into a sham appearance of life. We make many blunders, no doubt; we allow to perish, or even ourselves destroy, many things which had life still in them, and we go on trying to keep many things alive long after they are dead and have become a nuisance to every one, including ourselves.

Foster. "A live dog is better than a dead lion."

Squire. Except for the look of the thing, and then only at a safe distance, he is better even than the live lion. Depend upon it, the good new times are far better than the good old ones. It was the actual "Marshal Forwards," not the ghost of Frederick, who led the Prussians to victory. I often think of the description of an exploring expedition which Lieutenant (afterwards Sir George) Grey took down from an Australian native, consisting of whole pages of "Onward, through a forest onward: onward, onward, through a forest onward." And Shakespeare makes Ulysses preach this same doctrine of Onward, though with a different object: —

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to
hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where but one goes abreast: keep then the
path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they
do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:
For time is like a fashionable host

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

The speech is of universal application, though Shakespeare, as his way is, puts it into the mouth of a speaker, a soldier in this case, who has his own particular occasion in view.

Foster. And then, though it seems to go against my own argument, I will cap your quotation with one from my favorite Sir Thomas Browne: —

"Knowledge is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth we must forget and part with much we know."

Squire. Still, all progress must be continuous. Tradition is the accumulated wisdom as well as the accumulated folly of past generations, and we must be careful not to pull up wheat along with the tares. The wisdom of an individual, or of an individual generation, is a poor thing.

Mrs. Knighton. Mr. Foster, you really must come and help us with the tree. If you go on talking philosophy with the squire, I shall quote Hamlet's somewhat musty proverb, as he calls it. Here are all these candles to be fastened to the branches and then to be balanced with oranges, and the ends of their wicks wetted with turpentine.

So the preparations went on: the ladies and Foster at work at the tree, and the squire arranging the magic lantern.

When everything was ready for the evening, the squire proposed that they should take a walk. The sun shone brightly, though without melting the snow on the ground, while on the trees, where it had melted and frozen again, every twig and spray glistened with clear gem-like drops.

"Children and old people," said the squire, "seem to me to like snow better than the grown-up young ones. Perhaps it is that the sense of wonder is invoked in the child's mind by the unwonted apparition when he wakes in the morning. So I saw the face of my eldest boy lighted up with sudden wonder when, on an early spring morning, he saw the whole lawn sparkling with daisies where he had seen only grass the day before. In after life, from the sight of the sea, of a range of mountains, or from the view which bursts on us when we have got to the top of a mountain, we have something of the like sense of wonder. And then, in old age, if the snow no longer brings with it the sense of wonder, it brings the recollection of what that wonder was when we did feel it."

They were now in the village street; and Mrs. Knighton said, —

"We must be going home, or the ringers will be there before us. I see them just coming out of the vicarage."

Foster. Who are the ringers?

Squire. The church bell-ringers. At Christmas time they come out of the belfry which they are supposed to share with the owls, and go round to the neighbors' houses, with small bells, one in each hand, on which they ring the Bob Major, Bob Minor, and other changes that they have first practiced in the old church tower itself.

Miss Knighton. Does not Wordsworth somewhere charge Cowper with inaccuracy of language in the phrase "the church-going bell"? It always seems to me the exact expression for that delightful sound of the bells as we walk up to church on a Sunday morning.

Squire. When he said that, he forgot his own English. "Church-going" exactly corresponds with "passing," as the epithet of the church bells. The bell itself neither goes nor passes; but in the one case it tells that the people are going to church, and invites you to go, too; in the other it tells that in some house in the parish a soul is passing away. But the passing bell, like the curfew, has lost its original meaning, and both are, I suppose, nearly obsolete. By the bye, our new parson and his sister have just arrived. It was only last Monday that he went through the ancient rites of locking himself into the church and then tolling the church bell, after which he and his sister took possession of the vicarage.

Foster. What is his name?

Squire. The Rev. Frank Woodburn.

Foster. Then I was with him at Bal-liol, but I have not heard of him since. Where does he now come from?

Squire. His health has broken down from overwork in an East London parish, and he has taken this little country living as all that he is fit for at present.

Foster. He will have an opportunity for verifying the truth of a saying which always seems to me a shrewd one, that the country is the grammar and London the dictionary for the study of human life, but we usually begin with the grammar. I hope you will like him better than his predecessor: what is become of him?

Squire. He has been made an arch-deacon at the other end of the diocese. He was a "man to been an Abbot able," if he had lived in the days of Chaucer: a worthy man, but very high and dry. I am certainly glad of a preacher who talks of Maurice and Lux Mundi, instead of Pearson on the Creed and the Whole Duty of Man. Anyhow, I will not judge the new vicar and his sister so severely as old Madam Jones of the neighboring manor house did their predecessors more than a hundred years ago.

Foster. What was that?

Squire. When my grandfather and grandmother came down from town, they called on Madam Jones, and asked whether she liked the new parson and his wife. She answered that she had not yet seen them, but she heard that they sat in the parlor, burning two candles and ringing the bell. She herself was a grand maiden lady, — you may read her virtues on the great mural monument of marble in the church, — with three manors and manor houses, a pack of hounds, and "everything handsome about her;" though she used to sit neither in her parlor nor her drawing-room, but in the bedroom of her maid, Dinah Spreat, whether for economy or for society, I cannot say. And I suppose they burnt only one candle, and that no doubt of tallow if not a dip. But of Mr. and Miss Woodburn you shall judge for yourself.

Foster. He must be an acquisition to you, squire.

Mrs. Knighton. And to us, too. And his sister is charming. But you shall see them this evening; they dine with us after the Christmas tree.

Foster. We may hope, then, that you and he will not lead the proverbial cat and dog life.

Squire. Even Henry and Becket could not escape that Law of the Universe, as Carlyle would have called it, though, as I once said when proposing the health of the clergy at a county dinner, both cat and dog are necessary to every well-ordered household.

On getting back to the house, they found the ringers entertaining the children and the servants in the porch which opened into the hall. They were succeeded by a party of boys, with blacked faces, and fantastically dressed, who sang and danced. "These," said the squire, "are the last remains of the Mummers. When I was a boy, and the Great War had not been long over, the Mummers proclaimed repeatedly, 'I am the gallant

Frenchman,' and 'I am the gallant Englishman,' and Father Christmas looked on as they fought, and he mistook a tall candle for his pipe."

The children were becoming clamorous for the snapdragon, and led the way into the dining-room, where the remaining daylight had been already excluded by the closed shutters and curtains. On a table small enough to be within the reach of all was the largest dish which the kitchen afforded, strewed with raisins: the squire poured over them as much brandy as the dish would hold, held a little in a spoon to a candle till it caught fire, and cautiously spread the blue flame over the whole dish. And then one after another began to "snatch a fearful joy," and whisked a flaming raisin into his or her mouth, or more often upon the floor, till the needful supplies of the bottle came to an end; and the performance was concluded by the throwing a handful of salt into the still flickering flames, and so giving a ghastly look to all the faces in the room.

Then Mr. Foster said: "Snapdragon is an old friend; but now for flapdragon. I hope, Mrs. Knighton, that you will not call on me to drink off candle ends to please the children, as Pains did to amuse Prince Hal."

Mrs. Knighton. You shall see; but my husband says we had better put off the flapdragon till to-morrow, and be content with the Christmas tree for this evening. I hear the voices of the village children already.

The winter sun was just setting, "shorn of his beams," and they could see as well as hear the children of the village, who were crossing the little bridge over the waterfall at the end of the avenue. They were marshaled by the vicar and his sister and the village schoolmistress, and on their arrival took their places in the hall. Here the Christmas tree had been drawn back into the bay window, and was hidden by the sheet now hung up for the magic lantern. The squire

was the showman, who expounded the successive men and beasts, ships and comets, and their eccentric performances, with appropriate comic gravity. The children listened in admiring silence, which now and then broke into a half suppressed murmur of delight, especially when the rat ran into the mouth of the old gentleman asleep in his bed, and continued to repeat the feat over and over again. Then the last disk of light upon the sheet disappeared, and was succeeded by the twinkling of minute lights behind. There was breathless expectation; the sheet was drawn back, and the tree in all its glory was brought into the middle of the hall. The murmur of half suppressed delight came again from the rows of children, some of whom saw the fairy scene for the first time, while to others the renewal of the pleasure was perhaps even greater than its first awakening; and one little one whispered in an awe-subdued voice, "I think it is like heaven." On the very top stood an angel, with a Union Jack in one hand and a lighted red taper in the other; on every branch were like tapers of red, blue, yellow, white, and green, skillfully fixed and counterpoised so that they should not set fire to the tree, nor to the smaller toys and trinkets hung upon the branches. All round the foot of the tree, and on a table near, were the larger toys for the children and the more useful presents for their elders. Behind was the gardener, with a bucket of water and a garden syringe, — happily not to be needed. These fruits of the magic tree had already been labeled with the name of a boy or girl, — children of the farmers or the cottagers, or the squire's grandchildren. Each name was called out in succession, and the hall soon resounded with joyful voices intermingled with the sound of the crackers which were drawn with exclamations of surprised triumph: paper caps, and aprons, and bonnets, and mottoes in the most execrable verse that ever wit of man

has devised. There was a due quota of penny whistles, trumpets, and accordions. The oranges and bonbons from the tree were followed by slices of cake from the table, till the hands and arms of every child were laden and overladen. Then they gathered round the dismantled tree with its tapering lights, and sang Hark the herald angels. This was followed by God save the Queen, and then the procession re-formed, and the happy little ones went home in the moonlight. The vicar and his sister remained behind. Then Miss Woodburn said, "It has been a delightful evening. It was so pleasant to see the lighting up, every now and then, of these children's faces, of which the habitual expression is so grave, almost sad. At least, so it seems to me, after the merry liveliness of our London poor children (I mean that portion of them, happily a large portion, who are not actually suffering from cold and hunger)."

Squire. An old friend of mine, Matthew Davenport Hill, a philanthropist in every thought and feeling, and not in name only, once said to me: "Never lose an opportunity of making a child happy: it is often beyond your power to make a grown man or woman happy; but a child you can always make happy."

Here Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Foster, who had been renewing their old college acquaintance with the pleasure which such occasions always bring, joined the squire and Miss Woodburn, and Mr. Foster said:—

"Am I right in supposing that we owe the introduction of the Christmas tree into England to the queen, who had heard of it from Prince Albert?"

Squire. I believe so. There were no Christmas trees when I was a boy. The children's holiday was Twelfth Night, the 6th of January, when we had a great sugared cake, like a wedding cake, only that it had gaudily colored chalk kings and queens and other like ornaments on

it, and there were paper pictures of kings, queens, and courtiers which we drew by lot. This was followed by some sort of game, in which we acted our respective characters and eat cake in proportion to our rank. All that has vanished. In the present generation, I know no one who has ever heard of a Twelfth cake. But I cannot remember when the transition took place, nor when I first saw a Christmas tree.

Mr. Woodburn. I wish Prince Albert had been able to transplant along with the tree the pretty parable—I will not call it fable—that the tree with all its presents had been brought into the house by the Child Jesus.

Squire. It could not be. When Luther, on coming home from a journey, told his children that he had met the little Jesus on the way, and that he had sent them messages of love, there was much more of fact than of fiction, to himself as well as to his children. In the lifelong war which he was waging, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, it was his conviction that all his strength lay in a Divine Presence, so real that it almost seemed visible, and could not have been more real had it been actually visible; and if the Man Jesus was thus the sustaining power of his own manhood, he must have been sure that the Child Jesus was in like manner present with the little ones so dear to himself. To use your very appropriate phrase, Luther told his children a parable, not a fable.

Mr. Woodburn. I might have quoted Mr. Gore where, in *Lux Mundi*, he speaks of the books of Deuteronomy, Jonah, and Daniel as dramatic representations.

Squire. We know how very nearly the impressions of dramatic representations come, for the moment, to those of actual fact. But all this demands a certain suitable correspondence and relation between the reason and the imagination, and this relation differs in different ages of our history. Reason

is one, but the rules of reason, to which each age sends its children bound, are many. Imagination is far from being feeble than it was in the days of our fathers; the very sciences which have compelled it to give up so many of its old forms of expression have provided for it new forms not less worthy. So we may well be content, though we may still speak of the days that are done with a tender regret.

Mrs. Knighton. I was reading the other day an account of a Christmas-tree festivity somewhere in Germany, in which it was mentioned that the children were told the traditional story that the tree had been brought in by the little Jesus that evening; but that only the very little ones believed it. I am sure that if I had told our own children any such story I should have been asked, "Is it really true?" or have been told triumphantly, "I saw the gardener bring it in this morning."

Mr. Woodburn. Then must we be content, with Carlyle, to say that all the old forms of belief are dead, and that we have only to wait till Goethe and his followers have made us a new set of forms?

"Great God, I'd rather be

A pagan, suckled on a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn!"

Squire. So would I, but I hope there is no need for that yet. Richter tells us that when his mind recurred to the doubt of the existence of God, he read again his *Vision of a Godless World*; and so it is to me enough to read the miserable substitutes which Goethe and Carlyle offer us for the old faith, to reassure me that the dead are not dead but alive.

Dinner soon followed. As the squire offered his arm to Miss Helen Woodburn he said, "We should, by rights, dine in the hall; but except when we have a

large party, we turn the old parlor into our dining-room."

Miss Woodburn. It sounds more romantic to dine in a hall; but probably a dining-room is more comfortable. The accounts of the ancient feasts are not very attractive; though my brother tells me that Homer has made them the subjects of true poetry.

Squire. Don't believe him. But he hears me; so I must defend myself as well as I can.

Mr. Woodburn. Do you not think that Homer has thrown the charm of true poetry over his descriptions of the killing, and cooking, and carving, and eating, and drinking of his heroes' feasts?

Squire. I certainly shall not contradict, for I agree with the universal judgment of more than two thousand years, that the stamp of true poetry is upon them; but when we come to analyze them we find that they would lose almost — or, indeed, I think quite all — of that charm if they were deprived of the double halo of distant time and place which now surrounds them. Every traveler knows how the vulgarest incidents of the day lose all their vulgarity and offensiveness when they come upon him in a foreign garb and language. It is odd and entertaining to be abused by a cabman in Paris or Berlin; and you may eat with pleasure in Naples or Rome a dinner of frogs and snails which would disgust you in London.

Mr. Woodburn. Do you allow nothing for the intrinsic beauty of thought and language in the classic poetry?

Squire. Yes, a great deal. Yet here again the halo of an ancient and a foreign language counts for much. Even among educated writers who have taken pains to cultivate their style, it is not uncommon to find a resort to words and phrases in another language than their own, because they fancy them to express some shade of meaning not conveyed by the vernacular word. Pitt, Fox, and

Sheridan pointed an argument or a sophism with a line from Horace or a Greek play, while old Indians among themselves quoted Saadi or Hafiz. Our novelists give us dialogues in Scotch, or intersperse their mother talk with French phrases; and Persians and Turks emphasize their thoughts and words by Arabic texts from the Koran. I was just going to convict myself of the like charge.

Foster. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, as I guess. Yet whatever may be said for the halo of the unknown, or the imperfectly known, the intrinsic beauty of Greek and Roman poetry surely becomes more, not less, apparent, the more thoroughly we know it.

Mr. Woodburn. Then we get back to the old question of the comparative merits of the classical and the romantic in art, and if so, much as I value the Latin and Greek which I brought away with me from school and college, I shall give them up if that is the condition on which I may keep the English Bible and Shakespeare.

Miss Knighton. Do you call the Bible romantic?

Mr. Woodburn. In opposition to classical: I do not know any other term which would express my meaning so concisely, though I fear I may fall under the squire's censure, as one who quotes German instead of English phrases.

Squire. No. Coleridge has made the distinction thoroughly English, and the distinction is real. Classical art, be it in poetry, sculpture, or architecture, has a perfect beauty of its own, different in kind from the romantic, and with which the romantic does not attempt to compete. I do not think it is mere playing with words, to say that the one is perfect because it is finite, and that the other is imperfect because it has something of the infinite in it. Take the instance with which we appropriately began, as we were coming in to dinner. Homer makes a description of a feast a

work of art: but I venture to set beside it Sir Thomas Malory's, "He was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies." It was an essential mark of the true knight that he should be "of his port as meek as is a maid," gentle not merely by birth but still more by culture, and this culture was tested, as it was in great part carried on, by eating in hall among ladies. Where do you find me anything in Homer like that?

Foster. Let us hope that you will have some knights from among the boys whom we just now saw eating in hall the fruits supplied them by the ladies from their beautiful Christmas tree.

Mr. Woodburn. You will admit that the romantic in art has inherited or acquired much from the classical, both in thought and in expression. This is really true indirectly of Shakespeare, and directly of Milton and Tennyson.

Squire. Yes. And I do not wonder at the fascination which that classical beauty exerts over some minds, even in the presence of a still higher beauty. Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, see deeper into the life of men and things than Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, and Horace did, and their language is the perfect expression of their thought. Yet the classical works are great masterpieces, and have a beauty and a charm of their own which nothing can surpass, or even rival, — a difference in kind and not of degree.

Here Mr. and Miss Woodburn got up to take leave.

Foster. Miss Woodburn does not yet know the mysteries of this house, so I will take on myself to warn her that in going out she will have to pass the door of the turret stairs down which credible witnesses have seen the giant St. Loe and Lord Clive coming, and perhaps even the Lady Basilia de Sutton, who once lived in the tower.

Squire. You should not tell family secrets, though I dare say Miss Woodburn will answer you as Cowper answered

a friend on a like occasion, only that a bustard, not a ghost, was in question.

Miss Woodburn. I don't know what that was; but I can quote Shakespeare like a very learned clerk:—

“Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.”

Squire. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.

Foster. Well, I will, if I may be permitted, at least escort Miss Woodburn to the gate at the end of the Black Walk, which Mr. Symonds has told us was so called from the shrieks of another family ghost, though Dr. Dryasdust says it was because it was made with cinders from the neighboring colliery.

Next morning Mr. Foster was just waking to the thought that he might now carry on the quotation of the night before, and beginning to repeat to himself

“But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,”

when he heard a pattering of little feet on the terrace under his window, and the voices of children singing:—

“As I zot on a zunny bank,
Zunny bank, zunny bank,
As I zot on a zunny bank
On Christmas day in the marnen,

“I zaw two ships ewome zailen by,
Zailen by, zailen by,
I zaw two ships ewome zailen by
On Christmas day in the marnen.

“And who d' you think was in those ships,
In those ships, in those ships,
And who d' you think was in those ships
But Joseph and his Mary.

“An' he did whistle and she did zing
An' all the bells of earth did ring
Because our Saviour Christ is king
On Christmas day in the marnen.”

Then the little feet were heard again, and presently under another window he could hear, though less distinctly:—

“The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one;”

and so on through the seven joys of the Virgin Mother.

Mr. Foster came down, exchanging wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with the assembling family, young and old; and later, while they were still at breakfast, three little girls and two boys, the eldest not looking more than eight years old, appeared outside the window and began to sing. To the astonishment of Mr. Foster, and perhaps to others of the party inside, though all were too good-natured to laugh, the carol certainly began:—

“While shepherds washed their frocks by
night

All seated on the ground,”

and then went on in stricter accordance with the hymn-book. Mrs. and Miss Knighton began to spread thick slices of bread and butter, and to pour out, and put sugar into, large cups of tea. These, the younger ones of the breakfast party gave through the opened window to the children outside when they had finished the carol, and they went away delighted when they were told farther that each would get an orange at the back door.

Foster. Pray, Mrs. Knighton, do tell me the meaning of that extraordinary beginning of the hymn to which you listened with such gravity.

Mrs. Knighton. Our sheep do not browse on the commons, but are kept in fields, so that our village children can attach no meaning to watching flocks by night. But washing frocks has a real and distinct meaning for them; and I dare say many of them, poor things, have been scolded for making their frocks so dirty by day that, having no change, their mothers have been obliged to sit up at night to wash them. Children are more anxious than grown-up people not to use words without a meaning. I remember

one of my children calling her father "feather," because, she said, feather had a meaning, and father had not. And I have heard on good authority another story of the same kind of a little girl, who, being told to choose her own hymn, asked for the one about the little bear. No such hymn being known, she was told to repeat the beginning of it, that it might be identified, upon which she said : —

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?"

Squire. I suspect, or more than suspect, that a good deal of the profound discoveries in what the Germans call the higher criticism is not a bit more wise or true than that of these poor children. After all, the great fact remains for us and for all mankind, however little we may understand it, and however ill we may express it. So let us take the wise advice of Henry VIII. to his Commons, and be neither too stiff in our mumpsimus, nor too curious in our sumpsimus. Hark! "the holy bells are knolling us to church."

Foster. My old friend told me he should give us a short sermon. I did not remind him of the story of Canning — I think it was Canning — and *his* friend's sermon.

Miss Knighton. What was that?

Foster. The statesman went to spend a Sunday with his old college friend, now clergyman of the parish. On coming home from church, the clergyman said, "How did you like my sermon?" Canning, wishing to be at once truthful and courteous, answered, "It was short." "Yes," replied the other, "I like to avoid being tedious." Then the habit of the ready debater triumphed over friendship and courtesy, and the wit replied, "But you *were* tedious."

Squire. "It was cruel, but perhaps it was irresistible," as Sydney Smith said of the still wittier sarcasm of a learned judge. But I do not think you need fear having to choose between your wit and

your friendship. Our vicar will offer you no such dilemma.

Foster. Were those the same singers that I heard under my window before I was up?

Mrs. Knighton. I am not sure. But we have them at intervals all day, and I rather suspect that some at least of these little choirs go round and round, like stage armies; and if some get more cakes and oranges in this way, they give us more of their carols.

The sermon was short, and not tedious. The church was crowded with men and women come to keep Christmas and to hear the new parson for the first time. They had found themselves sharing, as they had not been accustomed to share, in the earlier part of the service, which was led by the young minister in tones of earnest English, and not of pompous and dreary monotony, or irrelevant gabble. And now every face was turned to that of the preacher, whose gentle and delicate features showed signs of still lingering illness, notwithstanding his piercing eye, his lips compressed with an almost fierce earnestness, and a grand, deep, bass voice, as he read out his text: "For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given."

When they came out of church again they walked for some time in silence, through the churchyard, and down the little village street of cottages and gardens, the vicarage and the schoolhouse and the great trees with their frost covered branches sparkling in the sunshine.

Then the squire said: "We have not heard the prayers so prayed since my old friend Maurice was here with us. The sermon, too, was not unworthy of Maurice, as the preacher threw himself with histrionic truth, first into the natural thoughts and feelings of the Jews when Hezekiah was born to them, and then into the deeper Catholic faith in the coming of a greater than Hezekiah, in whose coming all nations of the earth

should be blessed. And then, how the self-consciousness of the messengers of these glad tidings seemed to pass away before the greatness of the message, and of its Sender." Here they were joined by the vicar and his sister, who were then invited to dinner by Mrs. Knighton. "For," she said, "though we all like to dine at home on Christmas Day, you have not yet had time to make your new home; so you had better share our old one."

In the afternoon the squire's children and grandchildren, Mr. Foster assisting, made a snow man on the terrace, and pelted it, and each other, with snowballs till they were tired. Afterward they turned to tobogganing on tea trays down the steep bank at the end of the terrace, after what they supposed to be the fashion described to them by their cousins at Davos. When daylight was done, they spent the evening till dinner-time in games in the hall, which the elder people diversified with talk grave and gay. I find no Homeric record in Mr. Foster's journals of roast beef and turkey, mince pies and plum pudding. But he tells that when the dessert only remained on the table, he said to the squire, "Are we not now to see you drink off candle ends for flapdragon?"

Squire. No, no. We leave that form of the function to you and Poins and the Grand Duke Constantine. Here are the materials; so fill your glasses, — with wine or water, as you like.

A small dish of almonds in their brown skins was handed round, and each of the squire's children and grandchildren made a little boat out of a split almond, lighted the mast-head, set the whole afloat in his or her glass, and tossed it down alight.

Squire. This was my father's fashion of flapdragon when I was a boy. I confess I never succeeded in the feat myself; but my youngest son and my eldest grandson are experts, as you have seen.

Foster. But what had the Grand Duke Constantine to do with the matter?

Squire. He was the jolly Russian prince who was set aside in favor of his younger brother Nicholas on the death of Alexander I. The story goes that at a great dinner given by him to the officers of the army, he performed the good old custom of eating candle ends, a number of tallow candles being put on the table for the purpose. The effeminate successors of the men who fought under Peter the Great made wry faces; but when the Grand Duke bit off a large piece of his candle and ate it up, they were obliged to follow his example, and it was not till afterwards that they learned that the candle of his Imperial Highness had been a French bonbon of white sugar, while theirs were genuine Russian tallow. Whether it was this freak which excluded him from the succession I do not know. If it was so, it may have been that, in the judgment of the people, he had wrongfully declined a favored form of the national food. For my father used to tell another story, how, before the days of gas, a Russian ship having come into Leith harbor, the street lamps went out soon after they were lit; and on a watch being kept to discover the cause, the sailors of the ship were seen stealthily climbing the lamp-posts like monkeys, and drinking the train oil which should have fed the lamps.

When flapdragon was over, a little voice from Mrs. Knighton's end of the table called out, "Now read us the Head Monkey, grandpapa."

Squire. I knew that would come, and have him in my pocket.

Miss Woodburn. What is the Head Monkey?

Squire. (Taking a paper from his pocket.) It is a letter to my grandmother, showing how she entertained her grandchildren. It will explain itself; only you must see the funny spelling. (He reads.)

"My Lady,

Agreabel to order James Botten and Company will attend Tomorrow evening at 5. But begs to inform that

the Bear Being Laim am afeard cant perform. But the doggs and munkees is in good condishon and will I hopes be aproved with the musik.

"My terms is as follows per nite

Bear	10.	6
8 doggs for cotillin }		
at per dog 2.		16
Musik	5	
Drum and ornes	7	
head munky	7	
3 others	9	
keeper	2.	6

Punch is a seprit consarn and cums high but can order at same time though not in that Line since Micklemuss. He belongs to Mr. Valentine Burstern at the Marmaid 14 Princess Court Holborn.

I am,

my Lady

Your most dutiful

humbel servant

JAMES BOTTEN.

Tuesday. 19 PICCADILLY.

P. S. Pleese Let the head munky Jacko cum down the airy on account not making no durt in the haul.

"The gentleman says consarning tubb for the crocodile but I never Lets her out nor the ostrigis as I explained to him for your satisfaction."

Then at Mrs. Knighton's signal they all got up, and went back into the hall, the squire offering Miss Woodburn his arm, while she said, "I should have liked

to see that cotillion with Jacko leading the brawls, in this very hall."

Blindman's Buff, and Post, and other romps began, again varied with games of cards and conjuring tricks, which the elders sometimes joined in, and sometimes left to the children while they talked among themselves. The squire took his share in it all with manifest enjoyment. At last he said, "Now let us have the other half of this morning's sermon."

The vicar and his sister, who were at this moment talking to Mr. Foster, looked puzzled, and the vicar asked, "What can he mean?" Mr. Foster answered, laughing, "It is only his way. Like John Gilpin, he loves a timely joke, and to put his thoughts into a merry guise. Look; Mrs. Knighton and Mr. John Knighton, who has almost as good a bass voice as your own, are going to the piano, and the rest of the household are coming into the hall. The squire, like Coleridge, loves music, though he has no ear; and he always says that Handel is the greatest of the commentators on Isaiah. You gave us Isaiah this morning, and now we shall have Handel's version of 'The people that walk in darkness,' and of so much of 'For unto us a Child is born' as a piano can give."

So it was. Then followed the church collect for the day, and the Lord's Prayer, and Christmas Day closed in at the old manor house.

Edward Strachey.

GHOSTS.

GHOSTS enjoy a curious popularity in England to-day. Years ago they fell into unmerited disfavor; and for a century and a half they battled with scant success against that arrogant wave of reason and common sense which chilled the fair fields of poetry, swept romance from the land, and left the sombre glades

of superstition tenantless and bare of every horror. From time to time, indeed, the exiled ghosts, like the exiled gods of Olympos, strove to regain their lost ascendancy; but there was something pitifully vulgar about their trivial triumphs. Apparitions whose modest mission was to sell a volume of dull sermons

upon death, or to stir up a clamorous mob in Cock Lane, could scarcely aspire to a dignified position in the spirit world. Even their local coloring, though it lent them a transient estimation with the public, told against them in the end; for the city streets, and that highly vaunted bulwark of the nation, the great respectable middle class, are not harmonious accessories of the supernatural. As for the educated people, who now reverently await each new development of the impossible, theirs was a different attitude one hundred years ago. Men who read Pope and Swift and Addison, whose heads were clear, whose hearts were cold, whose faith was limited, and whose digressions defied high living, could ill attune their minds to the "dark sweet horror" of mediæval ghost lore. "The Deevil never appears to a man that's no frigtened aforehaun out o' his seven senses," says the Ettrick Shepherd; and *he* lived in Scotland, where skepticism failed to attain the easy supercilious composure of her English sister; in Scotland, where the exiled fairies and witches shared with the exiled Stuarts the just affections of a loyal race.

There is little doubt that Sir Walter was secretly enamored of the superstitions which he affected to disregard, and which the stupid prejudices of his day would not permit him to enjoy in peace. What can be more pathetic than the contrast between his robust denials and his quick, half smothered sympathy for all eerie things? How well he tells the tale of the apparition seen by Lord Londonderry, — the naked child who emerged from the dying embers of the grate, and who, like Faust's terrible hound, increased in size as he approached the curtained and recessed bed. Lord Londonderry, Scott explains somewhat peevishly, was the only man he knew to whom a veritable ghost had ever appeared, and he is burdened with the conviction that it may be his duty to offer some explanation of the mystery. As for the supernatural ele-

ment in his novels, it is almost always a failure; not from lack of imagination or of vivid power, for the mingled horror and humor and pathos of *Wandering Willie's Tale* have never been surpassed, but because the atmosphere in which he lived was unfavorable to the full development of such lawless fancies. The *White Lady of Avenel* is one of the tamest spirits in all fiction. Good Protestants may have rejoiced in the soundness of her religious principles; but it is not the place of apparitions to be progressive and enlightened. If they know what is best for them, they will cling to the old order, for when it passes away it takes their strongest constituency along with it. I sometimes fear that modern ghosts are being lured to their destruction by the new semi-scientific methods of research, which beguile them with a show of respect and a little worthless notoriety, but which in the end will rob them of their heritage, — that shadowy power which has come down from the dim past to be bartered away at last, like Esau's birth-right, for a mess of pottage.

If proof were wanted of the low estate to which the English eighteenth-century ghosts had been reduced, it might be found in the spasmodic efforts made to win them a place in literature. That Walpole, of all men in Christendom, should have attempted this, is one of those pleasant ironies which cheer the humorist's path. That educated adults should have read *The Castle of Otranto* with little thrills of horror helps us to understand what otherwise would be a hopeless mystery, — the amazing popularity of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. We are required to believe, on excellent authority, that when the newly printed *Mysteries of Udolpho* appeared in quiet country homes it was literally torn to pieces, so that each eager member of the household could seize a portion without unnecessary delay. Thousands of young women lived, like Catherine Morland, in a delightful atmosphere of gloom

and excitation, whispering by candle-light, with bated breath, of dungeons, and black-robed messengers of evil, and awful secrets forever on the tantalizing verge of revelation. Yet Mrs. Radcliffe never got beyond the bare machinery, the stage work and scaffolding of mystery. Her novels are as much akin to the terrible tales of Germany as are the frolicsome apes and witches of Mr. Irving's *Faust* to Goethe's ministers of sin. What is there in all the endless pages of *Udolpho* to compare with that single incident in the story of *Pretty Annerl*, when the child goes with her grandmother to the house of the headsmen, and the great hidden sword, by which she is destined to die, is heard stirring uneasily in the cupboard? *Annerl*, believing it to be an animal, is frightened, and begins to cry; but the headsmen knows for what drink the sword is thirsting, and begs the grandmother to allow him to cut the little one's neck very gently, so that a few drops of blood may be drawn, and the weapon be appeased. To this excellent advice the old woman refuses to listen; and the sword bides its time until the inevitable hour when *Annerl*, grown into unhappy womanhood, is brought upon the scaffold to die.

In this simple tale there is that element of horror which is the birthright of German fiction. Truly has Heine observed that his is the motherland of superstition, the favored home of all that is fanciful, and terrifying, and unreal. "You French," he writes, — before the days of Maupassant, be it remembered, — "must see for yourselves that the horrible is not your province, and that France is no fit home for ghosts of any kind. When you call upon them, we must needs smile. Yes, we Germans who remain serious at your most pleasant witticisms, we laugh all the more heartily at your ghost stories. For your ghosts are always Frenchmen, and French ghosts, — what a contradiction

in terms! In the word 'ghost' there is such a suggestion of loneliness, surliness, and silence. In the word 'French' there is so much that is social, witty, and prattling. How could a Frenchman be a ghost, or how could ghosts exist in Paris?"

They have existed, however, in England, and even in London, for a good many centuries; and bid fair to exist for as many more, if they are not decoyed out of their seclusion by unwise notoriety and attentions. In China and Japan, Mr. Lang assures us, ghosts do not live a "hole-and-corner" life; but come boldly forward, and play their parts in the business and pleasures of society. This is the example which English apparitions are being urged daily to follow, and this is the behavior which their modesty and native conservatism have hitherto conspired to forbid. It is easy for Japanese ghosts to assume definite duties in the world. They know precisely what is expected of them. The "well-and-water" spectre, an inert shapeless thing, all slimy and limp and white, haunts the drinking fountains, and peers malignly from the cold unruffled depth. The "chink-and-crevice" logic takes upon itself the congenial task of dropping on you from some dark corner of the ceiling, and strangling you in its serpent-like embraces. The pale, shadowy larva that rises, uncoiling like a mist-wreath, from the grave, never deserts the burying-place which is its congenial home. The bestial vampire, glutting itself with blood, crawls forever amid the desecrated tombs. These unpleasant creatures, and many more as bad, have had their especial privileges and their especial lines of labor marked out for generations, and they adhere steadfastly to their posts. But the trouble with English phantoms seems to be that they have not yet learned what they are good for, and their miserable vagueness of purpose is the most disappointing and disheartening thing about them. "The

modern ghost," complains an irascible critic, "appears, nobody knows why. He has no message to deliver, no secret crime to reveal, no appointment to keep, no treasure to disclose, no commissions to be executed, and, as an almost invariable rule, he does not speak, even if you speak to him."

Nevertheless, in this utilitarian age, his popularity is ever on the increase, and there are plenty of enthusiasts who think they will yet overcome his silence, and persuade him to assume a more rational line of conduct. He has friends in every class of life who ardently desire his confidence, and who, in brief moments of self-deception, are prepared to think they have received it. Far back, in 1584, that devout writer, Reginald Scott, author of the *Discovery of Witchcraft*, ventured to ask with somewhat premature triumph, "Where are the soules that swarmed in times past? Where are the spirits? Who heareth their noises? Who seeith their visions?" To which last questions Mr. Lang makes prompt answer for the nineteenth century: "Protestant clergymen, officers in the army, ladies, land-agents, solicitors, representatives of all classes except the Haunted House Committee of the Psychical Society." Fashions have changed since people sneered a little even at Dr. Johnson because he stoutly persisted in fearing ghosts, if not in believing in them all his life. We are beginning now to remember everything that has been said, and well said, in favor of such fear. We are beginning to acknowledge that what universal reason proudly denies, universal apprehension tremblingly admits. We read with pleasure Shelley's modest words, written it is true after an evening profitably spent in listening to some of the most ghostly tales that "Monk" Lewis and Lord Byron could relate. "I do not think," muses the poet in the solitude of his bed-chamber, "that all the persons who profess to discredit these visitations really dis-

credit them; or, if they do in daylight, are not admonished by the approach of loneliness and midnight to think more respectfully of the world of shadows."

This is candor itself, and Shelley was singularly fitted for such "melancholy, pleasurable fear," because he possessed in an unusual degree that extreme sensitiveness to surroundings which is a proper attribute both of the poet and the ghost-seer. "Certain dark gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; and Burns condenses the same thought into that incomparable line, "ghaist-alluring edifices." No one can read the fragment of Shelley's *Speculations on Metaphysics*, in which he describes the subtle horror which thrilled him at sight of an ordinary and well-remembered landscape, without recognizing the close connection which existed for him between the seen and the unseen, between the supernatural element and its supremely commonplace setting. It was while walking with a friend near Oxford that he suddenly came upon a bit of country familiar to him in dreams, and associated with half painful, half terrible emotions.

"The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road on which we stood; a long low hill behind the windmill, and a gray covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf has just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene; the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought. It was a tame, uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk to the evening fireside, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine."

Yet this quiet English landscape, with

its dull monotony of tint and outline, awoke within the poet's breast such bewildering sensations of terror that he lacked the courage to describe them, and Mary Shelley affirms that the mere recollection of those fearful moments agitated him beyond control. The most curious circumstance in the case is the presence of the windmill, that homely and friendly little building, which, for some inexplicable cause, carries with it, in every land, an unwarranted flavor of ghostliness. Heine was quick to recognize its uncanny attributes, and shivered when he saw the slow arms turning softly in the twilight, or standing, stiff and spectral, under a starlit sky. Sir Walter Scott, who was less sensitive than most men to impressions of this order, confesses in his journal that from childhood he had secretly feared a mill, even those cheerful, noisy mills where the great wheels revolve briskly to the sound of rushing water; and that the sight of one at sunset filled him with uneasiness and gloom. In the north, mills are not only the chosen haunt of witches, but have familiars of their own, the mill-goblins who hold the wheels still in the water with their strong bony hands; and Asbjørnsen, in *Round the Yule-Log*, tells us that he tried vainly to induce a peasant lad to remain with him in one over night. "My mother has often told me that there are evil spirits dwelling in these mills," said the prudent boy, and declined all risk of their companionship.

In truth, the terrible ghosts and demons of the north are not helpless, harmless, speechless, purposeless creatures, to be courted and coddled like English drawing-room apparitions. Their hands can strangle and slay; their strength is greater than the strength of men; their wills are evil always; their malignity can never be appeased. When overcome, they are to be dreaded still; for, long ago, Grettir the Strong slew the Ghost of Glam, slew it manfully by the seashore, and

hoped that peace had come into his troubled life. But when the moonlight shone upon the sands, and Grettir looked on the creature he had killed, he beheld for the first time the horror of its awful eyes. Then fear seized him who before had never feared, and from that hour he dared not be alone at night, but trembled like a woman in the darkness, beseeching companionship and comfort. Even the Scottish spectres are stronger and more malign than their English cousins; and Mr. Lang, in his *Angling Sketches*, tells us a ghastly tale of three Highland shepherds, who sat talking of their sweethearts in a lonely sheiling on Loch Awe, and wishing, each one, for the presence of the girl he loved. Suddenly the three young women entered, smiling, and two of the lads received them joyously, and went with them into dark corners of the hut. But the third, fearing he knew not what, sat quietly by the fire, and played on a little Jew's-harp. "Harping is good, if no ill follows it," said the semblance of his sweetheart angrily; to which the boy made no reply, but kept on playing steadfastly. In a few minutes he saw, trickling from one dim corner of the sheiling, a tiny stream of blood, and presently a second stream from the other corner joined it sluggishly in the firelight. Then he arose, still playing, and fled into the night, leaving his dead comrades in the embraces of the vampires who had worn so falsely the masks of familiarity and love.

These are not spirits to be tamed by psychical research, and invited to make themselves at home in good society. There is not even a great deal gained by calling them, in the scientific language of the day, "phantasmogenetic agencies," as if that elucidated the mystery or made them comfortable companions. It were better, perhaps, to remember Porphyry's warning that all ghosts and demons are by nature deceitful and fond of travesty. It were wiser to give heed to old Richard Burton, who knew

more about such matters than a wildness of scientists, and who assures us plainly that the most illiterate devil is an unsafe antagonist for the most learned man. It were true sagacity to fear the powers of evil rather than to patronize them. Faust is supercilious enough when Mephistopheles first comes upon the scene, but he learns a little later on the ruthlessness of the spirit he has invoked. "Ghosts are rare, but devils are plenty," says Cotton Mather, and in tracking the first we may stumble unaware upon the second. At its best, the companionship of spectres makes but a dubious surrounding in which to pass our days, even though we escape the stake and fagots which the stern conservatism of our forefathers provided as a barrier for such intercourse. The gift of second-sight was ever an unviable as well as an unhallowed possession, and the man born to such a fatal heritage had scant cause to rejoice in his accomplishment. "It is certaine," says Kirk truly, "he sie more gloomy and fearfull things than he do gladsome;" and the ever-present possibility of being burned as a warlock was hardly calculated to enhance the cheerfulness of his visions. Cassandra's powers, it will be remembered, were neither soothing to herself nor serviceable to her neighbors. Theoclymenus had probably but scant appetite for the Odyssean banquet after he had seen the shrouds woven slowly around the doomed wooers. The old woman in Mr. Frazer's narrative who beheld a sailor boy "walking in his winding-sheet, sewed up from top to toe," besought in vain that the lad might be left on shore. Her words were unheeded, and the little fellow sailed away to his death; another instance of the futility of portents. The Scottish minister who, in 1811, unwillingly confessed to having seen the corpse candles rise at night from the graves of two children and proceed to the house of their father, who died the following day, had especial cause for vexation at his own inopportune testimony.

For years he had preached against the wicked credulity and superstitions of his parishioners, and it seemed hard that he, of all men, should have been selected by the ironical humor of the spirit world to be a witness of these uncanny and unwelcome manifestations.

Search where we will, read what we may, we find little to warrant us in the belief that ghosts will ever develop into reasonable creatures, or that we shall ever succeed in piercing the mystery of their perverse and wavering natures. They do not change with the changing centuries. Our attitude towards them varies with every new current of thought, every successive tide of susceptibility or skepticism; but they are the same freakish and elusive phantoms that they were in the days of Thessalian magic or of Salem witchcraft. Mr. Lang, sifting the subject through the five hundred and fifty-seven pages of *Cock Lane and Common-Sense*, turning on it every light, and patiently exploring every avenue of approach, comes at last to the conclusion that we know nothing at all about it, and are not in the least likely to find anything out. How one, reared in wholesome fear of the supernatural, and looking back upon a childhood of "variegated and intense misery, recurring with especial vigor at bed-time," should have the hardihood to write so flippantly of ghosts and ghost-seers passes my comprehension. "We do not know the laws of that country," says Charles Lamb, and he who has ever trembled trembles still when loneliness and midnight bring him face to face with "the terror that walketh in darkness." Stories may be amusing, and apparitions may lack every quality which a self-respecting and fear-inspiring ghost should possess. "Many of them," says Mr. Lang reproachfully, "have a perfect craze for announcing that bodies or treasures are buried where there is nothing of the sort." Many make no announcements, and appear to have no distinct notion of

what they want, or why they are manifesting themselves. Many find a somewhat childish pleasure in moving furniture, or breaking the kitchen crockery. Many can do nothing but rap, and practice this solitary accomplishment with monotonous and purposeless fidelity. And many more, like the fabulous *esprit d'Orléans*, have an unpleasant flavor of charlatanism and quackery. Yet our hearts confess to a survival of the old, unreasoning fear, the primitive emotions which centuries do little to efface. Long,

long ago, in Greece, the dogs howled dismally when Hecate stood by the crossways; and even now her presence overshadows us, when we waken at night to hear the melancholy sounds. Long, long ago, the ghost of Caligula walked in the gardens of Lavinia; and superstition whispers to us even now that the troubled spirits which haunt the abodes of man are no friendly shades of departed mediocrity, but phantoms evil in every instinct, and linked with inexorable crime.

Agnes Repplier.

THE LARK-SONGS.

It was not thou alone I heard,
First lark that sang from English skies,
And to mine ears seemed less a bird
Than chorister of Paradise:

Full sweet from heaven thy music fell,
Yet with it came two voices more,
Two songs that blent with thine to tell
The praise I knew of thee before.

Thy truth to home and heaven sang one —
And Wordsworth's note serene and strong,
With earth and sky in unison,
Made of thy flight itself a song.

The other blither strain I caught
Bore never a message but "Rejoice;"
Song of thy very song, methought,
Exultant with thine own glad voice.

And unto this, I knew not how,
Rose answer from the sons of men:
"The world is listening, Shelley, now,
As thou didst listen then."

M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr.

AN OLD-TIME SOROSIS.

As you ascend the narrow valley of our New England Thames, and notice here and there a ship dropping down the placid little river, the sight of the infrequent craft may remind you of the fact that many vessels ploughed those waters at the opening of the present century. Trade with the West Indies was brisk at that time, and to the dwellers in the stately houses of Chelsea or "The Landing," as what is now the business portion of Norwich was called, Spanish Town must have been almost as familiar a name as New London. The thrifty community, however, was not wholly absorbed in material things,—the voyages of the *Charming Sally* or the *Little Joe*, for instance, and the incoming of sugar and old Jamaica,—and there was at least one concerted attempt at mental culture, an account of which is given to the public, for the first time, in this paper.

In the year 1790 some thirty-eight ladies, members of the Congregational Church in Chelsea, agreed to meet weekly for the purpose of assisting each other in their Christian course. In subscribing to "a form of sisterly covenant," they promised to attend the exercises regularly—"at the time of lighting candles;" to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other good books, in conversation on religious topics, in singing, and, above all, in prayer for each other and for all their fellow-creatures. They promised not to divulge the infirmities of fellow-members, nor anything the discovery of which might be a disadvantage to the circle, resolved to be charitable to each other, to advise, caution, and admonish, and in turn to accept reproof kindly and thankfully. Provision was made for the exclusion of members committing any offense and refusing to heed admonitions until evidence was given of sorrow for past conduct. The covenant resembles

the "orders" used in religious societies of young men as described in Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good*, and reads like a page from some chronicle of the early Church. Probably nowhere but in New England, at that date, could a sight have been witnessed such as these elect ladies presented from week to week, when, ignoring social distinctions, they assembled in each other's homes to converse in the language of Zion or to kneel side by side. One was the daughter of a judge of the supreme court, another a tailoress, another the granddaughter of Ursula Wolcott and Matthew Griswold, and a fourth has been described as "an aged dressmaker." To read the list of members is to lose one's self in a genealogical maze, and since, in any part of the world, the meeting of a Huntington and a Perkins necessarily produces good society, we have, with the addition of Lanmans, Howlands, McCurdys, Breeds, Coits, Rockwells, Williamses, and others, a company into which, even if saintliness were not a sufficient magnet, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, of Cranford, would have felt proud to enter.

The family papers from which these preliminary facts have been drawn give no further details, but a book of manuscript records is extant which states that, in 1800, a literary society was "founded" in Chelsea, and inasmuch as this did not differ greatly from the religious society already described, we must conclude that the latter had been discontinued before the new century came in. The admission of a member, it seems, was no longer left to the discretion of an individual selected to decide on her qualifications. Prayer is never mentioned as a part of the exercises, strangely enough, and the circle had become more catholic, including now the daughters of Rev. John Tyler, rector of Christ Church, for instance, and

probably some of other "persuasions;" but its constituency was largely the same as before, and it still embraced matrons advanced in years and young women scarcely out of their teens. The name of Miss Sally Smith, a lifelong school-teacher, no longer appears on the roll, and the names of Fitch and De Witt are there for the first time. The De Witts may be regarded as new-comers in another sense, as their residence as a family in Chelsea did not date back of 1750, but the Fitches had rightful place by virtue of long settlement, if not because of their desire to be illumined by the lamp of knowledge.

The slurring old lines,

"Constantia took a serious fit,
Resolved to give up balls and plays,
And only read what saints had writ,"

could not be applied to these ladies of Chelsea. Although dancing-masters found employment in the place, they must have piped in vain to the covenanted sisters, whose thoughts would seem to have been above the world from their youth upward. Why Mrs. Keziah Norris, the founder, encountered some gloomy prophets, as it seems she did, is unaccountable. The fact that Mrs. Lucy Trumbull edited the *Norwich Packet* for one year (1802-3) tends to prove that in the region drained by the Yantic and Shetucket the limits of woman's sphere had not at that time been fixed by public sentiment. The unobtrusive way in which the prayer-meetings had been held, even the children, it is said, being ignorant of the errand that called their mothers from home on certain afternoons, must have commended them. Was it because she considered gatherings with a literary bent but a waste of time that Miss Mary Harris "declined joining"? It is rather late to inquire, and it may be none of our affair, but it would be a great relief to know the reason.

The first convention of the Ladies' Literary Society of Chelsea was held January 29, 1800, at the house of Mrs.

Keziah Norris, "out of respect to her as founder," so runs the record. The meeting was opened with the reading of the articles, one of which states that the special object of the society is to enlighten the understanding and expand the ideas of its members, and to promote useful knowledge. "Then, by request of Mrs. Lanman and concurrence of the Ladies present was read by the presiding member a part of the 2nd Chapt. Proverbs. Our thoughts were insensibly drawn to consider the importance of improving the Talents given us; the beautiful lines of Miss Hannah More were quoted:—

'If good we plant not vice will fill the mind
And weeds despoil the place for flowers designed.'

The evening was closed with reading the Hist. of Columbus, the first discoverer of this vast Continent, with suitable comments on the Heroic act of Queen Isabella in being his patroness." At the second meeting, after the twelfth chapter of Proverbs and extracts from Watts's Treatise on the Mind had been read, "the evening was concluded by Mrs. Norris beginning Trumbull's History of Connecticut and continued with much elegance by Mrs. Jabez Huntington." The present of a blank-book for a register by Mrs. Norris was accompanied "with an animated address on the exquisite pleasure which a fund might procure by enabling us to assist merit." The reflection of Miss Sally Lanman, secretary *pro tem.*, that "perhaps a mind well stored with history will have more energy than if filled with any other knowledge," deserves consideration by those educators of the present day who are striving to find some substitute for the dead languages.

On February 26, after some pages from Knox's *Elegant Essays* and Fordyce's *Sermons to Women* had been discussed, and the usual amount of history had been read "with much propriety by Misses Susan and Rebecca Breed," Mrs. Norris renewed her plea for a fund to

help the ignorant and hungry, remarking, "If it had not been owing to the Generous aid of a woman's bounty America to this day (for aught I know) would have remained known only to Savages, and we, where should we have been? I tremble at the thought! perhaps our sons chained to the Gallies, our Daughters servants to some pampered Lord — our husbands drag'd into unnatural wars, whilst we wretched Mothers obliged to earn from day to day a scanty pittance — but let us turn from what we might have been to what we really are, daughters of Columbia inhabiting a delightful land freely purchased of the Natives. I recommend that each member contribute one penny every eve. There being 33 members, the amount in one year would be £7.3." A footnote tells us that every hand was raised in an instant, and a few weeks later Mrs. Norris reported that she had placed the moneys "responsibly at interest." A constitution was soon submitted, and a warm debate arose over an article forbidding the introduction of spectators without previous permission, "excepting the relatives of the lady residing in the House." "The benevolence of some," writes Miss Sally Lanman, "who wished to extend the society very largely, and the judgment of others who thought such extension an infringement of the first principles on which the society was founded, clashed." It was ordained that the presiding member should produce "some religious, moral, or sentimental piece, novels excepted;" that religious and political disputes should never enter; and that any member dishonoring herself or the society should be expelled by a two-thirds vote; while another article, introduced by warm-hearted Mrs. Norris, granted the motherless daughters of any member the right to claim the friendship and guardianship of the society, to choose a particular friend therefrom, and to ask for pecuniary aid if circumstances required. There is one reference to a case of expulsion, but that

is so brief and vague that no conclusions can be drawn. Perhaps the offender strove to introduce novels or the discussion of fashion-plates, but in either case, surely, the penalty was disproportionate.

Now that the society was formally organized, one would expect to hear that its sessions continued with monotonous regularity of time and topic, although a believer in the influence of environment would be warranted in insisting that mental dead levels are impossible in Norwich. No meeting was ever held during Thanksgiving week, of course, nor during "the Christmas Festival," as the records call it; a graceful concession, in the latter instance, to the churchwomen, who must have been in the minority. The works selected for perusal were irreproachable. The Polite Lady, Hunter's Sacred Biography, and Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs tended "to improve and instruct," and naturally suggested such subjects of conversation as "the improvement of time" and "sobriety of mind." The phraseology of the secretaries is somewhat set. The "observations" on the Scriptures are usually spoken of as "free and satisfactory" or "few but interesting." The History of Connecticut and its successor, Ramsay's History of the Revolution, are "continued with much propriety," or "interested the feelings of the hearers till five o'clock," or "were attended to with satisfaction." Occasionally the remarks were "free but not satisfactory," or "serious and without reserve;" and in one place "the pathetic observations of the elder Mrs. Lanman" are alluded to. The rule respecting the admission of members was rigidly observed, and the lady proposed waited patiently for a week while her neighbors and kinsfolk discussed her qualifications. The office of secretary must have been considered onerous, judging by the frequent changes, only one "transcriber," Mrs. Captain Ingraham, offering to continue her services; and one would suppose

from the omission of names of rejected candidates and the guarded language generally used that the book was passed from house to house through the town. Why the Chelsea Courier should be mysteriously referred to as "an esteemed public paper" is by no means clear, and if the "Mrs. B——n" who is spoken of as "an indigent person" was, as is probable, a lady whose home and possessions had been destroyed by fire, and whose misfortunes were matters of public talk from Bean Hill to The Landing, it was useless to attempt to conceal her identity.

At one of the meetings in April, "it was proposed to irradiate distant benighted regions by taking collections for the Missionary Society." The regions aforesaid were neither Hindustan nor South Africa, for the American Board was not organized till 1810, but Vermont, western New York, the Western Reserve, and the Susquehanna Valley. The Connecticut Missionary Society, formed in 1798, had branches both at Town Plot and The Landing, and as Norwich was well represented in the settlements scattered through those sections, the needs of churchless colonies excited peculiar interest. It was in April, too, that the McCurdys entertained "the Friends of Literature," in their hospitable house on the hill overlooking Main Street. On that occasion, "Mrs. McCurdy spoke poetical sentiments from Miss More, and Miss Ursula a beautiful poem called the Bird of Paradise by Dr. Stennet, from Mrs. Rowe two very solemn letters and a select piece from a public paper." As the day was stormy, few were present, but enough to vote that "whenever it rains, we defer each meeting." Those who attended on May 14, after a week's intermission on account of rain, heard Miss Susan King read "a paper on dissipation peculiarly interesting from its intrinsic worth and its being originally addressed to Females. Some doctrinal points were introduced (after the reading of the Scripture); however,

no disputes occurred." On the following Wednesday there was presented "an essay on Curiosity: that necessary appendage of woman and generally considered as stigmatical. This piece, however, proved it to be the source of all knowledge." Mrs. L'Hommedieu favored them with an article on the Immortality of the Soul, which led to remarks that were "highly proper," and Miss Foster, of New Salem, Mass., "took a seat, agreeable to previous permission." It was voted that the ladies meet once a fortnight during the hot months. The annals for the rest of the year are not enlivening, but it is stated that at one meeting "a piece of very entertaining morality" was enjoyed; that Mrs. Howland "was admitted without dissent," a fact that should be a source of pride to her descendants, and that practical Mrs. Norris "gave an original dissertation on the art of preserving the teeth."

The first meeting in 1801 was made memorable by the reading of a letter from Mrs. Norris descriptive of her journey to Baltimore, whither she had removed, "and of her present situation there." She announced the formation in that city of a Humane Society, and of her appointment as a member of the visiting committee. This was followed by "a piece on female coquetry which enforced the impropriety of Females arrogating to themselves those pursuits and employments which are more suitable to the other Sex." Miss Lanman, who delivered the first Annual Address, avers that "even female societies for the relief of man are not unprecedented," mentioning "the amiable and highly respected widows society in New York, and the Society at Newport for the Benevolent purpose of Prayer for the universal good of Mankind. Contemplating the common instability of the female character¹ perhaps we deserve the opinion of the world that this society would be transient as the meteor's glare; an opinion refuted, as the society has rounded

¹ Fie, Miss Sally!

the period of a year, and ardor and sympathy still inspire its members. Mrs. Norris, though absent, does not cease to afford improving entertainment." Further on we find one of the questions propounded from afar by that lamented lady: "How can a daughter, wife or mother be amiable when her actions are wholly unaided by her reasoning powers?"

A chapter on Burgoyne's surrender inspired the following comments, in the beautiful handwriting of Miss Anne Breed: "We, I mean females, are of importance in the scale of beings; let us then enquire what we can do towards securing those rights and privileges we have so nobly gained." The gentle "transcriber," we must suppose, was filled with patriotic exaltation rather than with longings for the emancipation of her sex. An interchange of opinions respecting education led to the conclusion that "a lad naturally inclined to manual exercise would make but a dull scholar in the study of the dead languages," and a timely piece on Consumption, read at one of the December meetings, resulted in "a prevailing opinion that one reason why so many women fall a sacrifice to this fatal disorder is owing to inattention to dress." It is instructive to learn that a Rev. Mr. Woodbridge "waited on the ladies and made many observations approving female attempts for letters." Another important event of that year was the transferring of Miss Ursula McCurdy to the equally select society of Litchfield Hill, as the wife of the Hon. John Allen, Esq.

The Anniversary Address, in 1802, by Miss Mary Tyler, contains the following sentences (the spelling she is not responsible for): "The idea of woman's incapability is intirely preposterous; thier is no summits in the broad field of literature which a female cannot explore. . . . How many shining females do we see who equil in intellectual acquirements the most celebrated men. In this class I think we may rank Mrs. Norris

who has left her heart with us for a season. I feel myself unequal to the task of saying anything which can add to the Brightness of her Character. Trifles engage not her attention for a moment, how capacious is her heart and how extensive her erudition."

The beneficence of the society, which on the same day was "unanimously enlarged from 38 to 40," was further manifested in a vote to provide four children with books and money wherewith to enter school, and by a proposition to hang a bag in the entry or spaceway of each house where the society convened, in which each member from time to time was to deposit money or clothing for the poor. We next read that Miss Tyler presented the ladies "half a ticket in the Norwich meeting-house lottery," and that the elder Mrs. Lanman, whose name was a synonym for sanctity, was requested to purchase the other half. The First Church had been destroyed by fire in 1801, and it ill becomes us who live at a time when grab-bags are used to promote the cause of religion to cast reproach upon these mothers and daughters in Israel.

The ladies seem to have experienced alternate emotions of humility and of pride, as further extracts will show. "Degrading as the truth is it must be admitted that the female sex allow their time to pass in Dekorating their body with far more pleasure than adorning the mind. . . . Instil into youthful minds [the theme was "the Choise of a Husband"] internal beautys of the mind rather than the pleasures of a fine equipage or the splendor of a great fortune. . . . The charitable are never found in the Circle of fashion or the haunts of Disapation. . . . Man is insensible to the charms of a female mind cultivated by polite and solid literature; from what does this dislike proceed? from a want of taste for polite arts or from a consciousness of their own Deficiency the pride of men cannot have a superior female mind." "The character of a Meth-

odist," as delineated in a biographical sketch, was pronounced "very perfect but hardly attainable," and it must have been with feelings of relief that the auditors turned to material things and "proceeded to arrange for the quilting of Mrs. P——n's bedquilt." Menkind are rebuked again in the Anniversary Address of Miss Harris, in 1803. "The pride of man has suffered female genius like the unpolished diamond to be buried in its native rubbish. Some few of every age have burst the shackles and shone forth in their native lustre. Among this class we may rank Mrs. Norris. All the social, all the benevolent virtues are hers." The records go on to say that it was voted to apply the funds at interest "to give better schooling to the misses near relatives of the first members," and that having completed Rollin's *Life of Cyrus*, the ladies "declined proceeding in Ancient History and agreed on reading next the history of Vermont."

During the summer "a dreadful malady" broke out in Chelsea, and "the bonds of sisterhood" were for the first time "severed by death." The funeral of Mrs. Hannah Hubbard was attended by the society "habited in the emblems of mourning," and after the service the ladies "returned to the house of the deceased in the same order they followed to the grave to receive the thanks of the bereav'd companion." The epidemic became so widespread that the society adjourned for several months, and the fact that the funerals of Mrs. Elizabeth Coit and Mrs. Sally Rockwell could not be attended with safety deepened the sorrow of their friends. In September the sessions were resumed. It was voted that a piece of crape be worn on the left arm as a badge of mourning; at a later date there was substituted a black fan suspended from a black ribbon and worn on the right side for one month.

An entry made during October states that a small collection was taken up for Mrs. Congo, whose name relieves us of

the necessity of speculating as to her family and circumstances, and there is another, dated December 1, to the effect that "a voluntary contribution was appropriated for a ticket in the lottery for the relief of poor widows in New York." This business over, some one read "an extract from Mrs. Chapone's letters on the first principles of religion." The ticket having been applied for too late, it was voted to buy one for three dollars in the second class of the Union Lottery. Early in 1804 Mrs. Susan Gordon, another member, died, and her obituary was enriched, we are assured, "with the most serious morality and enlivened with pathos and elegance." A piece on Heaven followed, and was considered "very instructive and entertaining." In March, "a piece from Mr. Dodd's reflections on death called our attention." During April, "a very animated piece on Spring interested our feelings;" the *History of Vermont* was finished, and Lyttleton's *History* (of Henry II.?) was begun. The lottery ticket drew a prize of ten dollars, and having added this sum to that already raised for contingent expenses, the good women bought two more tickets, patronizing the Episcopal Academy Lottery and the Union Lottery again. At this rather late day they "completed the charity begun to Mrs. B——r by furnishing a lining to a bedquilt, the outside of which was given last February." Passages from Milton and Cowper enlivened subsequent gatherings, and Mrs. Samuel Woodbridge brought in as one contribution "an anecdote of a young lady who died in New York of a sudden illness who the night before had dreamed that she must read the 7th of Ezekiel, and finally arose to do so." A sermon on the Landing of the Pilgrims "excited humiliating feelings; the contrast between those Pious Emigrants and their degenerate descendents could not but have this effect." The venture in the Union Lottery proved unfortunate, and it is to be hoped that the disappointment the an-

nouncement caused was forgotten when Miss Betsey Tyler arose to read "some anecdotes of Captain Cook his reprehensible conduct among the Heathen."

The Annual Address in 1805, delivered by the queenly Mrs. Jabez Huntington, contained the following remarks: "If you agree with me in sentiment that this society is important as respects this life, and that its consequences extend also to eternity, you will also assent to the propriety of our individually adding to the importance of the female character. It may be thought, perhaps, that we need excitement to *add* to our already excellent opinion of ourselves, but I think we may venture to cherish the sentiment when it comes (not from our sex) but bestowed upon us by those who are eminent for just discrimination, and who would not hazard an opinion without well authenticated proof—they acknowledge the understandings of women are in every respect equal to those of men when equally celebrated and when they acknowledge that the affairs of the world are in a great measure regulated by women—how ought the idea to stimulate us to improve our minds so that our influence shall be directed to promote all that can render life more dignified and useful!" This address, the transcriber adds, ended "with a Him in blank verse."

About this time the spirit of speculation revived, and the treasurer proposed buying a ticket in the Lebanon Meeting-house Lottery, but the members preferred to invest in the Channel Lottery, a plan for improving navigation on the Thames. The feast of reason proceeded, meanwhile. "The Life of Washington was attended to." A lecture by Bishop Porteus was read, and "the author's ideas were coincident with those of the ladies. . . . Miss Coit read a pindaric ode on repentance, and the members conversed with peculiar energy on the 46th Psalm. Miss Nancy Parker 2d read from The Ladies' Library, a piece showing the fe-

male character to be guilty of many deviations from the path of rectitude." Bishop Porteus was again honored, the ideas in another lecture by him being "perfectly agreeable to those advanced by the ladies." The advent of summer seems to have occasioned a demand for lighter literature, for it appears that "a piece on fashion" was read, probably declaiming against its tyranny; another, on the Dew, "one of the many blessings we enjoy which we think little of;" and in August "a beautiful serious drama from Maria De Fleury called the Wanderer." The reading, on October 23, of the twenty-seventh of Genesis led to the unanimous conclusion that it was wrong for parents to show partiality among their children. "A few pages from Mr. Baxter's Saints Everlasting Rest was then attended to with satisfaction, as it is ever new and excellent." The year's sessions closed with the selection of Mrs. Lydia Whiting to deliver the next Anniversary Address, and of Mrs. Nancy Fitch to "transcribe." No records of succeeding meetings have been found.

Miss Caulkins's well-nigh exhaustive History of Norwich does not mention the Literary Society, but speaks of the formation in 1825 of a reading club and society for mutual improvement, one of several organizations of philanthropic character that sprang up in the town as the century advanced, and must have derived their origin from the Chelsea society, which, tradition says, was dissolved about 1820. The memoir of Nancy Maria Hyde, published in 1816, relates that she attended the sessions with profit, and that Grecian History and extracts from The Panoplist and The Churchman's Journal were included in the literature enjoyed. A copy of the Anniversary Address of that year has come down, and contains heartfelt lamentations over the death of Mrs. Eunice Tyler. The wise and beneficent Mrs. Norris did not return to Norwich, but, in 1829, her admiring friends wel-

came to their hearts and homes her daughter Eliza Jane, who had consented to take the arduous journey from Baltimore as the wife of Mr. Andrew Backus Huntington of their city. The last of the

affectionate sisterhood, without doubt, was Mrs. Lydia Breed, who, having sustained the reputation of the Perkins family for longevity, died in 1861 at the age of ninety-four.

Henry Baldwin.

IN JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION.

I.

HALF an hour before sunset on the afternoon of November 6, 1828, the Whigs of a certain precinct in Virginia were reasonably confident that Henry Clay would be the next President.

The ballot was taken in a long, low, weather-beaten structure, which served as bar-room, post-office, and general store. The long porch in front, and the yard trampled bare of grass, were filled with excited politicians arguing the burning questions of the day. Impatient horses whinnied at the rack, sleek negroes on the outskirts pompously repeated the arguments of their masters, and dogs of high and low degree dozed in the yellow sunshine, or fought out their private quarrels as opportunity and instinct prompted them. On this day, caste distinctions were laid aside. The gentleman mingled freely with the horse-jockey, the negro-trader, and the poor-white, and party feeling drew men together with a tie closer than that of blood.

The sun had almost reached the rim of the horizon, when a florid young man, bearing the unmistakable marks of good birth and bad living, appeared in the doorway, with a glass in his hand.

"Hurrah for Henry Clay!" he cried in a thick voice. "Who'll take a drink to the 'Mill-boy of the Slashes'?"

There was a general stir, indicating a willingness to accept this invitation; but before the thirsty crowd could cross the threshold, a counter-sensation drew

their eyes away to a cloud of red dust on the farthest limit of the horizon. This cloud increased rapidly in volume, and soon resolved itself into a group of ten or fifteen horsemen.

At their head rode a slender, erect young man whom nearly every one present recognized.

"Jack Dangerfield, is n't it, Poindexter?" inquired Major Catesby Ap-Roger, who was short-sighted, of the young gentleman who had invited the crowd to drink.

"Yes, d—— him!" was the sullen answer.

The sun was now about a hand-breadth from the blue summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain. Dangerfield pointed to it excitedly, as he threw himself from his horse and tossed the bridle to a little negro.

His companions hurried into the polling place, he following. Every one of the crowd who reluctantly made way for him knew that he had spent the day in collecting this posse, and that the number was sufficient to carry the district for Andrew Jackson. The dissatisfaction increased as man after man deposited his ballot. When it was Dangerfield's turn, Poindexter cried with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, this vote is fraudulent! I've known this fellow from his cradle, and he's not of age."

Dangerfield's face turned crimson, but he kept his temper. Drawing a folded paper from his pocket, he said quietly, "I anticipated this charge, and prepared

myself to meet it. This is a copy of the record of my birth, in the register of the parish church. It proves that I was twenty-one the day before yesterday." He held out the paper to Poindexter, inviting him to examine it; but Poindexter struck it aside, with a rejoinder which is not fit to be set down here. It began handsomely with an oath, but was scarcely finished when Jack Dangerfield's arm shot out suddenly from the shoulder, and the slanderer fell senseless on the floor behind the counter.

There was not a man present, Whig or Democrat, whose sympathies were not with the boy who had thus promptly punished the aspersion on his mother's honor. But political animosities run high, and sometimes it is not expedient to express one's convictions. Poindexter's friends crowded round him and got him to his feet. Slighter things than this provoked a duel in those hot-blooded days.

Mr. Poindexter, somewhat sobered by his fall, was quite angry enough to feel that nothing short of a challenge could wipe out the insult he had received. The matter was quickly arranged, for among the motley crowd at the polls there was scarcely a man of the better class who was not familiar with the code.

That night, Major Catesby Ap-Roger, the veteran duelist, invited a party of his friends to drink hot whiskey punch and play cards in his bedroom at the ramshackle tavern hard by. Of course the coming duel was the topic of the occasion.

"Queer that a fire-eater like Jack should have turned so pale at the sight of a challenge," observed one of the party.

"Why, don't you know?" spoke up a beardless youth who had been invited simply to make up the rubber. "It was because Poindexter's cousin is Jack's sweetheart, Miss" —

"Stop, sir!" cried the major sternly. "This is no place to bandy about the names of ladies. I'm sure Mr. Dan-

gerfield would not wish his sweetheart's name to appear in this discussion." And the indiscreet young man, blushing deeply, remained silent for the rest of the evening.

II.

In the afternoon of the following day, Mrs. Fitzherbert sat with her daughters in a large upper room of the family mansion upon her estate of Coton. This room, called the "chamber," was furnished in the stately and cumbersome fashion of the period. The brass-handled dressing-table and claw-footed wardrobe were the best products of British workmanship, but the calico which draped the great four-post bedstead was purely American in style and sentiment. Immense medallions of blue on a white ground represented a female figure seated on a dais, to whom another female was offering, after the manner of Herodias, a number of heads on something that looked like a platter; and round about ran the legend, "Virginia presenting to America, upon the altar of Liberty, portraits of her illustrious sons."

With her dreams thus guarded by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, it is small wonder that the gentle mistress of the household took a keen interest in the affairs of her country. She was a warm partisan of the Whigs, and the recent political contest which had resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson, and the defeat of Henry Clay, afflicted her like a personal misfortune.

When the clock struck five, she rose, took up her basket of keys, and bade her daughters put away their tasks. Sydney, the eldest, who had been reading aloud, from the window-seat, the latest of those charming romances by Sir Walter Scott, closed the volume, and let her blue eyes stray to the fringe of Lombardy poplars around the lawn, now buffeted and beaten by the November rain,

Winifred and Eliza ran away to play battledoor and shuttlecock in the long corridor, and Margaret and little Anne to read *Télémaque* with their tutor, M. Mongrand, the old French *émigré*, who lived in a cottage in the garden.

When they were all gone, Sydney slipped from her high seat, and, kneeling on the sheepskin mat before the fire, drew a locket out of the bosom of her low-necked white cambric frock, and gazed at it with the rapture of a young girl in the exquisite transport of first love. The face which looked back at her from the locket was one well fitted to charm her fancy. The hazel eyes were bold and bright, yet so well had the artist caught their expression that they seemed at once both arch and tender. The aquiline nose had the drooping cartilage and sensitive nostrils which we associate with high spirit and long lineage. The small straight mouth was sweet as a woman's, but the square resolute chin confirmed the energy and determination expressed in the bold bright eyes.

The noise of some one running up the stairs and along the hall made her start guiltily and drop the locket back in its hiding-place.

Without the preliminary of a knock, Phyllis, her maid, burst into the room, her eyes starting, the braided locks of her woolly hair standing almost upright with excitement.

"Miss Sydney!" she cried, "Marse Jack Dangerfiel' done kill Marse Roy'l Poindexter!"

"Nonsense, Phyllis!" cried Sydney, as white as her frock. "How dare you say such a thing?"

"'Deed, miss, 'fo' Gawd it's the truf. Marse Jack Dangerfiel's nigger done brought a letter for ole miss. He tole us about it while he was waitin' fo' de arnser."

Sydney grasped the back of a chair to keep herself from falling. Her mind was too much benumbed by the extent

of the calamity for her to realize the situation fairly. The next moment she heard steps and voices in the hall and on the staircase, and her mother, followed by a train of servants and children, entered the room. Mrs. Fitzherbert was agitated and unnerved. She was wringing her hands and talking excitedly. When she caught sight of her daughter she cried,

"Oh, Sydney, the most dreadful thing has happened. Jack Dangerfield has killed your cousin Royall. Oh, my poor sister! I must go to her at once. There was a letter. Where is the letter? Oh, in my ridicule—but it's no matter. Fly, Sydney, and get me my bonnet and mantle, and tell Martha to fetch a bottle of the Vinegar of the Four Thieves, and tell Boston to get out the carriage, and tell"—

"Give me the letter!" cried Sydney, snatching the reticule.

She had to lean down to the fire in order to read it, for in the confusion no one remembered to light the candles. It ran thus:—

BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND.

MRS. ANNE CARY FITZHERBERT:

My dear Madam,—I write to implore your pardon, to throw myself upon your mercy. A severe wound in the thigh obliges me to keep my bed, otherwise I would come in person to plead my cause with you. This morning at daybreak I fought a duel with your nephew, Royall Poindexter, and it was my fortune to be the survivor. The quarrel was not of my seeking. I do not willingly speak ill of the dead, but he had been drinking, and he insulted me grossly. You will hear a different account of the affair, but this is the true one. Bitterly as I regret the outcome of it, I cannot feel that I am to blame. Although it may ruin my career, my chief concern is for Sydney. For God's sake, do not let it turn her against me. It is for this I write you. In the name of justice, of mercy, of pity, send me by the bearer of this some word to

give me the hope that our engagement will not be broken. We love each other; our lives have been bound up together; without the hope of her I should pray to turn over on my pillow and die. For God's sake, send me some word of consolation.

I remain, honored madam,

Respectfully your Ob't Serv't,

JOHN HAMPDEN DANGERFIELD.

P. S. I am thus urgent about a reply by messenger because to-morrow I must leave this place to go I know not where.

J. H. D.

When Sydney raised her eyes from the perusal of this letter, her mother's toilet was almost completed.

"What answer did you send?" she demanded.

"I sent *none*," replied Mrs. Fitzherbert, turning full upon the girl with flashing eyes. "What answer could I send to a man whose hands are red with the blood of my sister's child?"

"No answer?" faltered Sydney. Never before had she seen her mother look like this or heard her speak in such a tone. She stood for a moment with the paper shaking in her hand, and then she ran quickly from the room down the stairs and through the long covered way which led to the kitchen. She paused in the doorway of the great smoke-blackened apartment, lighted by the open fire and a primitive flaring lamp made by soaking a rag in a saucer of grease, and peered at the host of dusky figures before her.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Dangerfield's body-servant," she said.

Several voices answered. "Law, miss, he done gone!"

"Gone!" She caught at the door-frame to steady herself. "How long ago?"

"He went just soon 's he heered dey warn't no arnser. Marse Jack done tole him to make has'e."

"There is an answer." Her words sounded separate and distinct as the tick-

ing of the clock. "Which of you will overtake him and give it to him?"

"I will, miss," and "I'll do it sho'," Miss Sydney," came the response from three or four young negroes, pressing forward, eager for the commission. She scrutinized the applicants with a full realization of how much depended upon her choice.

"You may go, Tobe," she said at last. "Saddle the Black Prince, and come to the back porch for a letter."

It was only one line, but she dropped a great blot of sealing-wax upon it and stamped it with her coat-of-arms. Never before had she revealed her heart to him as in these few penciled words, and her cheek flushed now to think that they might fall into other hands and be perused by other eyes.

"I will keep the lamp burning in the corridor window," she whispered when Tobe came for the missive. "I will hear you when you come back. Wait by the ailanthus-tree until I open the window."

"All right, miss."

"And Tobe, mind you ride fast."

His answer was to rise in the stirrups and stick his heels into the horse's flanks. The next moment he was gone.

"Sydney! Sydney!" cried half a dozen voices from as many directions, and Sydney hastened back to the hall. "Where have you been?" her mother asked, giving her a quick, suspicious glance; but without waiting for an answer, she handed the girl a heavy bunch of keys and gave her a number of rapid directions. The driver gathered up the reins. The mistress of the mansion stepped into the cumbrous old family coach. The wheels rolled away into the rainy night.

Sydney picked up her mother's mantle and adjusted it over her slender shoulders. She soothed the excited children and servants, turned the heavy keys in the locks of smoke-house and granary, presided at the long mahogany table, and read prayers to the assembled household.

When her sisters had been coaxed

into bed, she stole away with her letter and her candle to the long corridor. The thought of Jack, wounded and in peril, outweighed the shock of her cousin's death. Royall's career from boyhood had been a source of pain and shame to all his kindred. Her heart was filled with a passionate resentment against him that he should have forced a quarrel upon Jack which involved them all in this suffering. She was accustomed to think of dueling as the proper method of settling the difficulties of gentlemen. No blame could possibly attach to Jack in the matter. He was the victim of circumstances. She pictured him writhing with mental and bodily anguish, and imagined his despair if his messenger should return empty-handed. Then, in unbearable suspense, she sprang up and paced the corridor. A dozen times mistaking the patter of the raindrops for the sound of hoofs, she flung open the window. At last a guarded voice spoke to her out of the darkness:—

"Dat you, Miss Sydney?"

"Oh, Tobe, did you overtake him?"

"Miss Sydney, he got so much de start er me dat I could n't ketch up wid him. Den it was so dark dat I done los' de road, an' when I got to de river dey warn't no boat dar, so I could n't git acrost, so I giv' it up an' come back agin; but 'deed, Miss Sydney, 'fo' Gawd I done my bes'."

Sydney was turning away with a lump in her throat, when he called to her with a curious note of triumph in his voice:

"But Miss Sydney, I done fotch back your letter!" as if here indeed was a drop of consolation.

He passed it to her on the end of a long switch; and she held it in the candle till the flame burnt her fingers.

"This is the end of everything," she thought. "He will think I have turned against him, like all the rest. To-morrow he will have left Bladensburg, and I shall not know where he is!"

She threw herself down on the floor of the corridor and burst into tears.

The next day, a messenger brought her the following letter:—

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, — I write to remind you to have some Black frocks made for yourself and Sisters to ware to the funerall. The Staf is in the seader Chest in the blue Charmber. Amanda, Polly and Jane can Help you to make them. My pore Sister is more composed but takes no thought for anything. The Feling here is very Bitter against J—— D——. Your cousins vow that he shall never set Foot in the county again. I cannot Help feling I am being punnished for thinking We could ever contract an aliance with a Dimocrat. Politics makes strange Bedfellows and he has doutless been corrupted by associating with "Mr. Jefferson's gentlemen." Strange that a man of birth and breeding should demene himself to belong to such a Party!

I find the Larder here very low. The Negrows have stolen everything. Have Celia boil a large hamm, & roast a pare of fowlls. You may bring them with some loaves of Bread when you come to the funerall. It will be necessary to set Forth a colation for Thare will doutless be a Large crowd of frends and Nays-bors. Royall's Body arrived this morning. He looks Peeceful as if sleping. I shuder to think of the Hand that brought him so low. Be sure you kepe the store-room & smoke-house keys. God bless you my dear Daughter prays,

Your devoted mother

ANNE CARY FITZHERBERT.

P. S. The funerall is set for Friday.

In the days that followed, Sydney lived that strange dual life which all know who have suffered overpowering emotion. When, in after years, she looked back upon this time, it seemed to her that she must have been two distinct individuals, so little did her outward actions express the intensity of her

mental experience. She performed sedulously her daily tasks, helped her sisters with their lessons, and read the Bible to the old negroes in their cabins; but whether she talked or worked, whether she were in company or alone, there was not a moment of her waking hours when her mind was not busy with imaginary conversations with Jack. Not a step sounded in the hall but she thought it might be his. Not a negro came to the plantation on an errand but her heart beat to suffocation. Some days she longed with passionate intensity for the sound of his name. But no one spoke it.

"Right or wrong," Mrs. Fitzherbert had said in a family council held after the duel, "I should never give my consent to Sydney's marrying Jack Dangerfield *now*. It is only a young girl's fancy, and she will get over it when she has another lover. Never mention his name again in her presence. That will be the best way to treat it."

"Mother," cried Sydney passionately one day, when she could bear it no longer, "what has become of Jack Dangerfield?"

"I don't know," replied her mother.

"He was severely wounded; is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Mother, you do know."

"Sydney, you may leave the room. That is not a proper tone for you to take in speaking to me."

"Mother, if he is dead, I have a right to know it. It is cruel, the way you are treating me."

"My child, I love you better than anything in the world, and I tell you now that the sooner you dismiss this fancy from your mind, the better. It can never matter to you whether he is dead or alive."

But a few days later, she came, and without a word dropped a paper into the girl's lap. It contained an account of a detachment of troops recently sent out to fight the Indians in the north-

west, and Jack Dangerfield's name was in the list of non-commissioned officers.

This comforted her a little. It lifted the terrible load of silence and suspense that had weighed upon her. It brought him so near to her to be able to see him, in fancy, marching in his uniform, or sitting beside the camp-fire, that for a day or two she went about the house singing. Then the finality of it all came upon her, and she felt that if he had not given her up entirely, he would have made a fresh effort to hear from her before he went away.

III.

In the days when Andrew Jackson was President, and Martin Van Buren Vice-President, a certain gay and beautiful woman enjoyed the affection of the old chief, and was adroitly used by his wily lieutenant to promote certain political schemes of his own. This lady, who found little favor in the eyes of her own sex, was immensely popular with men, and returned their admiration with such petting and patronage as she found it in her power to bestow.

Upon a windy March morning, a pale young soldier, lately returned from that campaign known as the Black Hawk war, whose wounds debarred him from active exertion, was spending an hour in the drawing-room of this accomplished dame. Her pretty toilet, her arch gray eyes and rich red hair, her vivacity, and her Irish accent would have made her a charming companion for any gallant officer of twenty-three, even if, as in the present case, she had not thrown in all the flattery and the caressing wiles she knew so well how to employ.

"So, me dearr bye," she was saying in her delightful brogue, "if there's anny office or appointment ye're wantin', I think I can get it for ye. Shure I can turn the Preshident and little Van

around me thumb." She held out that pretty member, and laughed with infectious gayety.

"Thank you a thousand times," returned the young officer languidly; "but I have an old plantation down in Loudon which I have neglected too long. If I should decide" — He interrupted himself to call his companion's attention to a pretty scene being enacted upon the street, some distance away. Two young ladies had been approaching along Pennsylvania Avenue: one, in a pelisse of pale blue merino trimmed with swan's-down; the other, in a similar garment of lemon-color. Both wore beaver bonnets which framed with demure austerity their charming faces. Suddenly the wind tossed off the bonnet of the damsel in yellow and blew her raven ringlets over her rosy, laughing face. The fair sister in pale blue tried hard to put it back again; but the high wind and the rebellious curls made her task a difficult one. Every one in the street turned to look at the pretty pair; hats were lifted and admiring glances cast, unrebuked, at the hapless damsels; then, a lady passing stopped her carriage, and, tapping on the glass, invited the girls to get in.

"Who are they?" asked the young officer as the carriage rolled away.

"Two tearin' beauties from the counthry, who've taken the town by sthorm. Allegra and Penserosa they call 'em. Penserosa, they say, is breakin' her heart for a lover who killed one uv her long-legged counthry cousins in a jule. Av co'urse the fam'ly would n't hear of her marryin' him afther that." She directed a lively glance at her companion, and then, uttering a little shriek, sprang up and thrust her smelling-bottle under his nose.

He pushed the bottle away, but caught the hand that held it. "Oh, Peggy," he cried, "sweet Peggy," — for so her admirers were privileged sometimes to address this charming dame, — "for pity's sake tell me that again."

Coquette though she was, the woman of the world was touched by the emotion of this young lover; although perhaps curiosity as well as sympathy led her to draw him on.

"Indeed, an' that's what they say," she answered, "but it's little I thought that you were the hero of the tale. So it's this that's sent you off to shoot the redskins, is it? But why should a man who can fight as well as you be afraid of half a dozen raw-boned young Virginians?"

Jack jumped up and walked about the room.

"Who says I'm afraid of them?" he demanded with boyish bravado. "There is n't a man in their whole tribe who could keep me away if Syd — if Miss Fitzherbert wanted me to come. But if she had cared for me as I care for her, she would n't have let them turn her against me." He was weak yet from his wound, and his face turned red and pale as he talked. He paused, and then asked, with an evident effort, "Who told you that — what you said just now — that she — that she *cared*?"

"I was just givin' ye the idle talk of the town," the lady answered.

Jack threw himself down on a sofa. "It is n't true," he said with a groan.

His hostess went over to him, and laid a light hand upon his hair. No one need say henceforth that a kindly heart did not beat in the bosom of this much-maligned dame.

"Cheer up," she cried. "I will get ye a carrd to one of the Wednesday receptions. She'll be sure to be there, an' when ye've once seen her, all will come right!"

But stubborn Jack said, "No; she hates me on account of her cousin. I will not force myself upon her notice."

"Why, man alive!" his companion cried. "There'll be two hundred people there. Ye've as good a right to go as anny one in Washington. Ye'll have a chance to get a foine look at her, and

in a crowded room there's no need for folks to speak unless they've a moind to."

Then it was that Jack caught the pretty hand and kissed it.

"Peggy," he declared fervently, "if any man ever says in my presence that you are not an angel, I swear that I will thrash him within an inch of his life."

The promised card of invitation arrived duly, and when Captain Dangerfield presented himself at the house of a certain official of high degree, many eyes followed him with interest and curiosity. It was not every night that one saw an officer, so tall, so pale, so distinguished. He found no personal acquaintances, and as the servant who announced him had made a mistake in his name, he felt secure that no rumor of his presence would reach Sydney before he saw her.

The party was in accordance with the fashion of the day. There were card-tables in one room, for the middle-aged; and a pianoforte in another, where, later in the evening, the younger guests would dance a cotillion or two after a decorous fashion. In the dining-room was laid a substantial collation of cold turkey and ham, with beaten biscuit split and buttered, and pound cake, and great blue china bowls of lemon punch and apple toddy. Outside the windows were rows of black faces, gleefully expectant of the first strains of festivity. The rooms were furnished substantially with handsome carpets, and heavy chairs and sofas covered with black satin hair. A sampler done in worsted, a glass case of waxen flowers, and a motley group of stuffed birds did duty as decoration, and long curtains of red moreen covered the windows. Captain Dangerfield ensconced himself in the shelter of one of these windows while he watched the arriving guests.

He could never tell how it was that he missed seeing Sydney when she entered. After all the company had assembled, and still she had not come, his

heart turned to a stone in his bosom. The air seemed to stifle him, and he arose to leave the room. On his way to the door he glanced, almost unconsciously, into the long mirror framed in gilt which filled the space between two windows, and there he saw her. There could be no mistaking that lovely nape, those satin shoulders, those golden curls looped with an antique comb.

She was dressed after the adorable fashion of the time of Josephine, somewhat belated in reaching these barbarous shores. Her frock of India muslin, with its short waist and broad girdle, fell in scant folds to her ankles, and revealed the broad buckles upon her little shoes. Jack's eyes, having taken note of the buckles, traveled upward again to rest with eager scrutiny upon her face, and then he observed with amazement that she was blushing vividly. A crimson wave had spread itself over her neck and arms and into the very roots of her hair. But why? His heart leaped with the sudden thought that perhaps the recognition had been mutual, and then contracted with a fierce spasm of jealousy. He slipped back quickly and resumed his place in the embrasure of the window.

"They are begging Miss Fitzherbert to sing," he heard a lady near him say.

In that time almost every young lady sang. It was expected of her just as nowadays we are not surprised to hear a very respectable carol from even a commonplace bird. It was not thought necessary to evoke the notes from the diaphragm or summon them from the bridge of the nose. No rumors of the Italian method disturbed anybody's self-satisfaction. Every well-brought-up damsel sang ballads and love-songs and patriotic ditties with no thought of vocal gymnastics, and her audience listened well pleased.

"She has the sweetest voice in the world," the lady went on, "and plays with a great deal of taste. She is to sing a new song to-night that one of her admirers sent to London to get for her. I

hear she's been practicing it this great while."

But it was not the new song from London that Sydney sang, but an old song that everybody knew, and that still some old-fashioned people sing for the sake of the sweet and tender sentiment that it contains:—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;

Though the herd have all left thee, thy home is still here."

This is only the beginning, but the rest is all as sweet, and as tender, and as true. The strains sank into Jack's heart as the rain sinks into the heart of the flowers, and he rose unconsciously and followed them as some bewitched mortal follows an elfin horn from fairyland, until he stood at the extreme end of the other long room, close beside the piano where Sydney was singing. She lifted her eyes at the close of the song, and they rested on his face. Then she turned very pale, and some one, thinking she was faint, brought her a glass of water. There ensued a little commotion, in the midst of which the hostess appeared, apologized for the heat of the

room, and led her guest away, promising that she would send a maid to take her home.

But when Sydney emerged from the dressing-room, a few minutes later, it was not the maid who was waiting for her, with her wrap, in the hall, but a tall young spectre, who, when he put the mantle about her shoulders, forgot somehow to take his arms away.

"And what became of the family opposition?" you say. What became of the family opposition to a certain famous Scotch suitor whom the fair Ellen preferred to the bridegroom her parents had provided for her?

No one cares for an old-fashioned love-story nowadays when sentiment is out of fashion, so I will not linger to tell how these two loved each other in their age with all the tender romance of their youth. But the other day I came across an old locket, and, opening it, met the gaze of the same bold bright eyes that had looked into Sydney Fitzherbert's on that November afternoon in 1828; and I closed the trinket with reverent hands, for I knew that it had lain for sixty years above a faithful heart.

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

REGINALD POLE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

THE formal reconciliation of England with the Holy See was the first business undertaken by Reginald Pole in his character of cardinal legate. For the few days immediately following his own official reception he held frequent and anxious conferences with his royal cousins and with Bishop Gardiner, the chancellor of the kingdom, until at last the important ceremonial was minutely ar-

ranged. The result was a scene replete both with Roman splendor and with Spanish dignity, — the English element being less conspicuous, — and by far the best description we have of it is that of an Italian, probably one of Pole's suite, who was also the anonymous author of a small treatise on *The Most Happy Return of the Kingdom of England to the Catholic Union, and the Obedience of the Holy See*:—

"On the morning of Thursday, the

29th of November, 1554, Parliament met at the usual place, which is an old royal palace, about a quarter of a mile from the one where the kings now dwell. You must know that Parliament consists of two grades of persons, nobles and commons; the former comprising the temporal lords and the prelates of the Church, the latter consisting of two delegates from each county of the kingdom. The nobles meet, consult, and decide among themselves, and the commons do the same; but nothing is valid except what is determined by both these halls (which are called indifferently 'houses' and 'chambers') and subsequently confirmed by the king. The proposal was therefore made in both Houses to return to Catholic unity, and submit to the Pope, who is head of the same on earth; and the vote was taken separately, and carried with wonderful unanimity and enthusiasm. For out of a total of four hundred and forty votes there were only two commoners who dissented, one of whom did not vote at all, while the other pleaded a scruple of conscience on account of an oath which he had formerly taken never under any circumstances to submit to the Pope. This raised a general laugh, and the result was that on the following day even these two, perceiving the unanimity of the rest, gave in their adhesion to the act of reunion. But to illustrate the promptitude of their assent, let me tell you what happened. The measure having been brought forward, as I have said, both in the Upper and Lower House, and carried separately in each, neither knew what the other had resolved; and so while the Upper House sent to announce its decision to the Lower, the Lower was doing the same by the Upper, and the two messengers met midway, — a most signal proof that the spirit of God was at work in both places at the same time, bringing the two into conformity. . . . So then yesterday, being the last day of the month" (November), "and the holy and

happy feast of St. Andrew, which his Majesty the king holds in special reverence as the anniversary of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the said king caused the mass of the order to be sung at St. Peter's, Westminster" (the abbey), "and the Knights of the Garter attended in a body, — nobles and barons to the number of five hundred, all in the richest robes, with collars and jewels galore. After them came the king's household, and his guards, more than six hundred persons in bran-new liveries of yellow velvet with bands of white and crimson velvet splendidly embroidered. It was more than the king had done at any of the other great functions which had taken place since his entry into the kingdom, but having to celebrate so solemn an act as the reunion of his new realm, he took this course to exhibit the piety of his own spirit. After mass, which was not finished till two P. M., the king returned to the palace and dined; and directly dinner was over, the members of Parliament assembled in the royal palace, while the king sent the Earl of Arundel, Grand Master of the order, with six Knights of the Garter and the same number of bishops, to escort the legate thither. The legate went in state with all the pontifical paraphernalia; and just inside the portal he was met by the king, and in the third hall by the queen, who keeps rather quiet on account of her pregnancy. These three then proceeded to the great hall, where Parliament was assembled, and seated themselves upon a square dais three steps high, which was spread with tapestry and covered by a magnificent golden canopy, — riches upon riches (*riccio sopra riccio*). The queen sat in the middle, with the king on her left and the legate on her right, but a little nearer to the king than to the legate. The members of Parliament were arranged in the following order: In front of royalty and upon either side were a great many rows of benches, so arranged

as to leave an open square in the centre opposite the tribune. Here sat the nobles in the order of their precedence, ecclesiastics on the right, and lay lords on the left. The rest of the crowd either sat or stood according to custom and the respect due to each individual. I must not omit to notice the great deference shown by the king to the family and person of the cardinal, or his reverence for the apostolic authority as represented by the legate's insignia. . . . When all had found their places, and the noise had subsided, amid deep attention from the surrounding spectators, monsignore the chancellor quitted his place, and after saluting their Majesties and the legate in exactly the same manner, he stepped upon the dais, and proceeded to set forth in the English tongue the resolution taken by Parliament the day before of returning into the unity of the Church. He then asked the members whether they still adhered to that resolution, . . . to which they assented by an unanimous shout. . . . Their Majesties then arose and turned toward the legate, and he arose and turned toward them, and the queen, speaking English, entreated, in her own name and the king's, for the absolution and reunion of the kingdom, after which all three returned to their seats."

One of Pole's attendants then read aloud the papal bull and brief whereby he was appointed legate, and the cardinal preached a short sermon on the sweets of repentance and the privileges of pardon, reminding his distinguished audience how indefinitely the angels' joy over one repentant sinner must needs be multiplied in the case of a whole great kingdom. At the close of this discourse all knelt, their Majesties setting the example, and the realm of England was absolved in due form. "And while the legate pronounced the words," continues the animated narrator, "the queen wept for joy and for devotion, and many of the members did the same. And after it

was over they might be seen rapturously embracing one another and exclaiming, 'To-day we have been born again.'"

It is worth while dwelling for a moment on this dramatic scene, because, when all due allowance has been made for the excitement of the occasion and the effect of an imposing pageant, it undoubtedly goes to show that at the time of Queen Mary's accession a large proportion of the English people still believed, in their hearts, that the Roman Church was the one true ark of spiritual safety. Starting with such an advantage, how easy, one thinks, it would have been, by the exercise of a little tact and a reasonable humanity, for the Catholic rulers of England to preserve, cement, and render durable and dear to the nation the reunion which had been so pompously proclaimed! *Dis aliter visum.* As for Pole, no one who has followed his history can doubt that his preëminent part in this remarkably futile function was performed both in perfect good faith and with conspicuous good grace. Born in the purple, the playfellow of his future sovereign, he had himself come too near to being both pope and king to be dazzled by the homage of Philip and Mary; and, moreover, he had the essentially high-bred faculty of becoming always the more simple and self-possessed, the greater the part he had to play. Personally a man of quiet and even abstemious habits, he had large ideas concerning the befitting dignity of his establishment; and whether or no, as Hook and Froude insist, his dream was to rival Cardinal Wolsey, we gather from that most interesting book, Strype's Memorials, that the requirements for the cardinal's household, submitted to the queen before his arrival by his "steward or some other of his officers," were not modest. There is in Strype's Catalogue of Originals — *pièces justificatives* — a document declaring that the "most rev'd and illustrious father," beside his private revenue and the allowance he received from

the Pope, could not possibly spend more than 1000 Italian crowns a month, — computing the regular members of his household at one hundred and thirty, and the average number of his guests at thirty more. The anonymous author of this estimate then proceeds minutely to apportion 1160 crowns monthly, allowing so much for fish, flesh, and fowl, so much for wine and condiments, and for the food and harness of forty horses and mules; concluding with the comprehensive entry, "For small charities, ferries, drugs and such like things, fifteen crowns." Moreover, Pole was to be granted 2900 crowns to "mount" his establishment, and 1000 crowns yearly for keeping it up and renewing his ecclesiastical vestments.

"This extraordinary charge," says Strype, "the enjoyment of the cardinal's presence would cost the queen. And well it might be borne, seeing he was to bring such mighty blessings with him!"

Let it be said to poor Mary's honor that it was borne well and ungrudgingly. She crippled her private resources by her pious restitution of all the Church lands confiscated to the Crown under Henry VIII.; but "to qualify the cardinal the better to live in the port of a cardinal," she added to his other resources about £800 a year, being the income of her own principal manors and farms in Kent. Knole, the gem of that beautiful county, was already an appanage of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but the queen's grant included poetic Penshurst, as well as Chevening Bexley and its woods, and the "Forest of South Frith, which lyeth a mile south of Tunbridge." All these estates, the chronicler takes care to add, came back to the Crown under Queen Elizabeth.

But Pole had become thoroughly Italianized during his long exile, and though his blameless life, and in many respects noble character, must at least be held to limit the application of the bitter proverb,

"Inglese Italianato
È diavolo incarnato,"¹

he was out of touch from the first with his insular flock. His huge household was composed largely of foreigners, and he showed a singular want of tact and sympathy with the common people in one of his earliest official acts. Having decided that his general absolution of the kingdom ought to be followed by a special absolution of the clergy, he fixed upon St. Nicholas' Day for the performance of this office; and on the vigil of the same, "at evensong time," says Strype, "came a commandment that St. Nicholas should not go abroad nor about."

There had prevailed in the parishes of England from time immemorial a very foolish, fond old way of celebrating the feast of the children's saint, whose own glad childhood was reputed to have been a miracle of holiness. A boy was chosen from among the choristers, dressed up in pontifical robes, and provided with a little mitre and staff, and from St. Nicholas' Day to Holy Innocents (December 6 to 28), at night, this child was called a bishop, and was permitted to read the holy offices and walk in procession, distributing blessings which were especially valued by the humble folk who thronged his footsteps. This mummery, for which the Bishop of London had as usual given permission, plainly struck Pole as both frivolous and blasphemous, and he seized the opportunity to forbid it. But he was by no means universally obeyed, for "so much were the citizens taken with the mock St. Nicholas, that is, a boy-bishop, that there went about these St. Nicholas-lases in divers parishes, as in St. Andrew's Holborn, and in St. Nicholas Olave's in Bread-street."

The prohibition is remarkable as an indication of that essentially Protestant, not to say Puritanical spirit always cropping up in the man who was to be, in part at least, responsible for the slaughter of

¹ "An Italianized Englishman is an incarnate fiend."

so many Protestant martyrs. For the rest, many of the earlier acts of Mary's reign, to which Pole as cardinal legate appended his signature, show a wise and timely moderation. The private citizens who had received Church lands were confirmed in their tenure by a decree of convocation passed on the 24th of December, 1554, and subscribed by the cardinal; and in general, all acts of the time of schism which did not attack directly the supremacy of the Holy See were legalized, even when, as in the case of marriage within the prohibited degrees, they were forbidden for the future. On the other hand, the bill annulling all such laws as did touch the supremacy of Rome was drawn up by Pole himself, and passed both Houses of Parliament without opposition early in January, 1555. The legate had already heard from his fast friend, Cardinal Morone at Rome, how King Philip had sent a private letter to his Holiness Julius III. announcing the submission of England, and he goes on to describe the joy occasioned at the centre of Christendom by the repentance of so considerable a sinner, as well as the plans on foot for a suitable celebration of the great event. In Morone's next letter, which is dated December 30, he enlarges upon this theme still further. "And may it please the Divine Goodness," he adds, "after this miracle of the spiritual peace of England, to work us another of temporal peace between Christian princes, which your lordship, by the help of God and the Queen's most excellent Majesty, may be able greatly to promote." Pole acted upon the suggestion of his friend, and, leaving the cure of British heresy to complete itself, went over to France in the winter of 1555, and made an earnest but signally unsuccessful effort to bring about a better understanding between Henry II. and the Emperor Charles V.

The latter, meanwhile, had convened a Diet at Aix, in Provence, for the same general purpose, requesting the Pope to

send a legate, and Morone was chosen for the office. He found it very dull at Aix, and "business," as he tells Pole on the 28th of March, "proceeding so languidly that I do not think any good can come of it." But the disquieting news had just come that Pope Julius III. was desperately ill; "and this," says Morone, "supersedes everything else. . . . If we hear that his Holiness is really dead, the Bishop of Aix and I will both go to Rome and do our duty in helping to choose a good Pope; and may God have mercy upon us, for we deserve rather that he should give us *regem in furore*, as he did to the descendants of the Israelites;" and he adds that he shudders at the recollection of the last conclave.

The souvenir was probably no more agreeable to Pole himself, for it was then, on the 7th of February, 1550, that his own election had appeared all but certain during one midnight hour, until a random joke, exploded by that notorious *bon vivant*, Cardinal del Monte, amid the sleepy electors, had resulted, to the amazement of everybody, in the timely jester's own election to the great vacant office. This time the conclave was both more expeditious and more circumspect. The best hopes of the best men in Christendom seemed near their fulfillment, when, on the 11th of April, 1555, Cardinal Cervini, the blameless, high-minded, and devout, assumed the tiara, under his own name of Marcellus. He, it was fondly believed, of all living churchmen, was the one best able to reconcile under a broad and righteous rule both the contending parties inside the Church and the warring potentates without; but, like his young namesake in imperial Rome, he was barely "shown by the Fates," and he died on the 3d of May, three weeks and one day after his election.

Two letters were addressed by Pole to the Holy Father during this tragically brief pontificate, of which the first is undated, while the second is subscribed Richmond, May 1, 1555, only two days

before the Pope's untimely death. He begins the former by saying that though he has as yet received no direct and formal announcement of his old friend's elevation, he cannot doubt the fact which has been communicated by secret dispatches to the queen, as well as in many private letters. "Nor can I any longer delay expressing to your Holiness the immense joy I have received from these tidings. For it is as if I had already with my own eyes seen accomplished that blessing of blessings, bright with the glory of God, fraught with the salvation of each and all, that reformation of the Church, desired and invoked for so many years in the vows of all pious souls. . . . Happy is it for your Holiness that God should both have given you long since an earnest desire to see the Church reformed, and now the power of accomplishing that end. . . . As for me personally, what rejoices me most of all is the thought that I am now bound by obedience to one with whom I have ever been closely united in zeal and good will. 'T is in fact so very pleasant a reflection that I could wish I were not now your legate *a latere*, but your assistant *ad latus*" (Pole never could resist a solemn pun of this kind), "serving in your very presence. However, though this is what I should like best of all, that will ever be acceptable to me in the future which your Holiness may choose to ordain, and I eagerly await your commands, to whose execution I shall, as is meet, bend all my thoughts and energies, both as pertaining to the custody of religion in this kingdom and to the cause of (universal) peace."

The second letter acknowledges the confirmation by Marcellus of all Pole's offices and appointments; "and may God preserve your Holiness many years," it ends, "to me and to all." Four weeks later he was writing in the same general sense to another Pope, but with far less warmth and confidence of tone.

For the new pontiff, Paul IV., was in

truth no other than Pole's old enemy, Gianpietro Caraffa, Archbishop of Chieti and Cardinal of Naples, founder of the rigid Theatine order, as well as ardent promoter and formal head of the Inquisition, which it will be remembered had been established in Rome in 1542. To this old man — he was born in 1476 — time had brought no softening touch of charity; rather it had deepened his prejudices and hardened his heart. His hatreds were many; he himself may have believed that they were holy, but the two classes of persons who excited his deepest aversion were Spaniards and men tainted with the Protestant heresy. These he would execrate by the hour together, as he sat and sipped the dark, thick southern wine which he loved, and which bore the ominous name of *Mangiaguerra*. Within a few months of his accession, he denounced and threatened to excommunicate both Charles V. and Philip II., allied himself with France, declared war upon Spain, and even appealed to the heathen Turk for help to carry on hostilities against the "most Catholic" king.

But with the European politics of this fierce pontiff we have, happily, little to do. What concerns us is that it suited Paul IV., for the moment, to treat Reginald Pole with consideration, and confirm him in his offices of legate and cardinal archbishop. In return, Pole seems to have made a great effort to meet his new master in a manly and open spirit, mentioning in his first letter, as if it were a matter on which they were substantially agreed, "that work of reform, which, though beset with many difficulties, on account of the depravity of the times, must yet be a most grateful task to the soul that really longs and labors to achieve it; and the more pain it may cost your Holiness, the more richly will accrue to you the blessings of all pious souls." Reforms of a certain much-needed kind, in monastic abuses for example, and in the gross manners and insolent

luxury of many of the Roman clergy, Paul did accomplish, and that sweepingly; but varieties of opinion were less than ever to be tolerated, and Reginald Pole was under no delusion concerning his own possible danger.

It was during the brief interval of Marcellus's pontificate that Queen Mary had ostentatiously withdrawn from London to Hampton Court for her confinement. Everything was made ready for the arrival of the imaginary heir, and the very letters were drawn up in which the auspicious event was to be announced to the proper dignitaries, among which was one to Pole: —

“PHILIP: MARY THE QUEEN.

“Most Reverend Father in God, our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, We greet you well: And whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of His infinite goodness to add unto the great number of His other benefits bestowed upon us the gladding us with the happy deliverance of a prince, for the which we humbly thank Him; knowing your affections to be such towards us as whatsoever shall fortunately succeed unto us, the same cannot but be acceptable unto you also; We have thought good to communicate unto you these happy news of ours, to the intent you may rejoice with us, and praying for us, give God thanks for this His work, accordingly. Given under our signet, at our house of Hampton Court, the —— day of —— the first and second year of our and my Lord the King's reign.”

We all know the melancholy end of these pompous preparations. Weeks passed away without the expected event, and by midsummer everybody but Mary herself knew that it would never take place, and that instead the unhappy queen was the victim of mortal disease. All the more, on this account, had Philip's presence on the Continent become an imperative necessity. The emperor was now fully resolved to abdicate, and it was essential for father and son to

consult together upon many things, as well as that Philip should be at hand to assume the reins of government when Charles should let them fall. To calm the transports of Mary's jealous distress and tear himself from her side in her melancholy state of health was, however, no easy matter; and it was not until the last days of August, and after many deceitful promises of a speedy return, that the king, in the words of Strype, “took his Journey toward Dover with a great Company. And there tarried for a Wind, the ships lying ready for his wafting over Sea.”

Pole was one of those whom Philip commissioned to keep him informed, as the cardinal was so well able to do, of the exact condition of things at the English court; and the correspondence which ensued was a fairly candid one upon both sides. Pole never could divest himself of his long-winded style, nor even describe the monotony of the queen's forsaken days in any simpler terms than these: —

“During the morning, our Most Serene Sovereign performs the part of Mary, prostrating herself in prayer and praise to God. In the afternoon she gloriously fulfills the functions of Martha, spurring up all her counselors to such a degree that no one of them is permitted to be other than incessantly occupied. And so she soothes the pain of your Majesty's absence, by fancying you in some sort still present at her deliberations.”

Nobody knew better than the cardinal legate with what a rapture of relief the Spanish king and his personal suite turned their backs on England, or how extremely unlikely it was that they would ever be seen there again. He himself was left the mainstay of the royal cousin who had so nearly been his own bride, and his influence naturally became paramount with her, while a new field seemed opening to his ambition when on the 13th of November, 1555, the chancellor of the kingdom died.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was an ecclesiastic of Wolsey's school, who had made the same sort of stepping-stone out of Cromwell's fall as the latter had of Wolsey's own. A prisoner during the greater part of Edward's reign, he blossomed into authority immediately upon Mary's accession, and as chancellor of England had had every opportunity, and neglected none, to avenge himself on the Protestant party. It was he who inaugurated the cruel policy which earned for Mary her ghastly sobriquet. But though religious persecution was repugnant to Pole's kindly nature, he certainly made no sustained effort after Gardiner's death to smother the fires which had been kindled. He dared not again run the risk of compromising himself with the Church, loyalty to which was, after all, his ruling passion. He remembered the blame he had incurred when at Viterbo for his lenity to the heretics of the patrimony, and that the man who had then accused him was now sovereign pontiff.

It has always been said that Pole depended upon succeeding Gardiner in the chancellorship, but there seems to be no stronger proof of the fact than may be found in the wordy and exceedingly diplomatic letter which he addressed to Philip shortly after the bishop's death :

"Your Majesty's letter of Nov. 22^d arrived yesterday. . . . Let me come first to what is there said of Your Majesty's exceeding grief at the death of that Lord Chancellor, of whose distinguished services in his high office Your Majesty and the Queen have enjoyed the benefit, and to your request that I would at once inform you whether I myself knew of any one fit to succeed him. Certainly the experience of the last few days has abundantly proved the truth of what I said in my last letter to Your Majesty, — that the office in question cannot long remain vacant without great detriment to the cause of justice and of religion. Would that I could recommend a suitable incumbent for the place as confi-

dently as I can affirm the needs of the hour, but I am only able to repeat what I have said before, that it should be a person of great religious earnestness, fearing God rather than man, loving justice, reflecting finally in his ministry the image of those virtues which shine so brightly in Your Majesty's person, and that too as promptly as the movement of the limb answers to the action of the brain. Who this man may be, I dare not, at so critical a moment, pronounce. I see many of whom I am disposed to think highly, but of whose lives and conversation I do not know enough, and so I have said to my most gracious queen. She, for the rest, is perhaps in her own person the best judge of this case, thanks to her experience upon this and former occasions, which have afforded her the best possible opportunity of testing the faith and constancy of men, in connection of course with Your Majesty, whom one year's experience of our customs has made wiser than the use and wont of many years might have rendered others. Any new light which I may receive upon this matter I shall freely impart, as Your Majesty seems to desire. All that I have learned hitherto I have communicated to the Queen, with whom, when I converse, I seem to be speaking to Your Majesty's self, whom I will weary no more at present."

How Pole could for a moment have expected to receive the great civil appointment is hard to understand. Perhaps he never did seriously expect it, but merely toyed with a dazzling possibility. He would have required such a dispensation from the duty of visiting Rome as was almost never granted to cardinals for any but ecclesiastical business, and Paul IV. was the last man to bestow so signal a favor upon Cardinal Pole. On the contrary, there were hints abroad that he might soon be summoned to the Vatican, and directed to resign his legatine appointment. One of the objects for which it had been conferred

— the reconciliation of England to the Holy See — had long since been formally accomplished; the other — the internal reform of the English Church — was said not to be progressing to the new Pope's satisfaction. On New Year's Day, 1556, the appointment of the Archbishop of York (Nicholas Heath) to the vacant chancellorship was duly announced, and Pole's hopes in that line, if he had any, came finally to an end. The queen did all she could for him: she made him chancellor of both the great universities, and he enjoyed the revenues of the see of Canterbury; but he seems to have had some conscientious scruple about being formally inducted into the office while Cranmer, the degraded archbishop, was alive.

To him, in his prison at Oxford, where he had now lain for more than two years, Pole addressed a special letter of exhortation to a second act of repentance, while he wrote concerning him to Philip, only a few weeks before Cranmer finally and bravely suffered: "He who formerly presided over the Church at Canterbury, whose sentence of condemnation is now expected from Rome, has not shown himself so obstinate" (as Ridley and Latimer, who had been burned on the 16th of October). "He says that he would like to speak with me; and if he might indeed be brought back to penitence, the Church would profit greatly by the salvation of that one soul. What hope there may be I expect soon to hear from Father Soto,¹ and I will at once inform your Majesty. The same Father Soto," he adds, "assures me that scholastic learning is deplorably neglected at the university, and that no public lectures of that sort are anywhere given."

Cranmer perished the 21st of March, 1556, and on the very next day, being Passion Sunday, Pole was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Green-

wich, where the court was then residing. "March 25 being the Annunciation of our blessed Lady," says Strype, who had ever an eye for a pageant, "Bow church in London (ecclesiastically in the diocese of Canterbury) was hanged with cloth of gold and with rich arras, and laid with cushions, for the coming of the Lord Cardinal Pole. There did the Bishop of Worcester sing the mass mitred: divers bishops present, as the Bishops of Ely, of London, and Lincoln; as also the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Edward Hastings, the master of the horse, and divers other Nobles. And after mass was done, they went to dinner together, as it seems with the Bishop of London."

At this function Pole preached a sermon in English, and himself received the pallium, which was the formal token of his new office; but the enthronement at Canterbury took place by proxy, and the cardinal archbishop seems never to have gone there during the two and a half years of his episcopate. Strype says roundly that "he never did, in his own person, either ordain or consecrate or visit, but did all by others." This seems almost incredible, but it is certain that Mary, in her growing despondency about her husband's return, clung pitifully to her cousin, took counsel with him in all affairs of state, and would scarcely bear him out of her sight. The Lent of that year had been kept by the court with great strictness, and on Holy Thursday Mary washed the feet of a certain number of pensioners (to whose representatives the deputy of Queen Victoria still gives a dole on that day), and on Good Friday she "touched for the evil." But Eastertide brought little gladness, for it was marked by the discovery of a conspiracy against the queen's life, and the rumors of a Scottish invasion. By midsummer the smouldering hostilities between the Pope and Philip II. had flamed into open war, ship of divinity at Oxford, and subsequently he became chancellor of that university.

¹ A Spaniard, and at one time confessor to Charles V. Pole had given him a professor-

which raged with varying fortune for something more than a year, but ended in a complete victory for the Spanish arms under the able generalship of the notorious Duke of Alva.

Between the passion of her wifely devotion and her loyalty to Holy Church, poor Mary must have been terribly distracted until peace was made; and it was doubtless under her vehement impulse that the cardinal archbishop composed and dispatched at this time to the militant pontiff two singularly futile and impolitic letters of remonstrance, one in his own name, and the other in that of the queen. After enumerating at pompous length all the obvious reasons why it would seem better for the Pope and the Spanish king not to quarrel, Pole proceeds in his most prolix, inflated, and exasperating manner: "Such and so powerful being the reasons in favor of union between yourself and the monarch in question, how is it that union has been destroyed? Verily, no mere human being could ever have imagined such a severance without aid and counsel from the perpetual enemy of all good men, who has done this thing at this time for the express purpose of disturbing the peace of the Church, through the instrumentality of those very persons from whom more might have been expected for her quiet and tranquillity than from any pontiff or any king who has reigned for many a year. But our hope is that the prayers of Christ and his servants may avail against the wiles of Satan," and so on, and so on, and so on.

Towards the close of this curiously inept epistle, the cardinal becomes a trifle more explicit, for he assures the Pope that the blessing due the peacemaker will descend with special fullness upon him "who shall abate most of his own claims, . . . which palm, the noblest of all, I trust God may have reserved for your Holiness, to whom now has been divinely afforded the best possible opportunity for concluding the peace in

question; and that you may avail yourself of this opportunity, I, in common with all pious men, shall ever implore the Divine Goodness, as well as that your Holiness' self may be preserved in safety to us and to the Church universal."

The same "palm" was energetically waved in the pontiff's face after a humiliating peace had been concluded with Philip; and the effect upon a disposition like Paul's, irritated by the disastrous results of his own state policy, and rendered reckless by the possession of absolute power, may easily be imagined. All his old antipathy toward this wordy correspondent flamed up afresh, and he resolved to crush him once for all. He took his time, however, about answering the letters, and Pole meanwhile proceeded calmly on his pious and magnificent way. In January, 1557, the court was at Greenwich, and we get a glimpse in Strype of the queen and the cardinal standing "on high, . . . at the park gate," and watching a parade of the queen's pensioners, "mustered in bright harness," and each attended by three followers clad in "green coats guarded with white. . . . And so they rode to and fro before her Majesty. Then came a Tumbler and played many pretty Feats," whereat we are glad to know that the queen laughed heartily for once, before dismissing the company with thanks for all "their Pains."

The long-promised and long-avoided visit of King Philip came off a few weeks afterwards. There were formal rejoicings in the streets of London over his arrival, but no real enthusiasm this time among the people; for it was well understood that he had come for a brief stay only, and with the sole purpose of securing English auxiliaries in his war against France. His request for troops met with warm resistance in the Privy Council, but was eventually granted. A land force was equipped, the Channel fleet ordered to coöperate, and war proclaimed for the 7th of June.

This gave Paul IV. exactly the opportunity for which he had been waiting. England having broken the peace with his "good ally and son the king of France," diplomatic relations between the contumacious island and the Holy See were declared at an end, and Pole's legation was withdrawn. A torrent of remonstrance followed. The English minister at the Vatican withstood the surly pontiff in person, while Pole himself, Philip and Mary, the English bishops and clergy, the "Parliament and Nobility,"¹ all protested by letter to one and the same effect, — that the papal action showed glaring ingratitude for Mary's great services to the faith, and would recoil with terrible effect upon the Church itself. Meanwhile, Pole simply declined to recognize the fact that the withdrawal of his legation implied his return to Rome. The Holy Office was in a state of intense activity. Of the cardinal's old intimates, and that liberal party in the Church to which they had belonged, nearly all the few survivors, including Cardinal Morone, were now lodged in the Castle of Sant'Angelo, and he had no desire to join them there.

"As regards the legation *a latere*," he had written on May 25 to Paul, "I will merely say that, in my opinion, it does not greatly matter now by whom its functions are exercised, so only it be to the honor of God and the Holy See, and the profit of the Church in this realm. If, therefore, your Holiness desires to transfer this burden from me to another, there is no occasion for delay; and I, though quite heavily enough weighted by my archiepiscopal duties, will, if such be your Holiness' pleasure, zealously, and to the utmost of my abil-

ity, assist whomever your Holiness may send hither." He adds that he is far from thinking that the time is come to withdraw the legation altogether.

The remonstrance of the joint sovereigns was dignified and temperate, but earnest, and the employment in the Latin text of certain contractions which are peculiarly Spanish gives it the air of having been drawn up by Philip's own hand. The Parliamentary letter was longer, and the point urged with great force that there was no precedent for withdrawing a papal legate, in the midst of his mission, for any other cause than incompetence or misbehavior, whereas Pole's conduct had been irreproachable, and his labors, up to that time, eminently successful. The protest of the "Nobility" was to the same effect.

The Pope allowed himself to be persuaded to continue the legation, but he replaced Pole by Peto, while the former was peremptorily summoned to Rome to answer to the charge of heresy and compounding with heretics. A singular accusation enough to be alleged against the man who was practically for some years prime minister to the fanatical Mary; but there is really plenty of evidence that religious persecution was repugnant to Pole's nature, and now and again we find him decisively interfering on the side of mercy. In the spring of this very year he gave Bonner a sharp reprimand for condemning heretics to the stake on his own responsibility, and in August he released twenty-two prisoners who had been sentenced to death by the same ferocious prelate.

William Peto, the man whom Paul IV. had selected as Pole's successor, was a Franciscan monk. In former days he

¹ Who are meant by these designations is not very clear. It cannot have been the Upper and Lower House, for Parliament was not sitting at the time, nor does it seem very likely, as Froude suggests, that "Parliament" in this case means the Privy Council. It is more probable that letters of remonstrance were drawn up in the form in which we have them, and intended

to receive signatures from as many as possible of the influential men of all classes. No signatures are appended, however, nor is it certain that these general letters were ever sent. The report of the Papal Consistory for June 14 acknowledges the receipt of dissuasive letters from the queen and the prelates, merely.

had been the staunchest of Queen Katharine's defenders; now, at the age of eighty, he was her royal daughter's confessor and personal friend. His appointment was announced to the bishops of England in a most mellifluous letter from the Pope, and the messenger who bore his credentials took with him also the scarlet hat. But the old man was not destined to be cardinal. Shattered and enfeebled though she was, Mary gathered herself up, and showed on this occasion all the spirit of her race. The Pope's messenger was forbidden to cross the Channel, and he was detained at Calais, where he remained until Peto, not long after, died. Technically, the queen and the cardinal could plead that they had never received the Pope's instructions, and after Peto's death the matter was allowed to drop. But Pole was never again legate *a latere*, and he died under the imputation of heresy, which indeed has never been formally removed.

This charge, which his own conscience pronounced so groundless, together with the continued captivity of his dear Morone, weighed heavily upon the mind of Pole, and in March, 1558, he made one more fruitless appeal to Paul. After recapitulating at length his own services to the Church, he reminds the Pope that though the other legates and nuncios whom he had recalled when he went to war with Philip had all been restored since the peace, none had been appointed to England. He then proceeds elaborately to compare himself with Isaac lying bound upon the altar while the father who loves him lifts the sacrificial knife. But he adds rather dryly that the parable fails in one particular, and that it would be quite superfluous for him to inquire, with the son of the patriarch, "Where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" "For when I see your Holiness armed with fire and sword, and the wood made ready which I have carried on my own shoulders,

there is no longer any question about the victim. . . . If this be the will of God, may the sacrifice smell sweet to him! But if it be merely a test of faith, I can scarcely doubt that when the moment of slaughter arrives the slayer will be forbidden, as he was in Isaac's case; and I trust it may be so, not only with myself, but with Cardinal Morone and others, for your Holiness is just now brandishing the sword against us all." He even ventures to suggest that God seems likely to send, not one deterring angel, but a legion, "including their most gracious Majesties Philip and Mary, Catholic rulers, and defenders of the faith with other pious men." Finally he drops the tortured figure, closing his letter in a simpler strain, and not without dignity: "The sum and substance of what I ask is this, that as your Holiness is the vicegerent upon earth of Christ, who was both God and man, you may also imitate his person and his method in the kindly care of your spiritual children."

The uplifted sword was actually stayed, as we know; nevertheless the end was very near, both for the queen and the cardinal. Their last days were dark and troubled, and the summons away from earth came to them almost simultaneously. "The Nation was now," says Strype, "all in War, France before and Scotland behind." The Scots were conquered, though with difficulty, but the results of the senseless French war, undertaken out of pure complaisance to Philip, were most disastrous, — Calais lost, and a heavy increase of debt. A little energy might have saved Calais, but Mary was now past any strong reaction, whether of mind or body. She could only sit and brood heavily on the failure of her hopes. She had regarded her succession to the throne as a divine miracle, and humbly and devoutly had set herself to act as one should to whom a signal mercy has been granted. And what was the end of it all? England

impoverished and alienated, and the faith, which had been so gloriously revived, once more losing ground on all hands. Her adored husband had used her for his private ends, and then cast her off; worst of all, there were not wanting signs that he, like the nation at large, was ready to transfer his homage to her sister. Mary could perfectly well remember the time when her mother had been displaced by Anne Boleyn, and now Anne Boleyn's daughter, in all the pride of her youth, had somehow emerged from obscurity, and was passing from great house to great house, always with a "goodly train," and everywhere followed by the plaudits of the crowd. Who was left her now except Reginald Pole, and in the dull anguish of her decline she sometimes doubted even his fidelity. But there is no evidence that Pole ever did more than offer a ceremonious and perfunctory obeisance to the rising sun. At court he felt himself bound to remain, and he makes his apology for so doing — naturally at enormous length — in a letter to the Archbishop of Toledo, dated Richmond, June 20, 1558.

After the usual polite and stately preamble, "In your admonitions," he says, "concerning my pastoral duties, and in all you say of the manner in which I am discussed and criticised among you, for living in the palace rather than in my own see, I recognize not only your unfailing piety, but the peculiar affection you have ever shown to me. . . . There is no one whose judgment in this matter I could respect more than that of yourself, whom I know to love me with such singleness of heart in Christ, and you know why I stay here. . . . If others, not acquainted with the circumstances which constrain me, object to my residence at court, I cannot blame them; but you, my most reverend lord and lover in Christ, what do you think? Ought I to conform to the judgment of others about me? Are the reasons with which you are acquainted insufficient

longer to detain me here? Yet in your selfsame letter you seem to approve my course, when you say that you know I remain at court for the public good."

The letter is interesting and plainly sincere, but this is the gist of it all, and we have no room for further quotation. The long summer days wore on sadly at Richmond, and in August an epidemic of low fever broke out in the valley of the Thames, attended by unusual mortality. Late in September, about the time when the news came of the death of the Emperor Charles V., both the queen and the cardinal were attacked by the malady, and little hope was entertained from the first of Mary's recovery. Parliament met on the not yet classic 5th of November, and on the 7th, in answer to a petition from that body, Mary named Elizabeth her successor, "laying upon her only two charges: that she should maintain in the kingdom the old religion, and pay all the debts she herself owed." Two days later came a special messenger in the person of Count Feria from Philip in Brussels, and Mary seemed pleased at the tardy attention, but was past reading the letter from her husband which Feria brought her.

That letter was indeed but half, and the less important half, of the envoy's business. He came empowered by the king to summon a meeting of the Privy Council, and impart Philip's entire approval, not to say desire, that Elizabeth should peacefully succeed. He also waited on Elizabeth herself at Hatfield, but was not received with effusion. "She is an acute, but very vain woman," was the count's clever judgment on the haughty young heiress, "and seems likely to follow her father's policy. I am of opinion that she will take the wrong side in religion, for she seems inclined to govern by men who are reputed heretics; and as for the women about her, I am told that they are all of that party." He then goes on to describe minutely the terms on which Elizabeth

stood with various members of the court circle: "With the cardinal she is in the worst possible humor. She said he had never sent to pay his respects to her, or said anything to her up to the present moment, and she began to tell me all the annoyances he had caused her. I did my best to improve her disposition towards him without appearing openly to take the cardinal's part, . . . and advised her not to show herself revengeful to any one." But Elizabeth was to have no time for vengeance on Pole.

The queen lingered a week longer, and died at her palace of St. James on the 17th of November,¹ in the early morning. The news was quickly carried over the river to Lambeth where Pole was lying, and indiscreetly communicated to him, and we quote from the touching letter of a member of his Italian suite² an account of what followed:—

"My most reverend lord" (on hearing that the queen was dead) "remained in silent meditation for a short while, and then said to his intimate friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph,³ and to me, who were present, that in the whole course of his life nothing had ever yielded him greater pleasure and contentment than the contemplation of God's providence as displayed in his own person and in that of others; and that in the course of the queen's life and of his own he had ever remarked a great conformity, as she and himself had been harassed during so many years for one and the same cause, and afterwards, when it pleased God to raise her to the throne, he had greatly participated in all the other troubles entailed by that elevation. He also alluded to their relationship, and to the great similarity of their dispositions, and to the great confidence which her Ma-

jesty demonstrated in him; saying that, considering these facts, as also the immense mischief which might result from her death, he could not but feel deep grief thereat, yet, by God's grace, that same faith and reliance on the Divine Providence which had ever comforted him in all his adversities greatly consoled him in this so grievous and additional infliction. He uttered these words so earnestly that it was evident they came from his very heart, and they even moved him to tears of consolation, at perceiving how our Lord God, for such a wound, received at such a moment, had granted a balm so valid and efficacious, and which might soothe not only himself, but also all who loved him. His most reverend lordship then kept quiet for about a quarter of an hour; but though his spirit was great, the stroke entered into his flesh, and brought on the paroxysm earlier, accompanied with more intense cold than he had hitherto experienced, so that his most reverend lordship said he felt this would be his last. He therefore desired that there might be kept ready near him the book containing those prayers which are said for the dying. He then had vespers repeated as usual, and the compline, which part of the office yet remained for him to hear; and this was about two hours before sunset. . . . And in fine, it was evident that as in health that sainted soul was ever turned to God, so likewise in this long and troublous malady did its thoughts maintain that selfsame tendency, and made its passage with such placidness that he seemed rather to sleep than die."

The cardinal had made his will some days before. Beginning with a dignified confession of the faith of his fa-

¹ So Strype and the author of the next letter. Beccatelli gives the date as the 15th.

² Monsignor Luigi Priuli, a Venetian noble, was a friend of many years' standing, and named by Pole executor of his will. He wrote to several friends accounts of Pole's last hours

which agree in substance. We quote from Mr. Rawdon Brown's translation of that "*al Illmo M. Antonio suo fratello.*"

³ Thomas Wood had been named for this bishopric in the preceding month, but had not received Paul's confirmation of his appointment.

thers and a request for the papal benediction, he went on to regulate his account with the College of Cardinals, and then to devise the whole of his personal estate to Priuli, to be divided among his "poor relations, friends, familiars, and servants," in accordance with the terms of a separate memorandum. But the report having been industriously circulated by the ultra-Protestant party that Pole had enriched himself enormously at the expense of the Crown, one of the first acts of Elizabeth's reign was to appoint a commission to inquire into the amount of the estate. Luckily for Priuli the accounts were found in perfect order, and the net value of the property very small. The cardinal's obsequies were, however, delayed on account of this

commission; and so it came to pass, by one more strange coincidence, that he and his royal cousin were finally interred within the same four-and-twenty hours, December 13-14, 1588. The queen was laid in Westminster Abbey; the cardinal archbishop, by his own request, in the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, with the simplest possible inscription cut in the stone above, "*Depositum Cardinalis Pole.*"¹

A new era, in some respects the most splendid of her history, had begun for England; but these two fervent champions of the lost cause, united in their lives, and in their deaths not divided, slept well through all the tumult and splendor, "the drums and trappings," of the great period which followed.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

I.

"I HAVE just one left!" shouted a shrill voice. "Notice the work in it, — four blades, scissors, file, corkscrew, toothpick; cuts glass like paper. A beautiful Christmas gift for man, woman, or child. Can be taken out of the pocket in the finest society without the slightest feeling of embarrassment. Price one mark. Whenever I sell a knife it maddens me. What do I receive in return? Nothing. You who buy receive something for eternity. Have the goodness to pass the knife to the gracious *Fräulein* in the fur cloak."

The speaker paused as this particular last knife made its way through the group of soldiers, drosky drivers, students, maid servants, and children, until

it reached the hands of Miss Elisabeth Joy, while a second voice cried from under a wide-spreading umbrella, "Wanted, some one to buy an American spider, — will amuse for hours, create a smile on the face of the smileless, bring luck to the entire family, enliven the whole Christmas tree; also I hold in my hand one thousand jokes, — will kill you laughing. Draw nearer, dearest Gretchen and Hans."

It was snowing a little, after the fashion it has of snowing just before the coming of the great December Day; the air was cold, the street cheerless, but neither the state of the atmosphere nor of the walking had any effect in diminishing the number of persons who thronged the square. As Elisabeth Joy slipped the knife in her pocket, she was jostled

¹ So say the contemporary authorities, but no such inscription is to be seen on the brick sarcophagus which is pointed out by the cicerone of to-day as the tomb of Cardinal Pole,

and which stands naked and forlorn near the spot once occupied by Becket's shrine in the long retrochoir of the cathedral.

by the crowd against a young man who seemed looking for some one.

"Nun, guten Abend," he said; "found at last. I am afraid I have kept you waiting. Are you the gracious Fräulein in the fur cloak?"

The girl laughed merrily. "It was purely accidental, my buying that knife," she explained. "I must have given an encouraging nod at just the right moment, — one is so irresponsible in a scene like this. If you had not arrived exactly as you did, I have n't a doubt I should have been smiling next at the man with the jokes and the spiders. How young all this makes one feel, does n't it? Quite in the mood for embracing every dear little Marzipan herring and pig!"

Crossing the street, they turned away from the passing and tangling of men and vehicles, forever passing, forever tangling, in the busy Leipziger Strasse, and came to a quieter spot where conversation was more of a possibility. Here Elisabeth called her companion's attention to a lighted window in the fourth story of a house on the opposite corner.

"I have to go up there for a moment," she said. "I sha'n't be gone long. I hope you don't mind waiting?"

The girl disappeared, and the young man, walking up and down below, noticed, as he watched the upper window idly, that the light, which before had been rather dim, became suddenly brighter.

Elisabeth Joy and Sydney St. John were lifelong friends and comrades. As children, they had spent the summer playdays together in the pleasant old garden of a mutual great-aunt, where every Sunday afternoon they were accustomed to conduct a religious service, assisted by a flower congregation, the forget-me-nots standing for blue-eyed little boys and girls, the gay rows of asters for tall young ladies in pretty bonnets, the pansies for lovely old grandmothers. At these services the boy Sydney read from a prayer-book once belonging to an English ancestor, and containing prayers

for King George and Queen Charlotte, and King Charles the Martyr. The great-aunt, when consulted as to the efficacy of these prayers, thought they were no longer needed, King George and Queen Charlotte, and King Charles the Martyr, being included in "all Thy servants departed this life in Thy hope and fear." The children felt that this was too general, and that by repeating these petitions they not only showed a proper attention to the memory of these royal personages, but added greatly to the distinction of their services.

It was a long time now since the flowers in the great-aunt's garden had played the part of a Sunday congregation, and to-day the two children were busy students in the imperial city of Berlin. When the girl drew aside her curtains in the morning, she could look across the courtyard to a window where Sydney St. John was already seated before his desk; when she closed her curtains at night, he was still at work. He would be a very learned man some day; indeed, he was that now, in the opinion of the household, whose members often wandered by the wardrobes, cupboards, and tables of lamps lining the corridor, on their way to visit the collection of rare books over which their young American spent so many industrious hours. The books were written for the most part in tongues spoken by those other wise men, who, seeing a star in the east, arose and followed it until they came to the manger where the young Child lay. Elisabeth knew all about these books, — when they were bought, and where, and at what price, and in what condition. Sydney St. John called her the godmother of his library.

"What were you doing up there?" the young man asked, as Elisabeth came back somewhat out of breath.

"I was lighting a lamp. A dear old friend of mine had one given to her for Christmas, and she sent me a note asking if I would perform the opening cere-

mony. All honor to sentiment; it is growing every day more precious and less attainable."

"Was the lamp a pretty one? The question does not sound as if I knew I were talking with the giver."

"A very pretty one, thank you; it looked quite like a big yellow rose in the gloom of the long narrow room, — you know the kind, with the furniture on the two sides, and a path through the middle. Like the true German that she is, my poor old Fräulein has got her Christmas tree trimmed and ready to light, and under it she has spread out a lot of family photographs. Don't you call that very forlorn, to sit down on Christmas Eve in front of a lonely little tree, with only the faces of dead and absent friends as companions? I felt as if we ought to give up our walk, and pretend we were some of her relations for the time being. When I told her you were down here and where we were going, she said she did n't see how we could possibly find any pleasure in it; that she always avoided the Weihnacht's Markt and the service at the Dom as she would a mob."

"I don't much wonder," and the young man dodged his head just in time to escape collision with a talking doll, while the individual offering it for sale shouted in his ears, "Here is a little creature that has neither father nor mother, and yet delights in calling, 'Thanks, dearest papa; thanks, dearest mamma.'"

On the nearest corner, a blind organ-grinder ceaselessly turned the handle of his instrument, the front of the latter bearing the inscription, "I am the blind father of nine children. Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." By the side of the street, old women seated before low portable stoves were frying cakes and sausages; and close at hand was the village of booths, which every year springs up as in the night around the gray walls of the old Prussian castle.

From the first of these a woman leaned forward, saying with honeyed graciousness of speech, "Approach, heart's dearest little people; observe these doves!" She held in her hand a toy dove-cote, over which a circle of wooden doves hovered, while a second circle surrounded the feet of a figure which represented a young girl wearing a brilliant dress of red and orange. By pulling a wire, the doves in the air went round and round; the doves on the ground nodded their heads as if engaged in picking up the grain which the young girl, whose arms now moved steadily to and fro, was supposed to be scattering. This scene was accompanied by a curious sound proceeding from the interior of the box upon which the toy rested. A person of a sufficiently lively imagination might have interpreted the sound as the cooing of the doves.

Elisabeth opened her purse. "One never sees such toys except at a Weihnacht's Markt. I must buy it for Alexander. You don't know about Alexander, Sydney: he is the dearest baby; he lives in the lane back of aunt Marjory's garden; his father is a German shoemaker. I discovered Alexander last summer, and invited him to visit the pansy grandmothers, and the aster young ladies, and the forget-me-not children. He believes in them now as sincerely as we used to do, and do still, for that matter. We never forget our old friends."

"Certainly not; I often find myself thinking of those pretty aster girls. Elisabeth, hören Sie mal! A most delightful idea has suddenly struck me. We can do it next year, if present plans come true and we are at home together. Aunt Marjory is always wanting something novel, and this will be charmingly novel. Let us have a Christmas market of our own. We should need only one booth, but of course that must be very representative; and for our customers we must invite a lot of little children, German children if possible. I will attend to

the outside matters, such as talking dolls and hand-organs that are the blind fathers of large families, and you shall stand in the booth and give out the wares; and instead of appearing as a stout old lady with a shawl over your head, indiscriminately addressing the public as 'heart's dearest little people,' you shall be a beautiful Christmas angel, with real wings, and real 'heart's dearest little people' all about you. I will furnish the wings; I know how to make very pretty ones," and the young man hummed lightly, —

" 'Voudriez vous avoir des ailes ?
Oui, pour revenir.' "

How does the proposal please you ?
Would n't you like to play angel ? "

" Yes, indeed. I have already played it once, but this will be better; the other was only a picture. Did n't I tell you about it ? It was two years ago last spring, when we were in Italy, and a painter in our party made a study of me as an angel with long sweeping wings and a dear little crown of jewels. He intends to use the study later as material for one of the figures in a large picture. You always do have the most attractive plans. Aunt Marjory will be simply delighted. Come, let us buy our wares; we shall need a great many."

Under the gently falling snow, they went in and out through the rows of booths, chatting and laughing over their merry purchases, until it was six by the clock in the Rathhaus tower and the bells were ringing from the Dom. Then the basket procured to contain the result of this Christmas marketing being confided to the keeping of an old woman at a cake stand, the two friends entered the church just as the people within were singing : —

" Gelobet seiest du, Jesus Christ,
Dass du Mensch geboren bist
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr,
Des freuet sich der Engel Schar.
Kyrie Eleison."

II.

The holiday week was over. All Berlin and all Germany had eaten its Christmas goose, had heaped its dishes high with Marzipan and Pfefferkuchen, emptied its tempting glasses of fragrant "Bowle," and thrown open wide its windows to welcome the Happy New Year with a lusty "Prosit Neu Jahr" as the clock struck twelve in the Sylvester night. These pleasant things having been accomplished, the world settled again to a more serious existence, since the happy New Year must of necessity mean also the busy New Year.

One afternoon, early in this same busy, happy New Year, Elisabeth Joy sat in her room industriously reading. Some one knocked at the door. It was Sydney St. John, bringing with him an armful of books just returned from the binders.

"Good-afternoon, dear godmother," he said. "I hope we are not interrupting. We thought perhaps you would like to see us in our new gowns."

"Good-afternoon, dear books; you know you never interrupt, but it is very polite of you to mention it. How fine you are looking!" The girl turned the pages as she spoke, and examined the covers approvingly. "I was reading about Roswitha; are you acquainted with her, Sydney? Would you like me to invite her to meet you and the books?"

"Invite her, by all means," said the young man, pouring some water into a kettle that, with other dainty arrangements for tea-drinking, stood on a low table in the corner. "Shall I set the rose-colored cup for her? It suits the name, does n't it? The books may know her, but I have not that pleasure. Who and what was she?"

"She was a learned nun; she used to read Virgil and Terence, and write plays in Latin. She lived so long ago that even her gravestone has disappeared, and the date with it."

"Possibly that is her rosary," said Sydney St. John; "it looks old enough." He had lighted the lamp under the kettle, and now took down a string of wooden beads hanging from the corner of a shelf above his head. "Really, *Fräulein* Lisbeth, you ought to label your things, you have such interesting ones," and turning to the writing-desk, he printed "Roswitha's Rosary" in neat lettering, and fastened the slip of paper to the beads. "See how instructive you might make your surroundings. People would inquire, just as I have done, 'Who was Roswitha?' Some, not wishing to display ignorance, might try to discover without asking, even go so far as a journey to the *Königliche Bibliothek*. I do like to have things labeled. One knows then where one is. I wish people could be labeled. Shall I bring you the rose-colored cup and a nice little cake?" He lifted the lid of a jar and looked in critically. "Your friend Roswitha does n't seem to be coming; at least I do not feel any indications of her presence. Of course she may be here, for all that; if she is, I am sure she would prefer a glass of convent cordial. I don't connect learned nuns who wrote plays in Latin with pleasant little cups of afternoon tea."

"I don't either," said the girl, "and so I will take the pink cup, if you please, with one lump of sugar and no cream. There is n't any reason that Roswitha should be here; she would n't feel particularly interested in us. But seriously, Sydney, I do believe that people now and then come back, — that is, sometimes and some people; only no one knows it, except perhaps half consciously through a sweet counsel given or hope received; and even in that case I suppose the persons thus visited would say it was a dream. What do you think?"

"I think of a little girl whom I knew once upon a time. She had a pretty little head full of pretty little notions. Her name was Bessie. She loved to lie

in the tall grass and blow thistledown straight up to the blue sky. And she believed that her thistledown floated softly into heaven, and that the angels would miss it unless it came every day."

Elisabeth smiled, and asked if the young man also remembered the story which the great-aunt Marjory had woven for them out of this childish fancy, — the story about thoughts, and how far they could be sent, and how the white ones always floated softly into heaven just as the thistledown was supposed to do, and how the angels needed as many white thoughts as possible to blow down to people who had none. "By the way," continued the girl, taking from the table a letter written in a delicate old-fashioned hand, "here is a letter from aunt Marjory, with a message for you. 'Give Sydney my dear love, and tell him I am very much delighted with his plan for next Christmas, and have already been talking with Alexander about it, who understands perfectly because he is growing up with a picture-book which contains an angel standing under a Christmas tree.'" The girl folded the letter and laid it back on the table. "Have you commenced the wings yet?" she asked.

The young man replied that he was spending all his spare time cutting out patterns; and did Elisabeth prefer them short and spreading, or long and drooping, as for instance butterfly wings or conventional angel wings, and of what color, white or rainbow?

"White, and in shape butterfly wings; they would be so much more convenient. How do you think a little crown of white roses would look to wear with them?"

"Charming!" said the young man, gathering up his books. "So that is settled, — butterfly wings and a crown of white roses. Thanks for the tea. I'm glad Roswitha did n't come."

The year grew older; venders of Italian anemones and golden mimosa estab-

lished themselves on the street corners where the much-extolled pocket-knives, the so-called American spiders, and the jokes that would kill you laughing had been so busily sold in the December weather. The year grew older still, and the southern flowers were replaced by snowdrops and narcissi and pots of yellow daffodils. In a week or two the lilacs would appear, and the roses, and the blossoms on the linden-trees.

Elisabeth Joy and Sydney St. John had been taking a farewell walk and saying good-by to all their favorite places, for the girl was about to start on a journey that would lead from the flowers of Berlin back to the flowers of the great-aunt's garden.

It had been such a beautiful afternoon! Coming home, they stopped to rest on the bank of the canal, — there where the willows bend low over the water. Elisabeth had her hands full of buttercups.

"I suppose I have been doing something that is 'polizeilich verboten,'" she said. "I almost wish I had been observed. I should rather like to be detained in Berlin for having picked buttercups. Let us pretend they are money. Here, you may have half. Count them carefully. Each one is a twenty-mark piece."

They counted the buttercups, making all the time nonsensical plans for the disposition of the imaginary wealth. Then Elisabeth swept the flowers in a heap together. "What shall we play next?" she said. "It is your turn to suggest, only you are not playing very well this afternoon. You made no end of mistakes in counting the buttercups. I believe you have grown old and solemn all of a sudden. What are you thinking about, if you please, you are so quiet?"

"I am watching the river boats drift by," the young man answered, "and I am dreaming, wishing, hoping."

"Dreaming, wishing, hoping what? Confide in me. People always confide

in those who are going to a far country. It seems safe, I suppose; one takes the secret with one."

Sydney St. John made no answer. After a while he said, "How pleasant it looks over there on the boat, with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city!"

"And the little dog," Elisabeth added. "Don't you see the little dog? Guten Tag, doggie, glückliche Reise! The man does n't look very strong. I am quite sure his wife is going to outlive him. That will make another widow in the world. There are so many of them already! Did you ever notice, Sydney? It seems almost like an especial dispensation, because women, poor things, are apparently so much better adapted than men for the bearing of trouble. When that woman becomes a widow, how she will trudge out to the Kirchhof on his birthday with a wreath over her arm, never forgetting the observance until her own 'Stündlein,' her 'little hour,' itself arrives! Is n't that so German to have a pet name even for the time of one's last sickness! 'Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist' impresses me exactly as if one were speaking in an endearing fashion of something particularly intimate and precious, such as a welcome gift or a joyful surprise. I suppose that is really the way one ought to think of dying, only of course — no one does."

"I suppose so," the young man returned; but he was not thinking of death just then; rather of life, and spring, and the nightingale's song. Presently he said, with grave tenderness of voice: "You were asking what I should like to play next. May I tell you, Elisabeth, I should like to play that we are engaged to be married, and to be happy forever after? This is what I am dreaming, wishing, hoping."

The buttercup money fell from the girl's lap to the ground, and she asked her companion reproachfully how he could go and spoil everything; but after a while

she was led to consider the proposal in a more favorable light, and a little later two people began to dream and to hope, — not to wish, for there seemed to be nothing left worth the wishing. And so the afternoon wore away by the river, on the bench under the willow-tree, which Elisabeth said ought to have been a linden, since, in Germany, lovers always sat under lindens. “Don’t you remember, Sydney?

‘Und unter der Linden sassen
Zwei Glückliche Hand in Hand.’”

“Then by all means let us play the willow is a linden,” her companion answered. And they played it.

III.

The holiday season again approached. At home Elisabeth Joy was waiting with glad anticipation for the coming of a ship now hurrying westward across the sea from Germany. Its passengers were, two middle-aged women, Miss Eunice Judd and Miss Charlotte King, a painter, a pretty Dutch young lady with a placid German companion, a boy, and Sydney St. John. The second cabin was composed for the most part of German musicians and commercial travelers. It was late on the afternoon of the fifth day out. In the salon, the painter was engaged in making sketches of the pretty Dutch young lady as she sat at the piano, the boy turning her music. The boy and the Dutch young lady were both sixteen. Frau Kringel, the girl’s attendant, sat near by, absorbed in counting the stitches in some complicated crochet work. Miss Eunice Judd had curled herself in a secluded corner, that the dizzy feeling in her head might not be rendered still more unendurable by the sight of the German woman’s restless needle. Miss Charlotte King, who wrote novels and verses professionally, had established herself at the table with a pile of notebooks. Sydney St. John was in his stateroom,

and had just lifted from his steamer trunk a large flat box. He opened this: within, under a quantity of soft paper, was a pair of wings. How pretty they were! How white and shining! His thoughts went back to the afternoon on the bank of the canal, to the willow-tree that should have been a linden, to the boat with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city. He began to write a letter.

“My Elisabeth, I feel like a prince in a fairy tale, for who else could be bringing wings to a Christmas angel, who else could have the promise of being always her comrade and playmate? Always, always! Oh, sweet length of love! Always, always! I like to write the words, they sound so long.

“When I was a boy, I used to pray very earnestly upon my knees that eternity might end some day. I was not the prince in the fairy tale then. I did not know” —

What was that, — the sudden crash, the sudden shock, the sudden silence? Sydney St. John started to his feet and went on deck.

The ship had stopped going and seemed almost motionless. The passengers were talking together in low voices. Something had happened, no one knew exactly what. When the dinner hour came, the meal was announced as usual; as usual, also, the young captain took his seat at the head of the table, a reassuring smile on his boyish face. His manner, however, conveyed the impression that it would be more acceptable just at present if no questions were asked. The passengers therefore asked no questions.

“So far as I am concerned,” observed Miss Eunice Judd to the boy, in the subdued tone which every one had unconsciously adopted, — “so far as I am concerned, I find it rather agreeable to be able to hold myself up again. Anything is better than that terrible dizzy feeling, even if it is being on the verge of perishing. I do wish the captain were a little

older. He's nothing but a mere child; only twenty-seven, they tell me. I shall inquire the age of the commanding officer the next time I venture on a ship; that is, of course, if I should ever have another opportunity. I suppose he must have had some experience, else he would n't be in such a responsible position. It is evident he wishes to avoid discussing unpleasant subjects while eating. Well, there is good common sense in that. I believe in keeping one's mind at rest, especially at meals, but I do hope our time is n't being wasted. If we have got to take to the boats, I should like to make one or two preparations. They say that if the captain had n't entered the engine-room just when he did, and opened a valve, — or may be it was closed a valve, — whichever way it was, if he had n't done it at that particular moment, we should have gone down then and there. Now that sounds pretty serious, does n't it?"

"I guess it is pretty serious," said the boy. "There is going to be divine service after dinner."

A little later, the second-cabin passengers entered, and the company thus assembled were told that an accident had occurred, placing the ship for a moment in great danger; but there was no longer immediate cause for alarm, unless indeed a storm should arise, and this was not probable, there being every prospect of pleasant weather, as well as of aid from some passing vessel. The only inconvenience to be apprehended was that of a longer voyage than had been anticipated. The explanation was followed by the service which the boy had announced to Miss Judd. At the conclusion of the quieting words the young captain shook hands with every one present, and expressed a wish that all should remain together, spending the evening in social intercourse. The German musicians therefore gathered about the piano. The painter brought out a portfolio containing photographs of his pictures. Miss

Charlotte King entertained a group by reading aloud an amusing chapter from one of her novels. Up aloft, a sailor kept his faithful watch. In the rigging burned the signals of a ship in distress.

A wise young captain, this man of twenty-seven, with a smile upon his face.

Sydney St. John stood for a time apart, occupied with a photograph found among those in the painter's portfolio. On the left of the picture, and attracting immediate attention as the centre of light and interest, was the dim outline of hills, and above a star. From among the hills radiated rays of light like the light of an opal. Directly overhead an angel floated in the air, swinging a censer, as if this little spot of earth were an altar. At the right were clustered other angels. One held a crown of thorns, one a stalk of lilies. Higher still could be discerned the shadowy forms of innumerable figures, the figures of the heavenly hosts. In the foreground were angel children. Beneath all were clouds whose formation suggested the petals of flowers. Among these clouds birds were flying. The angel with the censer had been painted from the study made in Italy of Elisabeth Joy.

IV.

Before dawn a rescuing steamer came in response to the signals of distress, and now two ships with sails set were following each other over the winter sea, the larger attached to the smaller. As the young captain had predicted, the voyage threatened to be a long one: the painter therefore settled himself to making a portrait of the pretty Dutch young lady; Miss Charlotte King to the planning of her next story; Miss Eunice Judd to the perusal of the ship's library, — she had already finished *The Frozen Deep*, and commenced *The Woman in White*. The boy and the Dutch young lady each began a journal, supposed to contain elaborate accounts of sunsets and of feel-

ings experienced when lost at sea ; Frau Kringel contentedly wandered into a still more complicated form of crochet work ; Sydney St. John borrowed some paints and Bristol board, and undertook an extensive fabrication of Christmas cards, to be sold on the last day of the voyage, for the benefit of the sailors' invalid fund. People's minds ceased to dwell so much on gratitude for danger escaped, and more on the monotonous length of days still lying between them and land, Miss Judd even going so far as to say it would have been better, perhaps, if the ship had gone down that afternoon ; one had to die some time, and a great deal of future suffering might have been avoided in this manner. She had always heard that death by drowning was comparatively easy. She took back her words and felt a little ashamed of them when she remembered the boy's mother, whose last letter had been signed "lovingly but impatiently."

Sydney St. John and Miss King fell into the habit of working together in the salon.

"I think," said the young man one morning, as he took up a clean sheet of paper, "I will next make a big whale coming out of the sea. I have n't done any cards with whales yet, and I am sure they are not inappropriate. Does n't the Benedicite utter a pious ejaculation of 'O ye whales'? Besides, Miss Judd assures me one can paint exactly what one likes on a Christmas card."

Miss King looked up from her writing, and said she thought whales were not so far out of the way as some other things she had noticed, as for instance a row of little dogs with the illuminated text, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men." "I overheard a woman asking in a shop last year, 'Can you tell me, please, what this row of painted puppies has to do with the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ?' It struck me that the question was almost as remarkable as the combination which

suggested it. I did n't know any one ever stopped to think of the meaning of Christmas, except, of course, in a very general way. The most of us have to forget the things we learned long ago, to make room for the things we have been learning since. That is a sweet story, the story of the angels, and the star, and the shepherds. A pleasant faith ; I believed it all once."

"I also believed it once," Sydney St. John went on as the woman took up her pen again ; "believed it and understood it perfectly. After I had grown a little older, read a little, seen a little, I forgot it. After I had grown older still, read more, seen more, it came to me to remember again and to believe. I cannot explain how it came ; perhaps because I needed it so much, because I found life too hard without it. I believe now with all my heart, just as a child would, only I no longer understand."

The woman rested her hand lightly for a moment on the young man's shoulder. "I like you very much," she said, and went back to her writing.

The days went on ; it became vaguely reported that the disabled machinery had been put in order. One morning the rescuing steamer loosened itself from the larger one, hovered in the distance for a time, as if to make quite sure that its aid was no longer needed, and finally at sunset sped out of sight through a sea of gold. But before the sun set again, the pulse of the larger ship lost for a second time its regularity, ominous scraping sounds were heard, followed by ominous gurglings, until at last there was no sound at all, and no motion except a slight rocking to and fro.

Helpless again, and no answer coming, either to the cannon pealing across the fog by day or to the signals burning by night !

The painting of the portrait and of the Christmas cards went on, the complicated crochet work, the writing and reading of journals, letters, and novels.

But to what purpose, the passengers asked themselves daily, since it might be that after a little there would be no further use for these things.

"If I had attempted to describe a situation of this kind, I should have made it altogether different," observed Miss Charlotte King to Miss Eunice Judd, one night, as they were preparing for rest, preparations which consisted in the putting on of heavy garments suitable for any emergency, and securing more carefully their most valuable possessions upon their persons. "I should have made people weeping and rushing about for life-preservers, — sleeping on them, in fact. Very likely I should have had one passenger jump overboard, and another become temporarily insane. We are quite too composed to be natural."

"I suppose you would have had the provisions running low," said Miss Judd, "and the captain standing by the drinking-water with a loaded pistol. Did you notice, by the way, that we had salt pork for dinner? I presume they want us to get accustomed to it by degrees. I forgot to tell you that the cabin boy left word we were to be very sparing of the water."

"It seems the captain has a wife and little child at home," said Miss King; "he was speaking to me about them to-day. And Mr. St. John has been showing me the picture of a young woman with a flower-like face; he gave me a letter for her in case anything were to happen to him which did not happen to me. I have written one or two letters myself; I think I shall give them to you."

"You had better put them in a bottle and throw them overboard; that is the proper way to do in shipwrecks. I am mortified to death at being able to sleep so well. It must be owing to the sea air. I'd keep awake if I possibly could. One ought to be awake when one is more than half expecting every moment to be one's last. Still, I don't know what use

it would be, either. Speaking of letters, one's life is a good deal like a letter, and dying is the signature. Why should there be any fuss or flurry over a signature? I suppose you have very correct ideas about dying. You must have died a great many times in your stories; you have the advantage of practice."

"Yes," the other woman answered. "I have died as a Roman Catholic priest, and a Jew, and a Buddhist, and an out-and-out heathen, and a soldier in the Salvation Army, and an early Christian martyr, and a person spoken of by her neighbors as being unprepared to die. I have generally died rather elaborately, but always comfortably. I believe in that. Death, when it comes, should be sweet. It was intended to be sweet. People who have lived and loved and struggled and suffered have a right to fall asleep quietly and peacefully at the end."

The fog lifted at length. Something drifted by that looked like the fragment of a wreck. After that a ship appeared and disappeared on the distant horizon. Or had it been only the semblance of a ship? The fog closed in again. What lay beyond, — danger or safety, storm or fair weather? And would the little white wings reach land in time to be worn for Christmas?

V.

"A far country," Elisabeth Joy had said that afternoon under the willows. "People always confide in those who are going to a far country." She was thinking of her near approaching journey; she did not know then of another and greater journey which was to be hers before the closing of the year.

No one knew, or would have believed had one been told; indeed, nobody believed it at the first, not even after reading it in the print of the morning papers.

"Miss Elisabeth Joy!" "Oh no,

that was impossible." "Only the other day she had been seen looking like a rose." "There must be some mistake, some confusion of names; it was probably the great-aunt Marjory." But it was not the great-aunt Marjory.

It happened, this setting forth on the greater journey, on the very evening when the passengers of the disabled ship at sea had gathered as one family because of their common need.

There had been a few days of suffering from what seemed in the beginning only a slight indisposition, but which was followed by something growing graver and graver, until, almost without warning, the "little hour" came, a brief period of weakness and weariness, and talking in fragmentary sentences.

"One angel brought a crown of thorns. I wanted to stand near with lilies because of the meaning; I wanted my life to be like that. But he who painted the picture said I was to swing the censer; he said it was quite the same whether one brought suffering, or beauty, or perfume, — one had only to bring whatever one had."

Those about the bed, not having seen the picture, thought that the girl's mind was wandering; but it seemed perfectly clear after this, and she asked when Sydney's ship was expected, saying she should like to see the wise old books again. "I suppose the men who wrote them are even wiser now; that is, if they have not been sleeping. Will one remember books when one is dead?"

"I cannot tell," the great-aunt Marjory answered; "it may be so."

"I think it must be so," the girl went on; "that is, if one has loved them very much in life. Sydney could never forget his books."

Then she asked if the holly had been ordered, adding that should she not feel well enough to go downstairs on Christmas Eve, there was no change to be made in the arrangements she had planned. "But I am going to feel well,

quite well, and I am to wear wings like the wings of a white butterfly, and the crown is to be of white roses. Thoughts are like wings, — they flutter, flutter, no one can tell how far they go. . . . Sing me the hymn they sang in the Dom . . . the one that begins 'Gelobet seiest du.' Martin Luther wrote it. . . . Sing me to sleep. . . . I am tired. . . . I must rest a little before Christmas."

Some one in the room sang softly: —

"Gelobet seiest du, Jesus Christ,
Dass du Mensch geboren bist
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr,
Des freuet sich der Engel Schar.
Kyrie Eleison."

At sea a ship drifted onward. From the quiet room a girl's soul also drifted, drifted in some way to somewhere, and it was all in the night.

In the afternoon before Christmas Day, one of the maids, hearing the street door open and close, went into the hall and found that Mr. St. John had arrived. He gave the maid a large flat box, saying it was to be taken at once to Miss Elisabeth. The maid, not knowing what reply to make, led the way to the library, where the great-aunt Marjory sat by the fire; the box she carried to a room beyond, and placed it beneath the miniature portrait of a child, inscribed "Bessie, aged ten," and upon which the light from a swinging lamp fell softly. There was a letter on the table addressed to Miss Elisabeth Joy. The postman had left it only a few moments before, and the maid, following an inspiration born of devotion and perplexity, had brought it, as she had brought the package, to the portrait of "Bessie, aged ten."

In one corner of the room stood a Christmas tree decked and ready to light. Close beside it was a quaint cabinet organ which had accompanied the baby Alexander's family from the Fatherland.

"When one's self and one's children

and one's parents and one's grandparents have never celebrated the Holy Evening without the assistance of this beloved piece of furniture," said the shoemaker to his wife, as they were on the eve of embarking for America, "then it is no longer a thing; then it becomes an important person, a member of the household."

"Quite right, lieber Mann," returned the wife; "most sensibly spoken."

"Moreover, when it is not being used as a musical instrument, it will always be convenient as a table."

The Haus Orgel therefore emigrated with the family, and with the family had been invited to participate in the evening's festivities. The tree was lighted now, the German shoemaker seated before the organ. His hands ran caressingly over the yellow keys, and the guests entered singing.

Sydney St. John came with the others. As he passed the table where the toys from the last year's Berlin market awaited distribution, his eyes fell on the dovecote, with its young woman in red and orange scattering grain. He took the toy and concealed it behind a row of books. Another day, perhaps, he would give it to Alexander.

Then he noticed, hanging from the end of the bookshelf, Roswitha's rosary with the label he had printed still attached to it. His hands played absently with the wooden beads. The nun Roswitha herself could hardly have felt farther distant from the scene than he did. That he should have returned to find his playmate gone was not so overwhelmingly strange because of those days at sea. It seemed stranger that these people about him should be living and expecting to live. He felt like a person looking at figures in a play or a dream; as if at any moment the curtain might go down and the lights out, or that he might awaken to see Frau Kringel counting the stitches in her crochet work, and hear the cannon pealing through the fog.

The box had been opened, and the wings it contained placed, outstretched, beneath the portrait. He heard the children telling each other, "Those are the wings of the Christmas angel. That is her picture under the lamp, with the light shining upon it;" and they said, regretfully, in their pleasant little voices, how sorry they were that she had gone away.

Later in the evening, as the guests were preparing to depart, the baby Alexander pulled a chair close to the table under the swinging lamp, and, climbing up, pressed his cheeks against the wings. "Good-night, dear Christmas angel," he repeated in his cooing voice. "I love you, dear Christmas angel!"

Later yet, when the house had grown still, Sydney St. John came back into the room. The chair stood where Alexander had left it. The young man sat down, folded the white wings carefully together, laid them upon the fire, watching them with a far-away look in his eyes until they changed to ashes. Then he took up the letter hidden until now behind the wings. Recognizing the writing, he opened the envelope, and found within some tenderly expressed words of congratulation and good wishes from Miss Charlotte King to Miss Elisabeth Joy, together with a second letter. He opened this also, and read mechanically. It was the one beginning, "My Elisabeth, I feel like a prince in a fairy tale," and had been written from day to day during the voyage. It said: "I have been thinking a good deal lately concerning the life we know, and the life we know not. Do you remember something you told me once that you believed? It was that afternoon when the nun Roswitha did not come to our tea party, and we were talking about a certain little girl who used to blow thistledown up to the angels, and about aunt Marjory's story of thoughts. Keep your belief, dearest, whatever happens, keep it; no one can say it is unfounded, because no

one knows; and with it, death means not sad separation, only a beautiful mystery.

"Dear aunt Marjory! If it should be that our ship drifts into the port of paradise, I hope to take her story with me; I want to see how much truth there is in it."

"Poor prince in the fairy tale!" said Sydney St. John, as he turned the page and read on and on to the end of his own last letter.

After this he took the portrait of "Bessie, aged ten," from the wall, and sat with it in his hand, — sat like one who would never dream, nor wish, nor hope again. He was aroused by the knowledge of a presence in the room. He knew that it was remembering with him the flowers in the great-aunt's garden, the happy German life, the books, the music, the friends, the favorite walks, the river bank, the boat with the man and the woman bringing their fruit into the city.

The light of the lamp above his head,

with the light of the fire on the hearth, made every object in the room discernible. He could have counted the beads in Roswitha's rosary, as it hung from the corner of the bookshelf. These things he perceived with his eyes. He could not tell how he perceived the presence; only that it stood there under the Christmas tree, that it wore neither butterfly wings nor wings long and sweeping. It was simply Elisabeth as he had been accustomed to see her, and so natural seemed the circumstance of her appearance that it caused no feeling of any unusual occurrence.

The presence went as it had come, quietly.

Then the young man rose, kissed the little picture of "Bessie, aged ten," and hung it again in its place, put out the light of the swinging lamp, and, with a sweet sense of comfort in his heart, left the room.

He was not quite sure whether he had been sleeping or waking. He thought he had been awake.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

VENICE.

ONLY a cloud, — far off it seemed to me
 No habitable city, — when, behold,
 Came gradual distinctions in the fold
 Of tremulous vapor shadowing things to be:
 Forms whether of wave or air rose silently
 O'er quiet lanes of water, caught the gold
 Of the Italian sunset, and thus rolled
 The veil from off the Bride of the Blue Sea.
 Alas, the irrecoverable dream!

Cathedral, palace, all things, all too soon
 Melted like faces in a troubled stream,
 And, looking backward over the lagoon,
 I saw the phantom city faintly gleam
 As mist blown seaward underneath the moon.

Samuel V. Cole.

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You and I have known and liked each other for several years; and as we cannot meet at present, and you, my valued friend, are very numerous, and I cannot write a private letter to the whole of you at once, it seems natural to address you here. I think of you very often, and always with warm regard and gratitude; regard which has sometimes subjected me to blame at home as an Anglomaniac. Beyond all such general sentiments, however, I have a special matter on which to write, yet one which I am afraid will elude my pen in the very act of writing. There is that between us which is as transparent yet as impassable as glass; and I greatly fear that whoever tries to break it will only cut his fingers.

When we talk, we speak the same language, — only we don't, as Dr. Holmes says. (Yes, I will use the present tense.) If we had met for the first time in Siam, you would have known me for an American, and I you for an Englishman, — each by his accent. You laugh at us for talking as if there could be such a thing as an English accent. But you remember, in Shirley, how the North Country woman among you despises the South Country man for his mincing, feeble talk as being less English than his own; and less, *Angle* it certainly is. I will not discuss now if my ancestors did not carry off and preserve as pure an English speech as they left with yours, if Shakespeare is not at this hour enjoying his talks with Lowell more than those with Matthew Arnold. But from a difference of speech which you do recognize let me illustrate a difference of thought which I doubt if you do.

A century or more ago, every one who spoke English wrote *emperour, errour, favour, honour*, and a score of such words. Nowadays you drop the *u* in some of these

words; we are apt to drop it in all. Yet you generally deride or scold us for not making precisely the same omissions that you do. Why should we? Is there any clause in the treaty of 1783 that leaves in England the supreme control of the common language? Yet the same perplexity that possesses you as to this point seems to me to hang round you in all your dealings with us. Some of you dislike all of us because we are Americans. Some of you treat some of us very well, and again some of you have a very friendly disposition to our whole nation, and are eager to learn all about us. But it seems to me as if the kindest and best of you fail to understand us; and this failure, which need be no more, leads to real injustice and unkindness. I suppose you have treated me as well as an American can be treated, yet I who write these lines have suffered in my own person unjust and unkind treatment among you which I cannot think you ever would have put on any Englishman of the same social rank, but which you thought could involve you in no censure that you would care for when done to an American. Just so my nation is subjected by you to many pieces of injustice quite inconsistent with your cordial professions in public and private, and quite inconsistent, as I believe, with the way you would treat us if you knew us.

You may say: "Is not this always the case between two nations? Do you understand a Frenchman? Does he comprehend a German, or either of you a Pole?" Of course not; but that, my dear Johnny Bull, is not the specific trouble between you and me. That trouble is, you will not or cannot see at all that your American cousins are a real nation by themselves. If you could once get hold of that idea, you would know us as you never could hope or wish to know

the child of any other land. If you only would recognize our absolute nationality, you would get twice the good you do out of our real connections with you.

What do you think we are? Still provincials of your own? It seems sometimes that this is your view, as you will persist in calling us "the States," just as you say "the Provinces." That is a name that "the Provinces" give us, but that we do not give ourselves. You would think an American from the United States very ignorant or affected who spoke of your country as "Britain," yet that is more correct than "the States." Could you not manage to learn our name? Or is such blundering all of a piece with that which makes so many of you say Niagára, and Chicago, and Óhio, and Pótomac, and the Last of the Móhicans; that made so many of you, in our war, even at Washington, talk of the Secretary of State as Mr. "See-ward" (what would you have said of an American who had sounded the *L* in Palmerston?); the rudeness which allows an Englishman to direct letters to an American whom he has known for weeks "—— Jones, Esq.," because it is too much trouble to learn Mr. Jones's Christian name, and really we ought not to mind? But you see we do mind.

Have you never yet found out, my friend, that we are no longer under you in any way? Very early in our civil war, before actual fighting had begun, and the sympathy of England was, if anything, with the North, I was in company with three of your most thoughtful men, and the talk turned on the troubles arising from secession. A little college chaplain (you know the species; "in the catalogue they pass for men") remarked, in a high-pitched attempt at intoning, "Perhaps the Northern States would like to put themselves under the protection of the British crown." And yet the man was sober! That was a generation ago. No doubt the good man knows better now. Yet occasionally I hear or read something in your mention of us which re-

minds me of George III.'s title of "King of France" retained a century and a half after any king of England held an acre of French soil.

One of you wrote some time ago, "Englishmen have no Fourth of July, and do not want one." Perhaps some of our celebrations on that day are foolish, but at least we do date our years from the day we became independent of you and every one else. But what does your official chronology start from, according to a fixed custom which Mr. Freeman could not break up? From the 14th of October, or perhaps Christmas Day, 1066, when Englishmen lost their independence to the Norman aristocracy, a yoke which they are just beginning to think about shaking off. I like our date better.

It is the truths of the Fourth of July, which you have never learned, as not all of us, perhaps, have learned them. We are a nation equal to and different from — or as you would say, different to — any other. We are not your provincials, nor are we a mass of Englishmen, — separated indeed by distance and circumstances, but Englishmen after all. We have whole communities, rivals of England in size, where the men and women not of English descent are in the overwhelming majority, having completely absorbed and transmuted the blood of the pioneers from the old Atlantic settlements. Scotch, Scotch Irish, Celtic Irish, Germans of many emigrations, Hollanders, old and new, Scandinavians, and various Latin races, they care nothing about Old England; what they know of her they dislike, to put it mildly. Talk to them of the alliance and affinity to her, which you hold up to us as a fetter of control rather than a bond of love, and they laugh at the idea.

There are, I might say, whole States that would enjoy a war with you next week, because they believe the influence of our connection with England is wholly pernicious, and prevents men like myself from becoming true Americans. Do

I hold this feeling? Of course not; a war with you I should deem a calamity beyond thought; but the last way to prevent it is for you to continue your half-petting, half-scolding, governess treatment.

The typical governess of the English novel trains her pupils by a certain conventional rule of propriety, whereby she gauges knowledge and ignorance, social behavior, religious and political opinions, and in fact character. Provided the inmates of her schoolroom keep to the established standard, all is well; if any of them obviously do not care for that standard, they are woes to be borne. In the view of many of you, Americans need a governess.

Some friends of mine, on going to a *table d'hôte* at Athens, heard a lady say to her daughter, in a voice which seemed an echo of Miss Yonge's novels, "Yes, they look like Americans; but we must bear it, me love." It so happened that the terrible, untrained provincials, the Australians of the West, whom she accepted with Christian resignation, were among the most cultivated people who ever took the pilgrimage to Greece; and if such a Primrose Dame knew anything of the historic land she was visiting, she would know that Americans stand far higher in the affections of the Hellenic people than her own countrymen. But what provincialism there was in looking upon it as an *inconvenance de voyage* that this outlying tribe should dare to come between the breezes of Hymettus and her parsonality!

It is not strange that you do not know what we are. What do most of your tourists do, those who stay some months with us? Every year scores of your young men come to our coast cities, are received by families who are fond of England and her ways, and when they are tired of familiar luxuries go bolting off to the farthest West, to play ranch life or exterminate buffaloes, — or as they say, "buffalo," for a sportsman's grammar is as rough as his tastes, — as

if our Western States were entirely outside land surveys and laws, a kind of Uganda or Transoxiana. Back they go, without having stayed a week with the real, average American citizen in any part of our country. They see one section of us which they compare to England; they see another which they choose to consider a No Man's Land; and they have taken no pains to know the real United States at all, probably thinking a cowboy the pure American.

Nay, when some of you do realize we are no part of England, you propose to make us so by colonization. It never seemed, for instance, as if Mr. Hughes's colonists at Rugby started with the idea of becoming Americans; they meant to have a little piece of England in Tennessee. So there are in many parts of our country little Hollands or little Waleses; but they get absorbed and assimilated. There is, my European friends, all of you, an American nationality into which you must be drawn, like Sydney Smith's celebrated description of a pudding: "'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'was n't I an egg just now?' But he finds the batter sticking to him." The Roman *Colonia*, that remained a piece of Rome, has no place here.

Now I know to all this many of you will reply that the common-sense and progressive spirit of England is not responsible for the rudeness and ignorance of Toryism; that it studies, admires, and loves America, — nay, imitates her in more ways than one; that all England is a living testimony to the growing influence of America. It is true; and yet some of you who are our warm friends misunderstand us almost as badly as the old Tories. You seem to think the United States are peopled by a set of philosophical radicals, whose true place is on the Liberal benches, behind Mr. John Morley. Your writers of this school know we are a separate nation; but they are persuaded that it is a nation of philosophers, right out of Plato or Sir Thomas More. Mr. How-

ells has a charming story where a girl from the practical but still visionary "West" thinks Boston is peopled with reformers, who revolve round the abolitionists as bright stars. She is amazed to hear talk an agreeable young gentleman of Boston who never met these people in society, and as far as he had heard of them looked upon them as dangerous eccentrics. Now, some of your highly educated thinkers seem to regard the average American as largely occupied with reading or writing treatises on the philosophy of government, coming down in a long *catena* from Jefferson, and as much concerned with conventions and *referenda*. My friend, we did that once for all when we started; and though no doubt such things are talked of more than they used to be twenty years ago, I assure you we are in the mass anything but a set of theorizing radicals. We are very conservative, very humdrum, much attached to existing machinery, especially in politics, and with a great distrust of Utopian and ideal schemes. Custom is almost as great a tyrant with us as in your Indian dominions. Eager as we are for novelties in dress and buildings, we are hard to stir from our accepted ways of letting ourselves be governed, even when these are tangled and muddy. Our philosophers complain that their speculations do not make the impression they ought on most of their fellow-citizens, who are engaged in the mere work of living. I suspect England is a good deal nearer female suffrage than we are.

When Professor Bryce was last here, he rushed off from all his friends to see what he considered the intensely interesting spectacle of a constitutional convention in the State of Kentucky, an institution to which he had given much space in his very valuable book. I do not believe that at this hour twenty members of Congress outside Kentucky know whether the results of that convention were adopted or not. We can get half

as big a vote again on the pettiest election when the choice is between persons as when people solemnly vote "yes" or "no" on a question of organic law.

No, my old friend, we are not English provincials, we are not half-civilized pioneers, we are not Utopian radicals, above all we are not naughty boys and silly girls. We are not anything that you have decided we must be. There is one liberty we claim as our English birth-right, — the liberty of being illogical when we please, and succeeding or failing according to our own ideas of working out our own problems, whether they are yours or not. If this character of ours is ignored, if you treat us as pets, or schoolboys, or barbarians, or abstract philosophers, instead of the self-sustaining integral part of the civilized commonwealth of nations that we claim to be, we shall not be delicate to show what you call our sensitiveness, and we call proper resentment of what is always disagreeable, and sometimes insulting.

I will test — a word which you call an Americanism — your readiness to learn. When an Englishman has learned how to pronounce the name of the author of Maud Muller, and also that he, and not the peculiar person whose name begins with the same letters, is our truly national poet, I will admit that you are getting some intimacy with our nation. Till then, thanking you again for the repeated kindness you have shown me, and the distinguished way in which you have manifested your appreciation of some eminent individuals among us, I bid you farewell, with this warning, that if you really want to maintain peace between the nations, you must not think it enough to admit certain Americans to "dine and sleep," but must recognize the United States once for all, not as a daughter, a pupil, or a forest guide, but your full equal sister in all that constitutes an enlightened, historic, imperial nation. Your friend,

FRANKLIN EASTMAN.

THE NEW CRITICISM OF GENIUS.

A PRACTICAL application of the teachings of physiology to the conduct of human life is the goal toward which the whole nineteenth century has been groping its way. The movement received its greatest momentum when Morel began to study cases of retrogression, or degeneration, of the human organism, in relation to their effects on actions and states of mind. His *Traité des Dégénérescences*, published in 1857, was the starting-point of an extensive, rapidly multiplying literature, chiefly associated with the name of Maudsley to the English lay reader, but in which the modern French and Italian schools of psycho-physiology and anthropology have distinguished themselves by the most persistent and eager research. Every psychological manifestation that departs from the norm — the conservative norm representing the total of thinking and acting determined upon by the species as best for its general interests in the long run, and therefore the mass of those individuals organically so constituted as to conform instinctively to such thinking and acting — has come to be more and more closely investigated in the light of the degeneration theory. What is degeneracy? Atavistic reversion of offspring, in consequence of abnormal conditions in the ancestry, to types belonging to prior stages in the development of the species. Such types, in those prior stages, were normal, healthy; found themselves in touch with their environment; obeyed its laws. Reappearing, in isolation, at a period when the species has so far progressed as to have lost even a memory of that bygone state, the embodiment of the type is out of harmony with the external world, is conscious of impulses subversive to its laws, represents complete discord in its relations to it. Within the last twenty years

the criminal class has been placed, with growing conviction, among these groups of atavistic revivals. As a consequence of this, new views of penology are gaining ground. As the pathology of insanity claims a more enlightened attention, new angles of vision are possible in the treatment of the insane, and also in the consideration of sundry acute social phenomena. Finally, following this thread, we have been drawn on to the study of the physio-psychology of genius; for genius is a deviation from the norm just as much as criminality or idiocy. When Lombroso undertook to subject the achievements of genius, and the personality of men of genius, to the physiological method of criticism, he did a great work of popularization for the method itself. The general public is likely to be sufficiently indifferent to scientific monographs on the psychoses of criminals and madmen; but for anything which relates to the commanding individualities of its own time, or of all time, its interest is assured. To Lombroso's *Man of Genius* can be traced a large portion of the physiological notions that are now penetrating, in a more or less ill-digested condition, into fiction. This is to be observed in England, France, and Italy, alike. But Lombroso has recently been outstripped, in his work of popularization, by one of his disciples. The German Max Nordau has used the new method in a criticism of some of the æsthetic doctrines of the leaders of contemporary art and literature, — used it with an amount of Teutonic dogmatism that the Italian scientist would probably deprecate.

This book, *Degeneracy*, goes in fact so much further than any yet written, in the endeavor to make clear to the apprehension of the layman the connection between all æsthetic productions and the

physical organism of the producer, that attention should be given to its general premises and conclusions. The nature and character of every work of art is, in its essence, inevitable. It is conditioned by the structure of the protoplasmic cell, by the operation of the end organs, by the perfection of the nerve apparatus, by the degree of inhibitory control possessed by the supreme mind centres. Where there are organic defects, evidences of rudimentary development, deformities of growth, or abnormalities of function, the work of art mirrors that physical circumstance, utters itself forth in conceptions, ideas, judgments, opinions, or in interpretations of sensations, conspicuously at variance with the line of growth and progress along which the species is feeling its way.

This is the ground on which Max Nordau has constructed his book. It is his contention that æsthetic works in which the reflection of a degenerate physical condition is visible are unusually numerous just now. He accounts for this by the nervous exhaustion, tending to hysteria, which modern inventions and the industrial agglomeration in great centres have brought upon us. Nature demands a suitable time wherein to adapt herself; we have been given no time, and the strain of enormously complicated exactions has fallen upon us over night. Weakened parents have produced degenerate descendants. Where to these general causes special and local ones have been added, the result is plainer to the eye. In France, the drain of the long Napoleonic wars, seriously affecting the equilibrium of the nerve centres of the people, was followed, as one link follows another in a chain, by a predisposition to greater nerve unsteadiness in the succeeding generation. This accepted as fact, or hypothesis, many of the more startling examples of æsthetic and moral perversion we have come to associate more particularly with *fin-de-siècle* France cease to excite surprise.

Nevertheless, and though France seemed thus singled out to be the most critical victim of the *Zeit-Krankheit*, it is not there that Max Nordau detects the first outbreak, but in England, with the reactionary Tractarian movement of 1830, the mystic doctrines of Ruskin, the pre-raphaelite creed, — three things that hang together. The high pitch to which English industrialism reached early, the great pressure which the Anglo-Saxon puts upon his capacity for hard work, are sufficient to explain the English initiative in this latter-day madness, to Max Nordau's mind. Present economic conditions are thus insisted on by him as invariably responsible for the contemporary degeneracy in ethics and æsthetics. If an end were made of centralization, he appears to believe that greater sanity would return to the next generations. But in Maudsley's opinion, the primal cause of degeneracy is an egotistic, narrow, unsocial nature in ancestors, — "absence of exercise, and, through disuse, decay of the highest social sensibilities and powers, moral and volitional; . . . therewith lifelong exercise . . . of the egotistic passions in the conduct of life; and consequent moral degeneration, which, by its nature, goes deeper into character than intellectual degeneration:"¹ and this anti-social moral nature is very easily bred where men live far apart. The country has not all the health, nor all the virtue. The most shocking depravity of the moral sense can come from undue isolation as well as from undue herding. We could well — could we not? — refer Herr Max Nordau to some of our own New England villages, practically untouched by the industrial competition, yet where the unsocial nature and strong drink (the chemical action of poisons, notably alcohol, on the blood was, in turn, in the belief of Morel, the initial source of degeneracy) have produced as flourishing a *pro rata* crop of mad people, or "cranks"

¹ Henry Maudsley, *Body and Will*, 1884.

of one sort or another, as exist in any of the most congested centres of industrialism. These degenerates do not supply the world with examples of the "superior" class of their kind; their nerves conduct, their brain-cells discharge, sluggishly, not with over-excited intensity. But they are just as much a shining proof of what ignorance of physiological laws and indifference to the same can do as is the gifted Parisian "mattoid," the denizen of the crowded capital, whose feverish existence has alternately drawn and relaxed his nerves until he is a mere bundle of irresponsible vibrations.

In the midst of the popular hysteria, the "superior degenerates," brilliant and erratic workers with pen, word, and pencil, become oracles quickly, and gather a following; for hysterically inclined individuals respond to suggestion more easily than others. An interaction of pernicious influences takes place. Society, in its present state, produces great numbers of degenerates; when the degenerates are great artists, they, in turn, add to the hysteria of the mass by the potent spell of artistic suggestion. To Max Nordau, almost every salient literary and artistic mind in Europe to-day is that of a "superior degenerate." He arrays all the familiar names: Tolstóy, Ibsen, Zola, Swinburne, William Morris, adding one, that of Nietzsche, which to Americans is still unfamiliar; all the French Neo-Catholics and Neo-Idealists; all the Decadents and Symbolists; all the Impressionists; and at the head of this column he places Richard Wagner, whom he regards as having been "charged with a greater degree of degeneracy in his own person than the whole present generation put together," and whose influence, both through his music, extraordinarily exciting to the nerves, and the erotic character of his libretti, he believes to be one of the foremost upon which should be laid the burden of blame for the fin-de-siècle phenomena.

Throughout the whole of art and literature, at the moment it is certain that even the casual observer is struck by the prevalence of two marked characteristics: artists and writers are stirred by a vague mysticism that at times trenches upon occultism, and they are immoderately absorbed in the noting of their sensations, in the observation of their Ego. These two characteristics, mysticism and egotism, are precisely the great distinguishing mental traits of degeneracy. Add extravagant, unbalanced emotiveness, and you have a rough clinical picture of the state. Mysticism is the stigma of degenerates, gifted or not, because, psychologically, it is the inability to note facts clearly, to shape concepts keenly, — an inability due to infirm attention that does not check the undisciplined association of ideas, but follows it dreamily to the blurred confines of the subconscious. Egotism, what Maudsley calls "egotistic hyperæsthesia," springs from a defective physical mechanism, that severs its possessor from active communication with things without himself, and fills his consciousness instead with impulses, sensations, hallucinatory obsessions, from within. Max Nordau is convinced that careful physical investigation of many of the men who are shining exponents of fin-de-siècle æsthetics, and study of their ancestry, would prove the presence of degeneracy among them beyond a doubt. Since such investigation is not practicable, he reminds us that science has pronounced such mental and spiritual "stigmata" as those just quoted quite as trustworthy for a diagnosis. And it is to this diagnosis that he invites us. In what he says of decadents, æsthetes, and impressionists, the general public is apt to concur. His remarks on Ibsen and Tolstóy will doubtless, on the other hand, offend many sensibilities. In Ibsen, he lays his finger chiefly on what he calls the anarchic symptom of degeneracy. That anarchists are degenerates the specialist in

modern psychiatry does not question. And it is this instinct to destroy the existing order that Nordau proclaims to be the force that animates the numerous personages of Ibsen's plays who continually, though with no particular definiteness, preach, to whoso will listen, the doctrine of emancipation at any cost. It is the instinct of the anti-social degenerate who cannot adapt himself; whose morbid eye is turned inward; who is debarred from all adequate apprehension of the proper relations and proportions of events; and whose violent emotiveness, over which the dulled higher centres have no effectual control, impels him to seek to fashion another state of affairs, in which his exceptional, because perverted, personality will feel itself more at ease. As Ibsen's mysticism (otherwise, according to Nordau, crude, unscientific thinking) is anarchic, so Tolstóy's is inordinately emotive, as witness his vague, impracticable altruism. (The noteworthy fact that the altruistic and anarchic feelings melt, very frequently, into one — of which we have proofs in the humanitarian outpourings of some of the militant anarchists of whom the world has recently heard so much — impresses itself, at this juncture, on the attention.) We do not commonly think of the great Russian novelist in this light. Evidences, however, of the effect exerted on some of the latest French and Italian fiction by the book which, of all he had written, appeared the least likely to have an influence, show that the German critic is not performing an unnecessary task in pointing out that the aberration of the Krentzer Sonata has its recognized place in pathology.

But it is not the purpose of this article to dwell on the details of Max Nordau's work. We began by saying that the effort to make physiology teach the race rules, of something approximating to exactitude, for its conduct through life, was the great endeavor of this century. In Comte it is present in the embryo; it

develops under cover of the Darwinian theories of heredity, and of the survival of the fittest; in Herbert Spencer it advances, such weight does he lay upon the need of physiological knowledge in a complete and rational education, to a clearer consciousness. Any system of education fit to train men for the tasks of self-preservation, of acquisition of the means of subsistence, of social adaptation, and of intelligent propagation of the best in themselves to their offspring, Herbert Spencer has declared impossible unless it have a basis in psychology. But psychology, even within twenty years, has undergone complete transformation. It hazards nothing now without firm physiological ground beneath it. To this ever greater prominence attained by physiology we have already seen how much Morel's degeneration theory has contributed. That we shall ever deduce a precise science of morality from all the physiological learning we can acquire, presumably even the hottest adherents of the new criticism do not believe. To read aright the fearfully and wonderfully complex workings of cells and nerves and organs, we should need to know all the mysteries of biology. Were biology and physiology exact sciences, we might have a science of sociology; a science of ethics; finally, a science of aesthetics. But, as a French thinker has said, the completion of the sciences has never existed save in the head of Auguste Comte, "whose work is a prophecy." We may doubt whether it be even a prophecy. We may question whether an ethical code can ever be made other than relative. But advanced thought is, at least, convinced that the only thing likely to be even akin to an absolute one will be built up in accordance with such measure of enlightenment as we can get regarding the quality of the stimuli that, in human beings, produce psychic reactions of the right and healthy kind; otherwise, thoughts of the right and healthy kind. As we think, so is our life. And as these

stimuli operate, as they are received by organs, transmitted by cells and fibres, interpreted by centres, so do we think.

Average men and women will always, probably, object to diving into the depths of the machinery of consciousness, and it is by no means needful that they should have a taste for that occupation. A strictly empirical idea of the natural sequence of diseased physiological conditions and bad psychical states is quite enough. This, precisely, may be vividly awakened by such studies of the constitution of men of great talent or genius as scientists and vulgarizers of scientific truths are now attempting. When this much has been said for the work of Lombroso and Nordau, we come to a halt. He who should suppose that these labors bring us any nearer to an understanding of what genius is, and of the part it plays, the progress of the species, would make a great mistake. Yet Nordau claims the last, at least. In his estimation, genius may be a terrible curse to the race as well as a blessing, and it is always a curse when it is unhealthy. Every part, then, played by a degenerate genius lures our kind into byways of folly that keep it, for long spans of time, from the highroad of advancement. Now, who shall decide what is and what is not healthy genius? True it is that we have, in a very general, rough way, an idea of the matter that makes us class some great minds—Homer, Goethe, Shakespeare, Lessing, Cervantes, Racine, Tennyson, Raphael, Mozart—among the healthy; and some other minds—Schopenhauer, Leopardi, Shelley, Tasso, Rousseau, Dostoevsky, Dante Gabriel Rossetti—among the unhealthy. But it is a classification that will never stand a rigorously scientific inspection. It amounts to this, speaking loosely: that we divide genius into objective and subjective, and hold the objective to be healthier than the subjective, which, in the widest sense, it is. If Nordau wishes, with support of facts, to prove, however, that every influence exerted by a sub-

jective or (from his point of view) an unsane genius has eventually brought harm to the world, he will find himself embarrassed. Rousseau exhibited in his mental make-up and in his life all the perversions, abnormalities, and extremes of a "superior degenerate." He was, from a clinical point of view, a "beautiful case." Can it be said that the spirit he brought into modern life is therefore void of all good? Goethe had no sympathy with the Reformation. He thought it a reactionary blunder that threw the growing rationalism of enfranchised mind back into the fetters of theological superstition. Max Nordau would doubtless share this feeling, and lay stress, moreover, on the fact that Luther was a neuropath, subject to visual hallucinations. The liberty of conscience, the free expansion of individual judgment, which Nordau would celebrate, nevertheless, as the greatest gain of modern times, it might be as easy to show as flowing forth, in one of its sources, from the fanatical work of the neurotic monk. Influences, good and evil, are inextricably interwoven in the tissue of life. The threads cross and recross, and they are light or dark according to the standpoint of the onlooker, and to the changing shadow that falls upon the web. It is idle to maintain that the scientific student of history can point to this man of genius as having pushed on, to this other as having retarded, the race. At most, he can make a clear case of directly helpful genius for a Columbus, a Newton, a Galileo, a Gutenberg; for the explorers and discoverers who have widened the circle of man's knowledge of the external world, or placed within his hands the instruments for extending such knowledge farther. Once, however, he turns to the realm of abstract thought, and how shall he say what great mind has been the benefactor, what the disturber and destroyer there? If scientific study of history teaches anything, it teaches that we learn from our mistakes as much as from our acts of

wisdom. This wild scheme of a political genius, that crazy doctrine of a religious reformer, though productive of nothing immediately but confusion and obscurantism, may turn out, through some alchemy we know nothing of, to be as helpful as the calmly luminous inspiration of a Harvey discovering the circulation of the blood. Many old philosophies are childish, and we have outlived them; we should not have come to our better ones had we not gone through them; and it is not possible to assert that the work of the "mattoid" genius invariably throws the race backward and delays its progress. Psycho-physiology cannot prove that yet, because it knows nothing definite of the mysterious operations of the emotions; how they are started, how they stimulate volition or determine cognition. While, in the broadest way, it is certain that a man's work is a reflection of himself, and that the emotion it awakens in others will be decided by his own moral status, the matter is not always so simple. Werther predisposed more minds to suicidal mania than the works of the sickliest Romantics. The vigorous genius of Shakespeare produced, in Hamlet, a type which has become the ideal of half the neuropaths of to-day. Again, the influence exercised by the unwholesome genius may work harm to the weak, while it may steel the stronger, by arousing emotions of disgust and repulsion, to firmer resistance. And finally, there is in the really beautiful an unfathomed quality that elevates, and can do nothing else, no matter what its source. The perfect craftsman, when he brings forth a thing of perfect beauty, will always stand a chance of doing good, even though, as a man, his companionship would not be improving. A Benvenuto Cellini, vagabond and criminal, "superior degenerate," may chisel a cup that will mould the thoughts of thousands to honesty in work, to conscientious endeavor, to harmony, purity, nobility of life.

Lombroso is more in the right when

he refuses to determine which are the sane, and which the insane, or the insane, geniuses. The predominant development of one faculty presupposes lapses, fissures, in the others. They are always found. He is more apt to be near the truth when he gives the brilliant degenerates among geniuses equal credit with the great men of more balanced faculties for advancing the species. They bring new elements into thought; they prepare changes, and change is our greatest means of cognition. German deduction may carry its votaries very far. It once carried Nordau¹ into classifying men of genius according to the predominance of the cogitational faculties over the emotional. A musician, a devotee of the art the most emotional, was at the bottom of the scale of geniuses. A ruler, a conqueror, one who handles men, in whom the will, the judgment, that which most separates a man from an animal, has unfolded most strongly, was at the top. But history, read by the physiological knowledge of to-day, does not uphold such arbitrary theories. The Alexanders, Cæsars, Mahomets, Napoleons, belonged mostly to the epileptoid family, as demonstrated by Lombroso, Bianchi, Tonnini. Their will and judgment were not, then, the proud freemen that they seemed, but often irresponsible slaves that obeyed the obscure impulses sent out by disordered organs. They could combine, foresee, strategize magnificently, once the impulse given, but that impulse eluded their control; they were under its emotional dominion, just as the hypnotized subject or the anarchist degenerate is under the spell of his "fixed idea."

We return to what we remarked before. The new criticism of genius does not lead us to understand the nature of genius, or its function, any better. It has another use. Great men are shining marks that rivet the eye; therefore excellent object lessons for that which Maudsley so urges, "a close and rigid

¹ Paradoxes, Leipsic, 1885.

study of individual psychology." By studying their psychosis, as it is, more or less successfully, laid bare, we may find our desire sharpened to study that of our ordinary selves. For this psycho-physiology of our ordinary selves is the great matter; is what the world needs, and is now in the way of getting, as never before. Close and rigid study of individual psychology is not alone indispensable to the criminologist, the specialist in nervous diseases, who aims at a thorough understanding of some particular case before him. The "psychology of crowds," which has recently begun to enlist the attention of Italian and French psycho-physiologists, is destined, haply, to throw a great deal of light on the far-reaching results of every personal state of mind; on the manner in which we all, morally, hang together. The whole practical importance of the physiology of the day lies in this: that each one of us may be led to see that he may have contributed, that he may be contributing, to form a psychic atmosphere in which crimes or misdemeanors he abhors can take root and flourish. A French writer¹ has pointed this out clearly, in treating of one of the great psychic diseases of the time: "One may reasonably ask one's self if anarchy, or the absence of all rule, be not proclaimed by a few because it crops out of our entire organization, out of the contradictions of our public conscience; and if it be not manifested in the latter because each one of us first bears it about within himself. . . . We may have arrived at the recognition that anarchy

¹ Paul Desjardins, *L'Idée Anarchiste*, Revue Bleue, December 23, 1893.

is socially unrealizable, . . . an outright malady of the judgment. But it will not be trouble taken in vain to bring some few minds, and those particularly who talk of summarily cutting this noxious growth away, to ask themselves if its living roots are not being nourished within themselves."

What "tone," stable or unstable, of the organization characterized those members of their ancestry whose influence is nearest, what corresponding tone they personally were liable to have been born with, what effect on this tone a given environment is found to have had, — these are questions which parents and teachers are unmistakably now called upon to consider. The pattern upon which they model the growing human material in their charge will be conditioned by the intelligence or unintelligence of the view they have acquired of their own personality. What applies to parents and teachers applies with but little less directness to every member of society, whose thoughts, whose actions, orderly and governed by knowledge, or chaotic, anarchic, are carried farther, transmitted on every side, transformed infinitely according to the media through which they pass.

This empirical application, then, of a few physiological and psychological data, ascertainable about ourselves, to our conduct and our attitude toward society, is what the new criticism of genius helps us to. We may hope, perhaps, that the physiological dilutions of fashionable current fiction may help the mass of readers, who are void of curiosity for scientific inquiry, to a semblance of the same thing.

Aline Gorren.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WALTER PATER.

I FIRST met Walter Pater fourteen years ago, at the house of Mr. George T. Robinson in Gower Street, at that time a meeting-place for poets, novelists, dramatists, writers of all kinds, painters, sculptors, musicians, and all manner of folk, pilgrims from or to the only veritable Bohemia. The host and hostess had the rare faculty of keeping as well as of winning friends, and were held in affectionate esteem by all who knew them; but the delightfully promiscuous gatherings, where all amalgamated so well, were due in great part to the brilliant young scholar-poet, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter), and to her sister, now the well-known novelist, Miss Mabel Robinson. Among the many avocations into which Miss Mary Robinson allowed herself to be allured from her true vocation was that of *soror consolatrix* to all young fellow-poets in difficulty or distress; and of these, none had better cause to realize her goodness of heart and illumining sympathy than the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston. In 1880 and 1881, it was rare that a week elapsed throughout nine months of the year when Miss Robinson did not give up at least an hour or two one afternoon for reading to and talking with the friend whom she so much admired and so much pitied. It was within a week after Dante Gabriel Rossetti had sent me with a special letter of introduction to Marston that he, in turn, took me to the house of the only friend in London who in any adequate degree filled for him the void created by the loss of his comrade, Oliver Madox Brown; and though I went with pleasure, having read with keen appreciation *A Handful of Honeysuckle*, I had no idea how much, and in how many ways, my entry into that friendly circle was to mean to me.

One afternoon, Philip Marston surprised me with the suggestion that we should make a formal call at Gower Street. As he had been there, and I with him, for a long "confab," the previous day, and as I knew his dislike of "afternoons," there seemed something perverse in his proposal; but when he added oracularly, "Do come; you won't regret it," there was nothing more to be said. When we entered the drawing-room, at that happy moment when the last day-dusk and the fire-glow are uninvaded by any more garish light, I saw that there were a few visitors, all common acquaintances with one exception. The exception was a man of medium height, rather heavily built, with a peculiar though slight stoop. His face was pale, and perhaps a dark and very thick mustache made it seem even more so. There was a singular impassiveness about him, which I noted with vague interest, — aroused, I remember, because of what appeared to me a remarkable resemblance to Bismarck, or rather to a possible Bismarck, a Bismarck who had ceased to be a *Junker*, and had become a dreamer and profound student. He stood by the piano, listening to something said, laughingly, by Miss Robinson, though his face had not even that grave smile that afterwards became so familiar to me, and his eyes were fixed steadfastly on the fire. The glow fell right across them, and I could see how deep-set they were, and of what a peculiar gray; a variable hue, but wherein the inner light was always vivid, and sometimes strangely keen and penetrating. With one hand he stroked a long-haired cat that had furtively crept towards him, along the piano, from a high chair at the narrow end.

When he spoke I could not distinguish what he said, but I was aware of

a low, pleasant voice, altogether un-Bismarckian. I heard Miss Robinson say something about Philip Marston; but, with the abruptness which later I found to be characteristic, her companion shook hands with her and his hostess and bade them good-by. As he neared the door he passed Marston and myself. He did not look in our direction, yet he had hardly gained the threshold before he turned, came to Marston's side, and, taking his hand in his, pressed it cordially, saying: "I am very glad to meet you. Your poetry has given me great pleasure." Then, with the same quiet abruptness with which he had left Miss Robinson, he made his way from the room.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"It must be Walter Pater," replied Marston, almost in a whisper, for he did not know whether the visitor was still near, or in the room at all.

"Surely not," I urged, having in mind a description of the author of the book that was a kind of gospel of joy to me, — a description ludicrously inexact and inapt, though given by a member of the college of which Mr. Pater was a Fellow.

"Yes, it must have been Pater. I knew he was to be here. That was why I urged you to come. If only we'd come earlier we might have met him properly. I know every other voice in the room; and I am sure *that* was no other than the voice of Mr. Rose."

This allusion to Mr. Mallock's parody was apt to irritate me then, and I was about to jump to that red rag when Miss Robinson came up, seriously reproachful because of the lateness of our arrival. But when she saw how sorry I was not even to have known whom I was looking at, she promised that a more fortunate opportunity should soon occur.

Three days later I received an invitation to dine with my friends in Gower Street, with those welcome words added, "to meet Mr. Walter Pater."

On the second occasion, I saw Mr. Pater in a different aspect. He was suave, polite, with that courteous deference he showed to the young as well as to his equals and elders. I have never forgotten my first impression of him, when he appeared in that austere if not almost sombre aspect which, though more rarely seen, was as characteristic as the reserved cordiality which won him so many friends.

Even at that early period of our acquaintance I noticed how swiftly responsive he was to youth as youth. When he spoke to one of the daughters of his hostess, or to any young man or woman, his face grew more winsome, and a serene, almost a blithe light came into his eyes. He looked so alert, standing by a tall lamp which gave a warmer glow to his complexion than its wont, that he seemed hardly the same man I had met before. I remember the attitude and look well, for it flashed upon me that I had seen, in an old city of Brabant, a portrait of a Flemish gentleman which, but for the accidental differences in dress and the ornamentation of the lamp, might have been painted from him there and then. I suppose he noted my intent look, for, though we had not yet been introduced, he came over to me, held out his hand, and asked how Philip Marston was, saying that he was glad to see him the other day. I was, of course, surprised that he had recognized me; for, as I have said, so far as I was aware he had not looked our way, on the afternoon in question, until he made his abrupt and brief advance to Marston. Gravely smiling, and with eyes filled with a kind and friendly light, he added: "I recognized you at once. I am accustomed to seeing, and noting, young faces; and when once I note, I never forget. But not only do I recognize you; I know who you are."

At this complimentary remark my heart sank, for at that time I was absolutely unknown as a writer, and was

sure that nothing of my youthful scribbling could have come to Mr. Pater's knowledge, or, having come, could have attracted his attention. I feared, therefore, he had mistaken me for some notable young poet or novelist, and that when he learned I was a "nobody" his interest would be less cordial. But his ensuing words set me at ease. This meeting happened at a time when I had begun to see a good deal of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then so much a recluse that almost no strangers, and few even of friends and acquaintances, penetrated the isolation in which he lived.

With a kind touch on my shoulder he repeated my name, and then asked about Rossetti, and told me that after dinner he wanted to have a chat with me about the poet-painter, "the greatest man we have among us, in point of influence upon poetry, and perhaps painting."

I had been told that Walter Pater was too reticent, too reserved, perhaps too self-absorbed to be a good or even an interesting conversationalist at a dinner party. Then, and later, I had opportunity to note that if he was self-absorbed he did not betray it, and that he was neither reserved in manner nor reticent of speech. That evening he was possessed by a happy gaiety. Humor was never Pater's strong point, but on that occasion he was both humorous and witty, though with the quiet wit and humor of the Hollander rather than of the Frenchman. From the first, I never took Walter Pater for an Englishman. In appearance, in manner, he suggested the Fleming or the Hollander; in the mien and carriage of his mind, so to say, he was a Frenchman of that old northern type which had its meditative and quiet extreme in Maurice de Guérin, and its intensely actual extreme in Guy de Maupassant. Neither mentally nor physically could I discern anything British in him, save in his appreciations; and he had traits which affiliated him to those old Huguenot bearers of his name who

no doubt had a strong Flemish strain in their French blood.

After the ladies had gone, we found ourselves next each other. At once he began to speak to me about Rossetti, asking first many questions as to his health, his way of life, and what he was doing with brush and pen.

"Of the six men now living," he said, "who are certain to be famous in days to come, — Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, and Swinburne, — one is, in my judgment, the most significant as well as the most fascinating. Of these, Ruskin has had by far the most influence over the sentiment of people; Arnold has exercised the most potent influence on intellectual manners, and probably on intellectual method; and Tennyson has imposed a new and exigent conception of poetic art, and has profoundly affected the technique not only of contemporary poetry, but of that which is yet unwritten. As for Browning, he is, and perhaps long will be, the greatest stimulus to hopeful endeavor. He is the finest representative of workable optimism whom England has given us. I am convinced that hundreds of people who delight in his writings are primarily attracted by his robust, happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met attitude towards what he himself prefers to call Providence, and to the tragic uncertainties and certain tragicities of life. How often one hears the remark, given with conclusive emphasis, 'Ah, but how hopeful he is of every one and everything!' No one can admire Browning at his best more than I do; but I do not think his genius is so wedded to his conscious and often tyrannical optimism as is commonly supposed."

"Then Robert Browning is not the one of the six to whom you refer so specially?"

"No; certainly not. Browning is a great poet, perhaps a greater than any of us know. Unquestionably, he, and he

only, can be thought of as the successor to the Laureateship, if, as is likely, he survive Tennyson. I think of him sometimes as a superb god of poetry, so proudly heedless or reckless that he never notices the loss of his winged sandals, and that he is stumbling clumsily where he might well lightly be lifting his steps against the sunway where his eyes are set. But I do think he will be much read in the future, as he is now, chiefly as a stimulant to high-heartedness, to high hope and a robust self-assurance. I remember Matthew Arnold saying that he would admire Browning still more but for his depressing optimism. — of Balliol, who had never met Browning, was wont to say that the poet must be, or have been, a very unhappy man. ‘Such a robust flouting of probabilities,’ he would urge, ‘could be due only to the inevitable law of reaction, — the same that made Keats enjoy a beefsteak after the most sentimental deliverances in *Endymion*, or that made Byron go off with *La Guiccioli* after he had extolled the beauty of virtue.’ But this attitude towards Browning is rare. To most people he is an inexhaustible spring of hope. And hope, I need hardly say, is to most people more vitally near and dear than poetry; or, if you will, let me say that it *is* poetry, the poetry many of us can feel in the twilight rather than in any poem, or in the day, at daybreak or sunset, rather than in any painting by old master or new.”

“Then was your particular allusion to Rossetti?”

“Yes. To my mind he is the most significant man among us. More torches will be lit from his flame — or from torches lit at his flame — than perhaps even enthusiasts like yourself imagine.”

At this point a well-known critic intervened, with somewhat obtrusive asperity, to the effect that Arnold would be read when Rossetti was forgotten, that Browning would be read when Arnold was forgotten, and that Tennyson would

still be familiar to all lovers of poetry when Browning would be known only of students and readers curious in past vogues and ideals.

Pater did not often laugh, but when he did it was always with a catching geniality. His laugh at this juncture prevented a heated argument, and enabled him to waive the subject without any appearance of discourtesy. Smilingly he remarked: “We have all drifted into the Future. Posthumous conversation is unsatisfactory. Besides, prophets never think much of other people’s prophecies. Talking of prophets, how delightfully cocksure Arnold is when he is in the grand vein, as in that last paper of his! Do you not think?” — And so the breakers were safely weathered, and “the wide vague” safely gained again.

Before we parted that night, Walter Pater had made me promise to visit him in Oxford, — a promise given only too gladly, though without an over-sanguine hope of its fulfillment, a possibility that at that time seemed too good to be realizable. I could not then understand why Pater should take so genuine an interest in a young man who had “done nothing,” and of whose possibilities he knew little save by vague and friendly hearsay; but later I understood better. I was young and full of hope and eager energy, and had traveled much and far, and experienced not a few strange vicissitudes. This of itself was enough to interest Pater; indeed, I have known him profoundly interested in an undergraduate simply because the young man was joyously youthful, and had an Etonian reputation as a daredevil scapegrace. Shortly before I first came to London, in 1879, I had returned from a long and eventful voyage in the Pacific and Antarctic; and on that first night, and on many nights thereafter, it seemed to give my new and much-revered friend a singular pleasure to listen to my haphazard narrative of strange sights I had seen and experiences I had undergone. The reason of this

extreme interest in all youthful, unconventional, or unusual life was that Pater himself had never been joyously young, and that he lacked the inborn need as well as the physical energy for adventurous life, whether upon the cricket-field and the river, or on the high seas and in remote lands.

My first visit to Walter Pater was my first visit to Oxford. I leave to enthusiasts for that fair city of towers and spires, who may also be admirers of one of the worthiest of her sons, to imagine with what eager pleasure I went, with what keen pleasure I drank deep during a few happy days at this new fount, so full of fresh and delightful fascination.

Mr. Pater then lived, with his two sisters, in a pretty house a short way out of the actual town. He had, beside, his Fellow's rooms at Brasenose, where sometimes he preferred to stay when much preoccupied with his work, and where occasionally he put up an invited guest. I came to know these rooms well later, but I have not forgotten my first impression of them. The sitting-room, or study, was in a projection of Brasenose, looking out upon the picturesque, narrow public way. There was a snug, inset, cushioned corner, much loved and frequented by its owner, — always thereafter to me a haunted corner in a haunted room. My first impression then of the *tout-ensemble* was of its delicate austerity. There was a quiet simplicity everywhere, eminently characteristic of the dweller; but one could see at a glance that this austerity was due to an imperious refinement, to a scrupulous selection. There were low-set bookshelves, filled with volumes which were the quintessential part of the library Pater might have had if he had cared for the mere accumulation of books. Most of them were the Greek and Latin classics, German and French works on æsthetics, and the treasures of French and English imaginative literature. To my surprise, I

noticed, in one section, several volumes of distinctly minor contemporary poetry; but these proved to be presentation copies, for which Pater always had a tender heart. "To part with a book containing an inscription of personal regard, affection, or homage," he said to me once, "is to me like throwing on to the high-road rare blooms brought from a distance by kind or loving friends."

While I was examining some of these volumes, that evening, he took a leather portfolio from a cabinet.

"Here is what delights me. This portfolio contains only manuscript poems. Some are manuscript copies of poems that the world already possesses; others are copies of verses which are to appear in due course; and a few are the actual originals, in even the most immature of which I have a rare pleasure. If it were practicable, I would read all poetry, for the first time, in the handwriting of the poet. There is always, to me, an added charm when I can do so, an atmosphere. The poem gains, and my insight or sympathy is swifter and surer. I am conscious of this also in prose, though perhaps not so keenly, and certainly not so frequently. Of course there is one exception, — every one, surely, must feel the same here; that is, in the instance of letters. Imagine the pleasure of reading the intimate letters of Michael Angelo, of Giorgione, of Lionardo, of Dante, of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Goethe, in the originals! It would be like looking on a landscape in clear sunlight or moonlight, after having viewed it only through mist or haze."

"Several young writers," he continued, "have sent their manuscript to me to look over; and at this moment I have two small manuscript books by undergraduates of exceptional promise. But I will show you what will interest you more. Here is a copy of *The Sea-Limits* in Rossetti's own writing. He made the copy at a friend's request. Here is a page of *Atalanta in Calydon*, which

was given to me as the original, though very likely it is only a copy made by Swinburne. I must find out from him some day. Matthew Arnold gave me this original, or first copy, of the first three stanzas of his *Morality*. All these others, here, are autograph poems, or part poems, or prose passages, by Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, Victor Hugo; though, alas, few of these are my own, but have been lent to me. Even this vicarious ownership is a joy."

I asked him if he had ever written verse himself. He said he had, and that before his twenty-fifth year he had written a good deal in verse, and had made many metrical translations from the Greek anthology, from Goethe, and from Alfred de Musset and other French poets.

"At twenty-five I destroyed all, or nearly all, — everything in verse which had survived. In none of my original efforts was there any distinction. Not one had that atmosphere of its own which there is no mistaking. But I learned much through the writing of verse, and still more through metrical translation. I have great faith in scrupulous and sympathetic translation as a training in English composition. At one time I was in the habit of translating a page from some ancient or modern prose writer every day: Tacitus or Livy, Plato or Aristotle, Goethe or Lessing or Winckelmann, and once, month after month, Flaubert and Sainte-Beuve."

But though the books in Walter Pater's rooms were a special attraction, the first thing to catch the eye was a large and fine *alto-rilievo*, a Madonna by Luca della Robbia, the exquisite delicacy and soft cream-white tone of which not only harmonized with, but seemed to focus the other things in the room, — the few etchings against the dull yellow wall-paper, one or two old Italian bronze ornaments that caught the sheen of sunlight or lamp-light, a low, wide piece of Wedgewood full of white flowers, a slim gold-brown

vase on the broad sill, containing wall-flowers, or flowering lavender, or chrysanthemums, or winter aconites, as the season went.

The afternoon sunlight pervaded the room with a quiet beauty. The interior looked to me like an old picture, with something of the home charm of the finest Dutch art, and more of the remote grace, the haven-like serenity, so beloved of the early Italians. I noticed a long ray of sunlight slant across the flowers and waver into a shadowy corner, where it moved like a golden finger, and seemed to point out or lead forth unexpected vagaries of light and shade. When I glanced at my companion, I saw that his gaze was arrested by the same vagrant sunbeam. He began to speak in a low voice about gold: the gold of nature; above all, the chemic action of 'golden light; and how it was "the primary color of delight" throughout nature and in nearly all art.

"Through all writing, too, that is rare and distinctive and beautiful," he said, "there is a golden thread. Perhaps the most skillful weavers are those who so disguise it in the web that its charm is felt though its presence is undetected, or at least unobtruded."

Later, when the lamp was lit, he read, at my request, the revised version of his then unpublished (in book form) essay, entitled *The School of Giorgione*: chosen because of the allusions in it to that very alchemy of gold light of which he had spoken: "*coloring*, that weaving as of just perceptible gold threads of light through the dress, the flesh, the atmosphere, in Titian's *Lace-Girl*, — the staining of the whole fabric of the thing with a new, delightful physical quality;" "the accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a moment on the wall or floor;" "this particular effect of light, this sudden inweaving of gold thread through the texture of the haystack, and the poplars, and the grass." "Only, in Italy all natural things are, as

it were, woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts."

How well I remember that first lesson in the way rightly to apprehend art; how "to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfills its responsibilities to its special material; to note in a picture that true pictorial charm, which is neither a mere poetical thought or sentiment on the one hand, nor a mere result of communicable technical skill in color or design on the other; to define in a poem that true poetical quality, which is neither descriptive nor meditative merely, but comes of an inventive handling of rhythmical language, — the element of song in the singing; to note in music the musical charm, — that essential music, which presents no words, no definable matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us."

When he read, Pater spoke in a low voice, rather hesitatingly at first, and sometimes almost constrainedly. Soon, however, he became absorbed; then his face would light up as with an inner glow, he would lean forward, and though his voice neither quickened nor intensified there was in it a new vibration. Occasionally, he would move his right hand slowly, with an undulating motion.

For three or four days he was my guide in Oxford, but my happiest recollections are of our walks in Christ Church meadows and by the banks of the Cherwell. He walked heavily, and, particularly when tired, with a halting step that suggested partial lameness. He was singularly observant of certain natural objects, aspects, and conditions, more especially of the movement of light in grass and among leaves, of all fragrances, of flowing water; but with this he was, I

presume willfully, blind to human passers-by. Often I have seen some fellow-don wave a greeting to him, which either he did not see or pretended not to see, and it was rare that his eyes rested on any undergraduate who saluted him, unless the evasion would be too obviously discourteous. On the other hand, he would now and again go out of his way to hail and speak cordially to some young fellow in whom he felt a genuine interest.

Although I saw Walter Pater occasionally after this date, I did not stay with him again in Oxford until the late spring of 1884. In the autumn of 1882, I wrote to him telling him that I believed I had discovered and recovered each article he had published, and had had them separately bound; and at the same time eagerly urged upon him that the time had come when he should no longer delay the collection in book form of these essays on literature and art. At the date in question, I was writing that chapter in my *Record of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* which deals with his prose, and had made particular allusion to and quotation from Pater, — an unimportant fact which I appear to have considered worthy of communication to him. On November 5, he wrote with over-generous words of praise, as was his kindly wont with young writers (beginning informally, and adding, "I think we have known each other long enough to drop the 'Mr.'"): —

2 BRADMORE ROAD, OXFORD,
November 5, 1882.

... I read your letter with great pleasure, and thank you very much for it. Your friendly interest in my various essays I value highly. I have really worked hard for now many years at these prose essays, and it is a real encouragement to hear such good things said of them by the strongest and most original of young English poets. It will be a singular pleasure to me to be con-

nected, in a sense, in your book on Rossetti, with one I admired so greatly. I wish the book all the success both the subject and the writer deserve.

You encourage me to do what I have sometimes thought of doing, when I have got on a little further with the work I have actually on hand, namely, to complete the various series of which the papers I have printed in the *Fortnightly*, etc., are parts. The list you sent me is complete with the exception of an article on Coleridge in the *Westminster* of January, 1866, with much of which, both as to matter and manner, I should now be greatly dissatisfied. That article is concerned with S. T. C.'s prose; but, corrected, might be put alongside of the criticism on his verse which I made for *Ward's English Poets*. I can only say that should you finish the paper you speak of on these essays, your critical approval will be of great service to me with the reading public.

As to the paper on *Giorgione* which I read to you in manuscript, I find I have by me a second copy of the proof, which I have revised and send by this post, and hope you will kindly accept. It was reprinted some time ago, when I thought of collecting that and other papers into a volume. I am pleased to hear that you remember with so much pleasure your visit to Oxford, and hope you will come for a longer stay in term time early next year.

At the end of this month I hope to leave for seven weeks in Italy, chiefly at Rome, where I have never yet been. We went to Cornwall for our summer holiday; but though that country is certainly very singular and beautiful, I found there not a tithe of the stimulus to one's imagination which I have sometimes experienced in quite unrenowned places abroad. . . .

The copy of the *Giorgione* essay alluded to in this letter was one of several essays printed at the Clarendon Press in

Oxford at Pater's own cost. I asked him once why, particularly as his was so clear and beautiful a handwriting, he went to this heavy expense when he did not mean to publish (and in some instances the type was distributed after a few copies had been printed); to which he replied that though he could, and did, revise often and scrupulously in manuscript, he could never adequately disengage his material from the intellectual light in which it had been conceived, until he saw it in the vivid and unsparing actuality of type. This copy, besides its autograph inscription and textual corrections, bears the circular stamp of the Clarendon Press, 12th of November, 1878; so it was printed three years before I heard it from manuscript, and more than ten years before it was published in book form along with other papers. As its pagination is from page 157 to page 184, its author must have had quite a large volume printed at the Clarendon Press.

Much as I value this early *Giorgione* copy, and *The Child of the House*, and each of the books given me on publication, my chief treasure is the bound copy of the proofs of *Marius the Epicurean*. I had these proofs for some weeks before publication, and so had the additional pleasure of a thorough familiarity with one of the finest, and perhaps the most distinctive of the prose works of the Victorian era, before the less fortunate public knew anything of it. *Marius* had been begun, and in part written, long before Walter Pater went to Rome, in 1882, for the first time; but it was not till the summer of 1883 that he wrote it as it now stands, — wrote and rewrote, with infinite loving care for every idea, for every phrase, for each sentence, each epithet, each little word or mark of punctuation.

One of the earliest reviews of *Marius the Epicurean* was that which appeared in *The Athenæum* as the leading article, some seven to eight columns in length.

Besides this, I wrote also a longer article upon the book in the now defunct magazine, *Time*. My *Athenæum* review appeared on the last day of February, and on March 1 Pater wrote as follows:—

2 BRADMORE ROAD, OXFORD.

. . . I have read your article in *The Athenæum* with very real pleasure; feeling criticism at once so independent and so sympathetic to be a reward for all the long labors the book has cost me. You seem to me to have struck a note of criticism not merely pleasant, but judicious; and there are one or two important points—literary ones—on which you have said precisely what I should have wished, and thought it important for me to have said. I thank you sincerely for your friendly work; also for your letter [about *Marius*], and the other article, which I shall look forward to, and greatly value. I was much pleased, also, that Mrs. Sharp had been so much interested in my writing. It is always a sign to me that I have to some extent succeeded in my literary aim when I gain the approval of accomplished women.

I should be glad, and feel it a great compliment, to have *Marius* translated into German, on whatever terms your friend likes; provided, of course, that Macmillan approves. I will ask him his views on this point.

As regards the ethical drift of *Marius*, I should like to talk to you, if you were here. I *did* mean it to be more anti-Epicurean than it has struck you as being. In one way, however, I am glad that you have mistaken me a little on this point, as I had some fears that I might seem to be pleading for a formal thesis of “*parti pris*.” Be assured how cheering your praise—praise from so genuine and accomplished a fellow-workman—has been to me. Such recognition is especially a help to one whose work is so exclusively personal and solitary as the kind of literary work which I feel I can do best must be. . . .

From a later passage in this letter—ultimately of so purely personal an interest that its reproduction here would be unwarrantable—it is evident that Pater had carefully read through the book after its publication, to find his fastidious taste offended by one or two little flaws. For, not content with the revised proofs he had given me, he wrote, “I have told the Macmillans to send you a properly bound copy of *Marius*, with only a few misprints.”

When I went to stay with him in the late spring of 1884, when Oxford was looking its loveliest, we had many long talks about *Marius* and the new Cyrenaicism, and on all implied in what it has become the vogue to call the new Hedonism.

More and more Walter Pater sought a rarer atmosphere of beauty,—outward beauty, and the beauty of the inner life. His ideals of conduct were Spartan rather than what is so loosely called Epicurean: austerity in clear, lucid, wind-swept thought; austerity in the expression of that thought, even when wrought by it to the white heat of creative emotion, but an austerity that came from the reserve force of perfect and scrupulous mastery, and from no timidity or coldness or sterility of deep feeling; and austerity in life.

How well I remember one evening in the meadows by the Cherwell! It was a still, golden sunset. Already the dew had begun to fall, and the air was heavy with the almost too poignant fragrance of the meadowsweet. I had made a remark about the way some people were haunted by dream-fragrances, and instanced queen-of-the-meadow, as we call it in Scotland, in my own case. Pater replied that certain flowers affected his imagination so keenly that he could not smell them with pleasure; and that while the white jonquil, the gardenia, and the syringa actually gave him pain, the meadowsweet generally gave him a sudden fugitive sense of distant pastures,

and twilit eves, and remote scattered hamlets.

"On an evening like this," he added, "there is too much of it. It is the fault of nature in England that she runs too much to excess. Well, after all, that is a foolish thing to say. There is always something supremely certain about nature's waywardness."

"You remember Blake, — 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom'?"

"Yes; it is a notable saying, and, like most kindred sayings, is probably half true, though I doubt if in this instance more than partially, or only very occasionally true. Talking of Blake, I never repeat to myself, without a strange and almost terrifying sensation of isolation and long weariness, that couplet of his:

'Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun.'"

This led on to my asking him what were his favorite *intimate* passages. I have forgotten, or do not remember with sufficient exactness to record them, what he gave; though I recollect that he placed foremost that noble maxim from Plato: "*Honor the soul; for each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or worse.*"

Every great writer, he said, had serviceable apothegms on the conduct of art as well as the conduct of life. At that time he was re-reading some of the chief books of two great novelists, more radically than merely racially distinct, Balzac and George Eliot. I asked which writer he found the more stimulating, the more suggestive, the more interesting. Balzac, he replied, he found more interesting, though he thought George Eliot the more suggestive. "But of neither would I speak as stimulating." "Balzac," he resumed, "is full of good things, things well said and worth daily remembrance, as for example this: 'Le travail constant est la loi de l'art comme celle de la vie.'"

"A little while ago you said," I inter-

polated, "that Keats was unquestionably right when he wrote that Invention was the pole-star of Poetry. Would you say the same in the instance of every other art?"

"No doubt, no doubt; only one must be sure one knows exactly what one means by Invention. An admirable French critic has said this for us: 'L'Invention, qualité première et base de toutes les autres, dans les opérations des beaux-arts.' And by the way, bear this, from the same source, ever in mind: 'Il y a dans la composition deux écueils à éviter, le trop peu d'art, et le trop d'art.'"

It was on this occasion, also, I remember, that, on my asking him what he, personally, considered the most memorable passage in George Eliot, he surprised me by saying, after a brief while for reflection, that it was the remark put into Piero di Cosimo's mouth, in *Romola*: "The only passionate life is in form and color."

His interest in Piero di Cosimo, and Bazzi, and a few other rare and distinctive figures of mediæval Italy, was, I may add, singularly keen. There were two strangenesses, if I may use the word, which always appealed to him strongly: the strangeness that lies in familiarity, and the strangeness of the unusual, the remote, the mysterious, the wild. He loved the vicarious life. His own was serenely quiet and uneventful, but he thrilled with excitement when a foreign element, of altogether alien circumstance, entered it, whether this intruder was a living person or only a mental actuality. He was like those early Italian or Flemish painters of whom he speaks in one of his essays, "who, just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of sixty years in quiet, systematic industry." As he says of Wordsworth, "there was in his own character a certain contentment, a sort of religious placidity, seldom found united with a sensibility like

his. . . His life is not divided by profoundly felt incidents; its changes are almost wholly inward, and it falls into broad, untroubled spaces. This placid life matured in him an unusual, innate sensibility to natural sights and sounds, the flower and its shadow on the stone, the cuckoo and its echo."

It is his apprehension of, his insight into, this subtle, profoundly intimate second-life in every manifestation of human life and nature, of the warm shadow as well as of the sunlit flower, of the wandering voice as well as of the spring harbinger, that is one secret of the immediate appeal of Walter Pater's work to all who not only love what is beautiful, wheresoever and howsoever embodied, but also, as a Celtic saying has it, "look at the thing that is behind the thing."

An apprehension, an insight in some degree akin, must be in the reader who would understand Walter Pater the man as well as Walter Pater the writer and thinker. There are few more autobiographical writers, though almost nowhere does he openly limn autobiographical details. Only those lovers of his work who have read, and read closely, lovingly, and intimately, all he has written, can understand the man. He is one of those authors of whom there can never be any biography away from his writings. The real man is a very different one from the Mr. Rose of *The New Republic*, from "the mere conjurer of words and phrases" of Mr. Freeman, from "the demoralizing moralizer" of the late Master of Balliol, from "the preacher of a remote and exclusive æstheticism" of those who seldom read and never understood him, from the sophisticated, cold, and humanly indifferent exponent or advocate of "art for art's sake alone." In no writer of our time is there more tenderness; more loving heed of human struggle, aspiration, failure, heroic effort, high achievement; more profound understanding of "the

thing that is behind the thing;" above all, a keener, a more alive, a more swift and comprehensive sympathy. If those who have read one or two of the purely art essays only will take up the paper on Charles Lamb or the deeply significant and penetrative study of Wordsworth (surely the most genuinely critical, the most sympathetic and rightly understanding, of all estimates of Wordsworth), they will speedily hear the heart-beat of one who was a man as other clean-hearted, clean-minded, clean-living men are, and a writer of supreme distinction only "by grace of God."

Though there are few so direct autobiographical indications as may be found in *The Child of the House* (essentially, and to some extent in actual detail, a record of the author's child-life), or as the statement in the Lamb essay that it was in a wood in the neighborhood of London that, as a child, he heard the cuckoo for the first time, the inner life of Walter Pater is written throughout each of his books, woven "like gold thread" through almost every page, though perhaps most closely and revealingly in *Marius the Epicurean*. That *Marius* is largely himself would be indubitable even were there no personal testimony to support the evidence. I remember, when he read *Marius* to me in manuscript, that the passage at page 136 (first edition), beginning, "It seemed at first as if his care for poetry had passed away . . . to be replaced by the literature of thought," was admitted by him to be — as again at pages 103, 169, and elsewhere — directly autobiographical. This is the passage wherein occur two phrases now famous: "a severe intellectual meditation, the salt of poetry," and "spontaneous surrender to the dominion of the outward impressions." He had the same horror of snakes and creeping things of which his young Epicurean was so painfully conscious. I remember one occasion when, at Oxford, a small party of us had gone down-

stream, to reach a wood of which Pater was fond in the first hot days of late spring. He was walking with my wife, when suddenly she saw him start, grow paler than his wont, and abruptly hurry forward with averted head. The cause of this perturbation was that, to the right of the pathway, a large "earth adder," or "slow-worm," lay dead or dying. This aversion was excited even by inanimate representations of snakes. Once, when he was visiting us in London, his gaze was attracted by the gleaming of the lamplight upon a circular ornament my wife wore round her neck. It was a flexible silver serpent, made of over a thousand little silver scales, the work of a Florentine mechanic, which I had brought home from Italy. In response to his inquiry, she unloosed it and handed it to him; but as she did so, it writhed about her arm as though alive. Pater drew back, startled, nor would he touch or look at it, beautiful as the exquisitely minute workmanship was; and indeed, so uneasy was he, so evidently perturbed that she should wear anything so "barbaric," that, laughingly, she agreed not to replace it, but safely to lock it up in its morocco case again.

Keenly, too, he had that vague dread of impending evil which perturbed Marius when, on his way to Rome, he climbed the gloomy, precipitous slopes of *Urbs-Vetus*; that "sense of some unexplored evil ever dogging his footsteps" (page 24); that "recurrent sense of some obscure danger beyond the mere danger of death, — vaguer than that, and by so much the more terrible" (page 124); that dread of which he writes (page 178), "His elaborate philosophy had not put beneath his feet the terror of mere bodily evil, much less of 'inexorable fate and the noise of greedy Acheron.'" He had a great dislike of walking along the base of dark and rugged slopes, or beneath any impendent rock. When, a few years ago, he came to reside for the most part in London, he hoped that this

apprehension would depart, or never be evoked. For a time, London gave him a fresh and pleasant stimulus; but later, it began to weary, to perturb, and at last to allure him into even deeper despondencies than his wont. It was with a welcome sense of home-coming that, not long ago, he returned to Oxford as his permanent place of abode. But of his gloom, so far as his literary work is affected by it, the aptest thing that can be said is a passage in his own essay on Charles Lamb: "The gloom is always there, though restrained always in expression, and not always realized either for himself or his readers; and it gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature, among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful play of expression, as if at any moment these light words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper heart of things."

Aside from Marius the Epicurean, there is a radical mistake on the part of those who affirm that Pater is, after all, but a subtle and seductive writer on art; meaning the arts of painting and sculpture. It is true that, from his first able essay, that on Winckelmann, to those on *The School of Giorgione* and *The Marbles of Ægina*, he is the profoundest, and generally the most trustworthy of art critics; but — and again, apart from the creative quality informing each of these essays, making them not only interpretations, but works of art — he is, of course, much more than this. His volume of studies of contemporary poetry and prose, and kindred themes, is alone sufficient to base an enduring reputation upon.

As of the brilliant Flavian who so won the heart of Marius when he left sea-girt Luna for Pisa, we might say of Walter Pater: "What care for style! What patience of execution! What research for the significant tones of ancient idiom, — *sonantia verba et antiqua!* What stately and regular word-building,

— *gravis et decora constructio!*” But, invariably, we have to note also that ever “the happy phrase or sentence is really modeled upon a cleanly finished structure of scrupulous thought.”

Nothing irritated Pater more than to be called a mere stylist. He was a thinker first, and a rare and distinguished stylist by virtue of his thought; for, after all, style is simply the rainbow light created by the thought, and is pure, transparent, precise, and beautiful, or is intermittent, incoherent, crudely interfused, even as is the thought.

Of his more directly or frankly imaginative work, his *Imaginary Portraits*, from the early *Child of the House* to the latest, the narrative of Emuald Uthwart, of Gaston de Latour, of Brother Apollyon, I have not now space to speak, nor indeed is this the occasion. But once again I must say that those who would know Walter Pater must read all he has written. In that serene, quiet, austere, yet passionate nature of his, so eminently Teutonic, so distinctively northern, there was, strange to say, a strain of Latin savagery. It found startling expression in the bloody tragedy of the sacrifice of Denys l'Auxerrois, and, in his latest published writing, in the strange and terrifying death of the boy Hyacinth.

Let me, rather, end this article — so slight and inadequate, I am painfully aware — with two noble passages, more truly characteristic of Walter Pater than any of the generally perverted art-for-art's-sake dicta so often quoted from his earlier writings, severed from their illuminating context. The first is that which concludes the earliest of his critical studies, that on Winckelmann: —

“And what does the spirit need in the face of modern life? The sense of freedom. That naïve, rough sense of freedom which supposes man's will to be limited, if at all, only by a will stronger than his, he can never have again. . . . The chief factor in the thoughts of the modern mind concerning itself is the in-

tricacy, the universality, of natural law, even in the moral order. For us, necessity is not, as of old, a sort of mythological personage without us, with whom we can do warfare; it is a magic web, woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world. Can art represent men and women in these bewildering toils so as to give the spirit at least an equivalent for the sense of freedom? . . . Natural laws we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations. In the romances of Goethe and Victor Hugo, in some excellent work done *after* them, this entanglement, this network of law, becomes the tragic situation in which certain groups of noble men and women work out for themselves a supreme *dénouement*. Who, if he saw through all, would fret against the chain of circumstance which endows one at the end with those great experiences?”

As this is from the first, so let the second be from the last of those memorable critical studies, that on *Style*, written in 1888: —

“It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Misérables*, the English Bible, are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art: then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with

Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul, — that color and mystic perfume, and

that reasonable structure, — it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place in the great structure of human life."

William Sharp.

LITERARY LOVE-LETTERS: A MODERN ACCOUNT.

NO. I. INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

(Eastlake has renewed an episode of his past life. The formalities have been satisfied at a chance meeting, and he continues.)

. . . So your carnations lie over there, a bit beyond this page, in a confusion of manuscripts. Sweet source of this idle letter, and gentle memento of the house on Grant Street and of you! I fancy I catch their odor before it escapes generously into the vague darkness beyond my window. They whisper: "Be tender, be frank; recall to her mind what is precious in the past. For departed delights are rosy with deceitful hopes, and a woman's heart is heavy with living. We are the woman you once knew, but we are much more. We have learned new secrets, new emotions, new ambitions, in love, — we are fuller than before." So — for to-morrow they will be shriveled and lifeless — I take up their message to-night.

I see you now as this afternoon at the Goodriches', when you came in triumphantly to essay that hot room of stupid, restless folk. The new fad of the Goodriches had been puffing a love-song, and the crowd was clapping in an expected way. There you stood at the door, placing us; the roses, scattered in plutocratic profusion, had drooped their heads to our hot faces. We turned from the music to *you*. You knew it, and you were glad of it. You knew that they were busy about you, that you and your ami-

able hostess made an effective group at the head of the room. You scented their possible disapproval with zest, for you had so often mocked their good will with impunity that you were serenely confident of getting what you wanted. Did you want a lover? Not that I mean to offer myself in flesh and blood: God forbid that I should join the imploring procession, even at a respectful distance! My pen is at your service. I prefer to be your historian, your literary maid, half slave, half confidant; for then you will always welcome me. If I were a lover, I might some day be inopportune. That would not be pleasant.

Yes, they were chattering about you, especially around the table where the solid ladies of Chicago served iced drinks. I was sipping it all in with the punch, and looking at the pinks above the dark hair, and wondering if you found having your own way as good fun as when you were eighteen. You have gained, my dear lady, while I have been knocking about the world. You are now more than "sweet:" you are almost handsome. I suppose it is a question of lights and the time of day whether or not you are really brilliant. And you carry surety in your face. There is nothing in Chicago to phase you, perhaps not in the world.

She at the punch remarked, casually, to her of the sherbet: "I wonder when Miss Armstrong will settle matters with Lane? It is the best she can do now, though he is n't as well worth while as the man she threw over." And her

neighbor replied: "She might do worse than Lane. She could get more from him than the showy ones." So Lane is the name of the day. They have gauged you and put you down at Lane. I took an ice and waited, — but you will have to supply the details.

Meantime, you remember, they brought out that new *enfant terrible* madam inflicted upon us. He was dribbling notes, and they whispered about in awed fashion, "Only six years old; just watch his little fingers." But you sailed on with that same everlasting enthusiasm upon your face that I knew six years ago, until you spied me. How extremely natural you made your greeting! I confess I believed that I had lived for that smile six years, and suffered a bad noise for the sound of your voice. It seemed but a minute until we found ourselves almost alone with the solid women at the ices. Then you rustled off, and I believe I told Mrs. Goodrich that musicales were very nice, for they gave you a chance to talk. Madam the lion-hunter accepted anything. Forsooth, have I not written a book? And I went to the dressing-room, wondering why a Chicago grain-dealer needed a mediæval fort for his parties.

Then, then, dear pinks, you came sailing downstairs, peeping out from that bunch of lace. I loitered and spoke. Were the eyes green, or blue, or gray; ambition, or love, or indifference to the world? I was at my old puzzle again, while you unfastened the pinks, and, before the butler, who acquiesced at your frivolity in impertinent silence, you held them out to me. Only you know the preciousness of unsought-for favors. "Write me," you said; and I write.

What should man write about to you but of love and yourself? My pen, I see, has not lost its personal gait in running over the mill books. Perhaps it politely anticipates what is expected! So much the better, say I, for you expect what all men give, — love and devotion. You

would not know a man who could not love you. Your little world is a circle of possibilities. Let me explain. Each lover is a possible conception of life placed at a slightly different angle from his predecessor or successor. Within this circle you have turned and turned, until your head is a bit weary. But I stand outside and observe the whirligig. Shall I be drawn in? No, for I should become only a conventional interest. "If the salt," etc. I remember you once taught in a mission school.

The flowers will tell me no more! Next time give me a rose, — a huge, hybrid, opulent rose, the product of a dozen forcing processes, — and I will love you a new way. As the flowers say good-by, I will say good-night. Shall I burn them? No, for they would smoulder. To-morrow they would be wan. There! I have thrown them out wide into that gulf of a street twelve stories below. They will flutter down in the smoky darkness, and fall like a message from the land of the lotus-eaters upon a prosy wayfarer. And safe in my heart there lives that gracious picture of my lady as she stands above me and gives them to me. That is eternal; you and the pinks are but phantoms. Farewell!

NO. II. ACQUIESCENT AND ENCOURAGING.

(*Miss Armstrong replies on a dull blue, canvas-textured page, over which her stub pen wanders in fashionable negligence. She arrives on the third page at the matter in hand.*)

Ah, it was very sweet, your literary love-letter. Considerable style, as you would say, but too palpably artificial. If you want to deceive this woman, my dear sir trifle, you must disguise your mockery more artfully.

Why did n't I find you at the Kirkwoods? I had Nettie send you a card. They have a "choicer lot" of our good people than the musical Mrs. Goodrich. If you are to get on and in here at Chi-

cago, you must be less supercilious and dainty, and improve your chances. A bit of advice, sir, in reply to your slurs! . . . Why will you always play with things? Perhaps you will say, because I am not worth serious moments. You play with everything, I believe, and that is banal. Ever sincerely,

EDITH ARMSTRONG.

NO. III. EXPLANATORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(*Eastlake has the masculine fondness for seeing himself in the better.*)

I turned the Kirkwoods' card down, and for your sake, or rather for the sake of your memory. I preferred to sit here and dream about you in the midst of my chimney-pots and the dull March mists rather than to run the risk of another, and perhaps fatal impression. And so far as you are concerned your reproach is just. Do I "play with everything"? Perhaps I am afraid that it might play with me. Imagine frolicking with tigers, who might take you seriously, some day, as a tidbit for afternoon tea, — if you should confess that you were serious! That's the way I think of the world, or rather, your part of it. Surely it is a magnificent game, whose rules we learn completely just as our blood runs too slowly for active exercise. I like to break off a piece of its cake (or its rank cheese at times) and lug it away with me to my den up here for further examination. I think about it, I dream over it; yes, in a reflective fashion, I *feel*. It is a charming, experimental way of living.

Then, after the echo becomes faint and lifeless, or, if you prefer, the cheese too musty, I sally out once more to refresh my larder. You play also in your way, but not so intelligently (pardon me), for you deceive yourself from day to day that your particular object, your temporary mood, is the one eternal thing in life. After all, you have mastered but one trick, — the trick of being loved. With that trick you expect to take the

world; but alas! you capture only an old man's purse or a young man's passion.

Artificial, my letters, — yes, if you wish. I should say, not crude, matured, considered. I discuss the love you long to experience. I dangle it before your eyes as a bit of the drapery that goes to the ball of life. But when dawn almost comes and the ball is over, you must not expect the paper roses to smell. This mystifies you a little, for you are a plain, downright siren. Your lovers' songs have been in simple measures. Well, the moral is this: take my love-letters as real in their way as the play, or rather, the opera; infinitely true for the moment, unreal for the hour, eternal as the dead passions of the ages. Further, it is better to feel the aromatic attributes of love than the dangerous or unlovely reality. You can flirt with number nine or marry number ten, but I shall be stored away in your drawer for a life.

You have carried me far afield, away from men and things. So, for a moment, I have stopped to listen to the hum of this chaotic city as it rises from Dearborn and State in the full blast of a commercial noon. You wonder why an unprofitable person like myself lives here, and not in an up-town club with my fellows. Ah, my dear lady, I wish to see the game always going on in its liveliest fashion. So I have made a den for myself, not under the eaves of a hotel, but on the roof, among the ventilators. Here I can see the clouds of steam and the perpetual pall of smoke below me. I can revel in gorgeous sunsets when the fiery light threads the smoke and the mists and the sodden clouds eastward over the lake. And at night I take my steamer chair to the battlements and peer over into a sea of lights below. As I sit writing to you, outside goes the click and rattle of the elevator gates and other distant noises of humanity. My echo comes directly enough; but it does not deafen me. Below there exists my barber, and further

down that black pit of an elevator lies lunch, or a cigar, or a possible cocktail, if the mental combination should prove unpleasant. Across the hall is Aladdin's lamp, otherwise my banker; and above all is Haroun al Raschid. Am I not wise? In the morning, if it is fair, I take a walk among the bulkheads on the roof, and watch the blue deception of the lake. Perhaps, if the wind comes booming in, I hear the awakening roar in the streets and think of work. Perhaps the clear emptiness of a Sunday hovers over the shore; then I wonder what you will say to this letter. Will you feel with me that you should live on a house-top and eat cheese? Do you long for a cool stream without flies, and a carpet of golden sand? Do you want a coal fire and a husband home at six-thirty, or a third-class ticket to the realms of nonsense? Are you thinking of Lane's income, or Smith's cleverness, or the ennui of too many dinners?

I know: you are thinking of love while you read this, and are happy. If I might send you a new sensation in every line, I should be happy too, for your prodigal nature demands novelty. I should then be master for a moment. And love is mastery and submission, the two poles of a strong magnet. Adieu.

NO. IV. FURTHER AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(*Eastlake continues apropos of a chance meeting.*)

So you rather like the curious flavor of this new dish, but it puzzles you. You ask for facts? What a stamp Chicago has put on your soul! You will continue to regard as facts the feeble fancies that God has allowed to petrify. I warn you that facts kill, but you shall have them. I had meditated a delightful sheet of love that has been disdainfully shoved into the waste-basket. A grave moral there for you, my lady!

Do you remember when I was very young and *gauche*? Doubtless, for women never forget first impressions of

that sort. You dressed very badly, and were quite ceremonious. I was the bantling son of one of your father's provincial correspondents, to adopt the suave term of the foreigners. I had been sent to Chicago to fit for a technical school where I was to learn to be very clever about mill machinery. Perhaps you remember my father, — a sweet-natured, wiry, active man, incapable of conceiving an interest in life that was divorced from respectability. I think he had some imagination, for now and then he was troubled about my becoming a loafer. However, he certainly kept it in control: I was to become a great mill owner.

It was all luck at first: you were luck, and the Tech. was luck. Then I found my voice and saw my problem: to cross my father's aspirations, to be other than the Wabash mill owner, would have been cruel. You see his desires were more passionate than mine. I worried through the mechanical, deadening routine of the Tech. somehow, and finally got courage enough to tell him that I could not accept Wabash quite yet. I had the audacity to propose two years abroad. We compromised on one, but I understood that I must not finally disappoint him. He cared so much that it would have been wicked. A few people in this world have positive and masterful convictions. An explosion or insanity comes if their wills smoulder in ineffectual silence. Most of us have no more than inclinations. It seems wise and best that those of mere inclinations should waive their prejudices in favor of those who feel intensely. So much for the great questions of individuality and personality that set the modern world a-shrieking. This is a commonplace solution of the great family problem Turgenief propounded in *Fathers and Sons*. Perchance you have heard of Turgenief?

So I prepared to follow my father's will, for I loved him exceedingly. His life had not been happy, and his nature, as I have said, was a more exacting one

than mine. The price of submission, however, was not plain to me until I was launched that year in Paris in a strange cosmopolitan world. I was supposed to attend courses at the École Polytechnique, but I became mad with the longings that are wafted about Europe from capital to capital. I went to Italy, to Venice and Florence and Rome, to Athens and Constantinople and Vienna. In a word, I unfitted myself for Wabash as completely as I could, and troubled my spirit with vain attempts after art and feeling.

You women do not know the intoxication of five-and-twenty, — a few hundred francs in one's pockets, the centuries behind, creation ahead. You do not know what it is to hunger after the power of understanding and the power of expression; to see the world as divine one minute, and a mechanic hell the next; to feel the convictions of the vagabond; to grudge each sunbeam that falls unseen by you on some mouldering gate in some neglected city, each face of the living wherein possible life looks out untried by you, each picture that means a new curiosity. No, for after all you are material souls; you need a Bradshaw and a Baedeker even in the land of dreams. All men, I like to think, for one short breath in their lives, believe this narrow world to be shoreless. They feel that they should die in discontent if they could not experience, test, this wonderful conglomerate of existence. It is an old, old matter I am writing you about. We have classified it nicely, these days; we call it the "romantic spirit," and we say that it is made three parts of youth and two of discontent, — a perpetual expression of the world's pessimism.

I look back, and I think that I have done you wrong. Women like you have something nearly akin to this mood. Some time in your lives you would all be romantic lovers. The commonest of you anticipate a masculine soul that shall harmonize your discontent into happi-

ness. Most of you are not very nice about it; you make your hero out of the most obvious man. Yet it is pathetic, that longing for something beyond yourselves. This passionate desire for a complete illusion in love is the one permanent note you women have attained in literature. In your heart of hearts you would all (until you become stiff in the arms of an unlovely life) follow a cabman, if he could make the world dance for you in this joyous fashion. Some are hard to satisfy, — for example, you, my lady; and you go your restless, brilliant little way, flirting with this man, coquetting with that, examining a third, until your heart grows weary or until you are at peace. You may marry for money or for love, and in twenty years you will teach your daughters that love does n't pay at less than ten thousand a year. But you don't expect them to believe you, and they don't.

I am not sneering at you. I would not have it otherwise, for the world would be one half cheaper if women like you did not follow the perpetual instinct. True, civilization tends to curb this romantic desire, but when civilization runs against a passionate nature we have a tragedy. The world is sweeter, deeper, for that. Live and love, if you can, and give the lie to facts. Be restless, be insatiable, be wicked, but believe that your body and soul were meant for more than food and raiment; that somewhere, somehow, some day, you will meet the dream made real, and that *he* will unlock the secrets of this life.

It is late. I am tired. The noises of the city begin far down in the darkness. This carries love.

NO. V. AROUSED.

(*Miss Armstrong protests and invites.*)

It is real, real, *real*. If I can say so, after going on all these years with but one idea (according to my good friends) of settling myself comfortably in some

large home, should n't you believe it? You have lived more interestingly than I, and you are not dependent, as most of us are. You really mock me through it all. You think I am worthy only a kind of candy that you carry about for agreeable children, which you call love. To me, sir, it reads like an insult, your message of love tucked in concisely at the close.

No, keep to facts, for they are your *métier*. You make them interesting. Tell me more about your idle, contemplative self. And let me see you tomorrow at the Thorntons'. Leave your sombre eyes at home, and don't expect infinities in tea-gabble. I saw you at the opera last night. For some moments, while Melba was singing, I wanted you and your confectioner's love. That Melba might always sing, and the tide always flood the marshes! On the whole I like candy. Send me a page of it.

E. A.

NO. VI. AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

(*Eastlake, disregarding her comments, continues.*)

Dear lady, did you ever read some stately bit of prose, which caught in its glamour of splendid words the vital throbbing world of affairs and passions, some crystallization of a rich experience, and then by chance turn to the "newsy" column of an American newspaper? (Forsooth these must be literary letters!) Well, that tells the sensations of going from Europe to Wabash. I had caught the sound of the greater harmony, or struggle, and I must accept the squeak of the melodeon. I did not think highly of myself; had started too far back in the race, and I knew that laborious years of intense zeal would place me only third class, or even lower, in any pursuit of the arts. Perhaps if I had felt that I could have made a good third class, I should have fought it out in Europe. There are some things man cannot accomplish, our optimistic national

creed to the contrary. And there would have been something low in disappointing my father for such ignoble results, such imperfect satisfaction.

So to Wabash I went. I resolved to adapt myself to the billiards and whiskey of the Commercial Club, and to the desk in the inner office behind the glass partitions. And I like to think that I satisfied my father those two years in the mills. After a time I achieved a lazy content. At first I tried to deceive myself; to think that the newsy column of Wabash was as significant as the grand page of London or Paris. That simple yarn did n't fool me many months.

Then my father died. I hung on at the mills for a time, until the strikes and the general depression gave me valid reasons for withdrawing. To skip details, I sold out my interests, and with my little capital came to Chicago. My income, still dependent in some part upon those Wabash mills, trembles back and forth in unstable equilibrium.

Chicago was too much like Wabash just then. I went to Florence to join a man, half German Jew, half American, wholly cosmopolite, whom I had known in Paris. His life was very thin: it consisted wholly of interests, — a tenuous sort of existence. I can thank him for two things: that I did not remain forever in Italy, trying to say something new, and that I began a definite task. I should send you my book (now that it is out and people are talking about it), but it would bore you, and you would feel that you must chatter about it. It is a good piece of journeyman work. I gathered enough notes for another volume, and then I grew restless. Business called me home for a few months, so I came back to Chicago. Of all places, you say. Yes, to Chicago, to see this brutal whirlpool as it spins and spins. It has fascinated me, I admit, and I stay on, — to live up among the chimneys, hanging out over the cornice of a twelve-story building; to soak myself

in the steam and smoke of the prairie, and in the noises of a city's commerce.

Am I content? Yes, when I am writing to you; or when the pile of manuscripts at my side grows painfully page by page; or when, peering out of the fortlike embrasure, I can see the sun drenched in smoke and mist, and the "sky-scrapers" gleam like the walls of a Colorado cañon. I have enough to buy me existence, and at thirty I still find peepholes into hopes.

Are these enough facts for you? Shall I send you an inventory of my room, of my days, of my mental furniture? Some long afternoon I will spirit you up here in that little steel cage, and you shall peer out of my window, tapping your restless feet, while you sniff at the squalor below. You will move softly about, questioning the water-colors, the bits of bric-a-brac, the dusty manuscripts, the dull red hangings, not quite understanding the fox in his hole. You will gratefully catch the sounds from the mound below our feet, and when you say good-by and drop swiftly down those long stories, you will gasp a little sigh of relief. You will pull down your veil and drive off to an afternoon tea, feeling that things as they are are very nice, and that a little Chicago mud is worth all the clay of the studios. And I? I shall take the roses out of the vase and throw them away. I shall say, "Enough!" But somehow you will have left a suggestion of love about the place. I shall fancy that I still hear your voice, which will be so far away dealing out banalities. I shall treasure the words you let wander heedlessly out of the window. I shall open my book and write, "To-day she came, — *beatissima hora*."

NO. VII. OF THE NATURE OF A CONFESSION.

(Miss Armstrong is nearing the close of her fifth season. Prospect and retrospect are equally uninviting. She wills to escape.)

I shall probably be thinking about

the rents in your block, and wondering if the family had best put up a sky-scraper, instead of doing all the pretty little things you mention in your letter. At five-and-twenty one becomes practical, if one is a woman whose father has left barely enough to go around among two women who like luxury, and two greedy boys at college with expensive "careers" ahead. This letter finds me in the trough of the wave. I wonder if it's what you call "the ennui of many dinners"? More likely it's because we can't keep our cottage at Sorrento. Well-a-day! it's gray this morning, and I will write off a fit of the blues.

I think it's about time to marry number nine. It would relieve the family immensely. I suspect they think I have had my share of fun. Probably you will take this as an exquisite joke, but 'tis the truth, alas!

Last night I was at the Hoffmeyers' at dinner. It was slow. All such dinners are slow. The good Fraus don't know how to mix the sheep and the goats. For a passing moment they talked about you and about your book in a puzzled way. They think you so clever and so odd. But I know how hollow he is, and how thin his fame! I got some points on the new L from the Hoffmeyers and young Mr. Knowlton. That was interesting and exciting. We dealt in millions as if they were checkers. These practical men have a better grip on life than the cynics and dreamers like you. You call them plebeian and *bourgeois* and Philistine and limited, all the bad names in your select vocabulary. But they know how to feel in the good old common-sense way. You've lost that. I like plebeian earnestness and push. I like success at something, and hearty enjoyment, and good dinners, and big men who talk about a million as if it were a ten-spot in the game.

You see I am looking for number nine and my four horses. Then I mean to invite you to my country house, to have a

lot of "fat" girls to meet you who will talk slang at you, and one of them shall marry you, — one whose father is a great newspaper man. And your new papa will start you in the business of making public opinion. You will play with that too, but then you will be coining money.

No, not here in Chicago, but if you had talked to me at Sorrento as you write me from your sanctum on the roof, I might have listened and dreamed. The sea makes me believe and hope. I love it so! That's why I made mamma take a house near the lake, — to be near a little piece of infinity. Yes, if you had paddled me out of the harbor at Sorrento, some fine night when the swell was rippling in, like the groaning of a sleepy beast, and the hills were a-hush on the shore, then we might have gone on to that place you are so fond of, "the land east of the sun, and west of the moon."

NO. VIII. BIOGRAPHIC AND JUDICIAL.

(Eastlake replies analytically.)

But don't marry him until we are clear on all matters. I have n't finished your case. And don't marry that foreign-looking cavalier you were riding with to-day in the park. You are too American ever to be at home over there. You would smash their fragile china, and you would n't understand. England might fit you, though, for England is something like that dark green, prairie-like park with its regular, bushy trees against a Gainsborough sky. You live deeply in the fierce open air. The English like that. However, America must not lose you.

You it was, I am sure, who moved your family in that conventional pilgrimage of ambitious Chicagoans, — west, south, north. Neither your father nor your mother would have stirred from sober little Grant Street had you not felt the pressing necessity for a career. Rumor got hold of you first on the South Side, and had it that you were experimenting with some small contractor. The explosion which followed reached me even

in Vienna. Did you feel that you could go further, or did you courageously run the risk of wrecking him then instead of wrecking yourself and him later? Oh well, he's comfortably married now, and all the pain you gave him was probably educative. You look at his flaunting granite house on that broad boulevard, and think well of your courage.

Your father died. You moved northwards to that modest house tucked in lovingly under the ample shelter of the millionaires on the Lake Shore Drive. I fancy there has always been the gambler in your nerves; that you have sacrificed your principle to getting a rapid return on your money. And you have dominated your family: you sent your two brothers to Harvard, and filled them with ambitions akin to yours. Now you are impatient because the thin ice cracks a bit.

But I have great faith: you will mend matters by some shrewd deal with the manipulators at Hoffmeyer's, or by marrying number nine. You will do it honestly, — I mean the marrying; for you will convince him that you love, so far as love is in you, and you will convince yourself that marriage, the end of it all, is unselfish, though prosaic. You will accept resignation with an occasional sigh, feeling that you have gone far, perhaps as far as you can go. I trust that solution will not come quickly, however, because I cannot regard it as a brilliant ending to your evolution. For you have kept yourself sweet and clean from fads, and mean pushing, and the vulgar machinery of society. You never forced your way nor intrigued. You have talked and smiled and bewitched yourself straight to the point where you now are. You were eager and curious about pleasures, and the world has dealt liberally with you.

Were you perilously near the crisis when you wrote me? Did the reflective tone come because you were brought at last squarely to the mark, because you must decide what one of the possible con-

ceptions of life you really want? Don't think, I pray you; go straight on to the inevitable solution, for when you become conscious you are lost.

Do you wonder that I love you, my hybrid rose; that I follow the heavy petals as they push themselves out into their final bloom; that I gather the aroma to comfort my heart in these lifeless pages? I follow you about in your devious path from tea to dinner or dance, or I wait at the opera or theatre to watch for a new light in your face, to see your world written in a smile. You are dark, and winning, and strong. You are pagan in your love of sensuous, full things. You are grateful to the biting air as it touches your cheek and sends the blood leaping in glad life. You love water and fire and wind, elemental things, and you love them with fervor and passion. All this to the world! Much more intimate to me, who can read the letters you scrawl for the impudent, careless world. For deep down in the core of that rose there lies a soul that permeates it all, — a longing, restless soul, one moment revealing a heaven that the next is shut out in dark despair.

Yes, keep the cottage by the sea for one more dream. Perchance I shall find something stable, eternal, something better than discontent and striving; for the sea is great and makes peace.

NO. IX. CRITICISM.

(Miss Armstrong vindicates herself by scorning.)

You are a tissue of phrases. You feel only words. You love! What mockery to hear you handle the worn old words! You have secluded yourself in careful isolation from the human world you seem to despise. You have no right to its passions and solaces. Incarnate selfishness, dear friend, I suspect you are. You would not permit the disturbance of a ripple in the contemplative lake of your life such as love and marriage might bring.

Pray what right may you have to stew me in a saucepan up on your roof, and to send me flavors of myself done up nicely into little packages labeled deceitfully "love"? It is lucky that this time you have come across a woman who has played the game before, and can meet you point by point. But I am too weary to argue with a man who carries two-edged words, flattery on one side and sneers on the reverse. Mark this one thing, nevertheless: if I should decide to sell myself advantageously next season, I should be infinitely better than you, for I am only a woman. E. A.

NO. X. THE LIMITATION OF LIFE.

(Eastlake summarizes, and intends to conclude.)

My lady, my humor of to-day makes me take up the charges in your last letters; I will define, not defend, myself. You fall out with me because I am a dilettante (or many words to that one effect), and you abuse me because I deal in the form rather than the matter of love. Is that not just to you?

In short, I am not as your other admirers, and the variation in the species has lost the charm of novelty.

Believe me that I am honest to-day, at least; indeed, I think you will understand. Only the college boy who feeds on Oscar Wilde and sentimental pessimism has that disease of indifference with which you crudely charge me. It is a kind of chicken-pox, cousin-French to the evils of literary Paris. But I must not thank God too loudly, or you will think I am one with them at heart.

No, I am in earnest, in terrible earnest, about all this, — I mean life and what to do with it. That is a great day when a man comes into his own, no matter how paltry the pittance may be the gods have given him, — when he comes to know just how far he can go, and where lies his path of least resistance. That I know. I am tremendously sure of myself now, and, like your good busi-

ness men, I go about my affairs and dispose of my life with its few energies in a cautious, economical way.

What is all this I make so much to do about? Very little, I confess, but to me more serious than L's and sky-scrappers; yes, than love. Mine is an infinite labor: first to shape the true tool, and then to master the material! I grant you I may die any day like a rat on a housetop, with only a bundle of musty papers, the tags of broken conversations, and one or two dead, distorted nerves. That is our common risk. But I shall accomplish as much of the road as God permits the snail, and I shall have moulded something; life will have justified itself to me, or I to life. But that is not our problem to-day.

Why do I isolate myself? Because a few pursuits in life are great taskmasters and jealous ones. A wise man who had felt that truth wrote about it once. I must husband my devotions: love, except the idea of love, is not for me; pleasure, except the idea of pleasure, is too keen for me; energy, except the ideas energy creates, is beyond me. I am limited, definite, alone, without you.

I confess that two passions are greater than any man, the passion for God and the passion of a great love. They send a man hungry and naked into the street, and make his subterfuges with existence ridiculous. How rarely they come! How inadequate the man who is mistaken about them! We peer into the corners of life after them, but they elude us. There are days of splendid consciousness, and we think we have them — then —

No, it is foolish, *bête*, dear lady, to be deceived by a sentiment; better, the comfortable activities of the world. They will suit you best; leave the other for the dream hidden in a glass of champagne.

But let me love you always. Let me fancy you, when I walk down these gleaming boulevards in the silent even-

ings, as you sit flashingly lovely by some soft lamplight, wrapped about in the cotton-wools of society. That will reconcile me to the roar of these noonday streets. The city exists for *you*.

NO. XI. UNSATISFIED.

(Miss Armstrong wills to drift.)

. . . Come to Sorrento . . .

NO. XII. THE ILLUSION.

(Eastlake resumes some weeks later. He has put into Bar Harbor on a yachting trip. He sits writing late at night by the light of the binnacle lamp.)

Sweet lady, a few hours ago we slipped in here past the dark shore of your village, in almost dead calm, just parting the heavy waters with our prow. It was the golden set of the summer afternoon: a thrush or two were already whistling clear vespers in the woods; all else was fruitfully calm.

And then, in the stillness of the ebb, we floated together, you and I, round that little lighthouse into the sheltering gloom of the woods. Then we drifted beyond it all, in serene solution of this world's fret! To-morrows you may keep for another.

This night was richly mine. You brought your simple self, undisturbed by the people who expect of you, without your little airs of experience. I brought incense, words, devotion, and love. And I treasure now a few pure tones, some simple motions of your arm with the dripping paddle, a few pure feelings written on your face. That is all, but it is much. We got beyond necessity, and the impertinent commonplace of Chicago. We had ourselves, and that was enough.

And to-night, as I lie here under the cool, complete heavens, with only a twinkling cottage light here and there in the bay to remind me of unrest, I see life afresh in the old, simple, eternal lines. These are *our* days of full consciousness.

Do you remember that clearing in the woods where the long weeds and grass were spotted with white stones, — burial-place it was, — their bright faces turned ever to the sunshine and the stars? They spoke of other lives than yours and mine. Forgotten little units in our disdainful world, we pass them scornfully by. Other lives, and perhaps better, do you think? For them the struggle never came which holds us in a fist of brass, and thrashes us up and down the pavement of life. Perhaps — can you not, at one great leap, fancy it? — two sincere souls could escape from this brass master, and live unmindful of strife, for a little grave on a hillside in the end? They must be strong souls to renounce that cherished hope of triumph, to be content with the simple, antique things, just living and loving, — the eternal and brave things; for, after all, what you and I burn for so restlessly is a makeshift ambition. We wish to go far, “to make the best of ourselves.” Why not, once for all, rely upon God to make? Why not live and rejoice?

And the little graves are not bad: to lie long years within sound of this great-hearted ocean, with the peaceful upturned stones bearing this full legend, “This one loved and lived.” . . . Forgive me for making you sad. Perhaps you merely laugh at the intoxication your clear air has brought about. Well, dearest lady, the ships are striking their eight bells for midnight, the gayest cottages are going out light by light, and somewhere in the still harbor I can hear a fisherman laboriously sweeping his boat away to the ocean. Away! — that is the word for us: I, in this boat southward, and ever away, searching in grim fashion for an accounting with Fate; you, in your intrepid loveliness, to other lives. And if I return some weeks hence, when I have satisfied the importunate business claims, what then? Shall we slip the cables and drift quietly out “to the land east of the sun and west of the moon”?

(*Eastlake refuses Miss Armstrong's last invitation, continues, and concludes.*)

Last night was given to me for insight. You were brilliantly your best, and set in the meshes of gold and precious stones that the gods willed for you. There was not a false note, not an attribute wanting. Over your head were mellow, clear electric lights that showed forth coldly your faultless suitability. From the exquisitely fit pearls about your neck to the scents of the wine and the flowers, all was as it should be. I watched your face warm with multifold impressions, your nostrils dilate with sensuousness, appreciation, your pagan head above the perfect bosom; about you the languid eyes of your well-fed neighbors.

The dusky recesses of the grand rooms heavy with opulent comfort stretched away from our long feast. There you could rest, effectually sheltered from the harsh noises of the world. And I rejoiced. Each minute I saw more clearly things as they are. I saw you giving the nicest dinners in Chicago, and scurrying through Europe, buying a dozen pictures here and there, building a great house, or perhaps, tired of Chicago, trying your luck in New York; but always pressing on, seizing this exasperating life, and tenaciously sucking out the rich enjoyments thereof! For the gold has entered your heart.

What splendid folly we played at Sorrento! If you had deceived yourself with a sentiment, how long would you have maintained the illusion? When would the morning have come for your restless eyes to stare out at the world in longing and the unuttered sorrow of regret? Ah, I touch you but with words! The cadence of a phrase warms your heart, and you fancy your emotion is supreme, inevitable. Nevertheless you are a practical goddess: you can rise

beyond the waves towards the glorious ether, but at night you sink back. 'Tis alluring, but — eternal?

Few of us can risk being romantic. The penalty is too dreadful. To be successful, we must maintain the key of our loveliest enthusiasm without stimulants. You need the stimulants. You imagined that you were tired, that rest could come in a lover's arms. Better the furs that are soft about your neck, for they never grow cold. Perchance the lover will come also, as a prince with his princedom. It will be comfortable to have your cake and the frosting too. If not, take the frosting; go glittering on with your pulses full of the joys, until you are old and fagged and the stupid world refuses to revolve. Remember my sure word that you were meant for dinners, for power and pleasure and excitement. Trust no will-o'-the-wisp that would lead you into the stony paths of romance.

Some days in the years to come I shall enter at your feasts and watch you in admiration and love. (For I shall always love you.) Then will stir in your heart a mislaid feeling of some joy untasted. But you will smile wisely, and marvel at my exact judgment. You will think of another world where words and emotions alone are alive, where it is always high tide, and you will be glad that you did not force the gates. For life is not always lyric. Farewell.

NO. XIV. THAT OTHER WORLD.

(*Miss Armstrong writes with a calm heart.*)

I have but a minute before I must go down to meet *him*. Then it will be settled. I can hear his voice now and mother's. I must be quick.

So you tested me and found me wanting in "inevitableness." I was too much clay, it seems, and "pagan." What a strange word that is! You mean I love to enjoy; and perhaps you are right, that I need my little world. Who knows? One cannot read the whole story — even you, dear master — until we are dead. We can never tell whether I am only frivolous and sensuous, or merely a woman who takes the best substitute at hand for life. I do not protest, and I think I never shall. I too am very sure — *now*. You have pointed out the path, and I shall follow it to the end.

But one must have other moments, not of regret, but of wonder. Did you have too little faith? Am I so cheap and weak? Before you read this it will be all over. . . . Now and then it seems I want only a dress for my back, a bit of food, rest, and your smile. But you have judged otherwise, and perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will think so. Only I know now and then I shall wish that I might lie among those little white gravestones above the beach.

Robert W. Herrick.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF SCHOOLHOUSES.

THERE is an acknowledged recognition of the fact that man is strongly influenced by his environment, and a natural inference can be drawn that this influence is most active during the early years of his life. Hamerton assumes that the mind crystallizes at the age of thirty-five, and that all subsequent ac-

tion is along the lines of previous trends of thought. However this may be, the surroundings of youth and of early manhood leave most vivid memories, and the reminiscences of after life are prone to revert to early experiences. The adolescent stage should therefore be even more carefully considered in its relation

to public welfare than any other period of man's existence, and the impressions of that plastic time be made beneficial. Of the senses, that of sight is constant in its action, and quiescent only during unconsciousness. Things seen, whether or not appreciated, are developing likes and dislikes, prejudices and opinions. The effect alone of propinquity, of permanent association, accounts for eccentricities of mental attitude, for both coarse and refined tastes, for capability of receiving and giving both pleasure and pain. It does not require an analysis of phrases, such as "to the manner born" or "love at first sight," to make us realize that noble surroundings reflect themselves in manners, or that a sense of beauty accompanies association with it. The recognition of such trite statements as these is so universal, so axiomatic, that the failure of the public to act in accordance with the facts is the more amazing.

Utilitarianism and the desire for beauty appear to be sadly at odds, and the former, being apparently the absolutely necessary thing, is receiving attention, while the latter is considered if time and money will permit. Especially is this the case in architecture wherever it is related to minor public service. In the larger public buildings, there has been an attempt — unintelligent, it is true, but praiseworthy — to make the edifice of importance and of a character befitting its occasion; but in the less pretentious work the general impression of the building is made secondary to its capability for practical use. While this is logical in its inception, and is necessarily the preliminary to all that is best in architecture, it is by no means the entire solution of the problem. The factor of art is as important as the factor of utility. Mere practicability, even under complicated conditions, is but the beginning of the work, and can, by experience and research, be formulated and gradually reduced to recognized methods; but after

this is done, there appears the greater problem of setting these formulated requirements so that they may leave an impression more than that of satisfactory utility upon those who live in and amongst them.

This is the chief *raison d'être* of architecture, and it bids fair to be forgotten. Practicable plan, sanitation, and ventilation, — these are essentials, it is true, and the neglect of proper attention to them is an unpardonable offense; but they are neither inimical to beauty, nor are they productive of it, if dependence is placed upon them alone. In fact, they are merely parts of the healthy organism of that complicated thing, a modern building, and may impress their health upon the observer in the same manner as does the health of a Basque peasant, while being equally ignoble and ugly. The nearer that construction, whether of wood, iron, or stone, approaches to the ideal performance of its duties, the nearer it approaches beauty of form; but this ideal fitness of form to requirement seldom exists, and is more likely to appear in engineering than in architecture. By far the larger number of buildings of the present day are constructed, not ideally, but merely economically, and their skeletons are hideous.

There are now being built in the towns and cities throughout the country small town halls, libraries, and schools, which are to form the ganglia of a higher public life, and will be associated in the memories of the citizens with all that is best in the body politic. The town meeting, the commemorative exercises, and the education of children and youths will be within their walls. To the citizen, next to the love of home will be the memory of these chief buildings of his town. Abroad, each community has the church or cathedral and the municipal building as the nuclei around which the daily life ebbs and flows. With us, the diversity of religious beliefs, the lack of concentration

towards any one faith, has eliminated the preëminence of the church, and the library and school have become the most prominent factors in existence. Fortunately for the architecture of the small libraries, Mr. Richardson developed a type which has been generally imitated, and which, while often primitive, is picturesque. But the school still remains a factory for education. Those of us who have seen Rugby and Harrow, or have visited the board-schools of the smaller English towns, such as Chester or Leamington, remember the fascination of the ivied walls and porches, the long mullioned windows, the oriels and gables, and the surrounding lawns and closes of an English school. And with the pleasure of the memory is mingled the regret that no such association clings to the American school, which is bare and forbidding, set in a waste of gravel, serving its purpose as a shelter, and always kept at an equable temperature. These things we recall, but never can the municipal schoolhouse of America form the background for a Tom Brown. Yet the boy is at his most impressionable age during the years in which he is studying within the walls of the modern school; his hours of work and his time for recreation are influenced by its vicinity, and for eight months of the year at least one half of his waking hours have this school for their setting.

The boy may not feel that his surroundings are anything more to him than a part of the great educational machine that is forming him for future action; if so, the greater pity for a lost opportunity. He may, on the other hand, develop an admiration for the mechanical perfection of his surroundings, in which case he is likely to underestimate and think poorly of beauty which is unaccompanied by technical perfection.

Much of the carping criticism, the dissatisfaction with simple means, that is so characteristic of certain types of citizens can be traced to association with the com-

plex surroundings of modern buildings. The effect of quiet beauty, of walls growing old gracefully with the soft colors that age enhances, of stretches of sward from which vines clamber and cling to projections and spread lovingly over broad surfaces, to gather in swaying masses from stringcourses and label mouldings; the intimate affectionate character of diamond-paned windows, and of postern doorways, which seem to court companionship by the very necessity for close contact in passing through them, — all is absent from the dry formality of the schoolhouse which we build. Perfected methods of lighting, of providing fresh air and of withdrawing vitiated air, of heating and of plumbing, receive full meed of attention, the needs of association with beauty little or none. This is well enough so far as it goes, but is not productive of pleasant reminiscence to the pupil. He is taught little by his environment: there are no sermons in the stones of his school; there is no subtle influence teaching him by the best of examples, that of the object lesson, to appreciate light and shade and color, and to grow fond of them, so that he looks back upon them with affection, and demands that they enter into his life in after years. It is the stimulation of this desire for good things that is so important and so abiding a quality in the education of a child. To have only the best about one means that nothing short of the best will satisfy. And this does not imply extravagant tastes or perpetual disappointment. The best things are more a matter of choice than of cost, and they may be quite as frequent as the inferior products, if we only know how to discriminate between the two. To be educated to know good architecture foreshadows the elimination of bad architecture, and the education is all the better for having been imbibed while young. There are attempts being made to beautify the interiors of schoolrooms, by hanging photographs

and prints of paintings, sculpture, and architecture upon the walls; the walls themselves to be tinted in harmonious and quiet colors. Casts upon pedestals and bas-reliefs used as friezes are also suggested. These are all of value as object lessons; they instruct and influence the pupil's taste, and awake an appreciation that would otherwise lie dormant. It is hardly probable, however, that the memory of these will cause strong affection for the places in which they are to be found; certainly not as strong affection as would be felt for the inclosed playground, the columned porch, and the gabled walls of an English school. It is not sufficient to crown a wall with a pleasing cornice, or to space windows in just intervals upon a plain façade in order to have that façade remembered with pleasure.

Appreciation of subtle proportions is a trained and acquired taste; it does not exist in early years. During the adolescent period of which we are speaking, the fantastic appeals more than the austere, the picturesque more than the classic. These are the days in which we are intense, in which we love *Ivanhoe* and *Peveril of the Peak*, when Dumas means much to us, and our heroes are those of the strong arm. Exaggeration is truth to us, and our sense of perspective is perverted. It is almost amusing to read the titles of the early friends amongst books of an architectural student. His first purchases, the small volumes that are all that his purse can compass, are usually upon Gothic art, or upon the luxuriant pomposities of Spain. Finials, crockets, corbels, gargoyles, the very names have a rich, mellifluous sound, and recall depths of light and shade, wealth of color and fascination of grotesque carving. The Hunchback of Notre Dame is not more bizarre than the plates in these volumes that, with rich lithographic chiar-oscuro, show the fantastic conceits of the Gothic architect. As time passes, the books that

shoulder each other in the student's library tend more and more towards austerity of line and dignity of mass rather than picturesqueness. Among the more florid Gothic volumes appear works upon Early English mouldings or upon the pure style of the Isle de France, to be succeeded by the delicacies of the style of François Premier. Venetian façades, symmetrical in conception but with constantly varying detail, Byzantine domes rich with the glory of mosaics, the romantic epics of architecture, one by one are found among more sensational predecessors, and in their turn give place to works full of the subtleties of Italian Renaissance; and at last there appear three or four ponderous volumes which give evidence by the wear of their bindings of their frequent use. The choice of the best has at last occurred, and Letarouilly's *Édifices de Rome* and Stewart and Revett's *Athens* hold the honored places upon the shelves.

The sequence is suggestive. The mind of the pupil is incapable of an entire appreciation of the most noble architecture, and the purse of the public is either insufficient or unwilling to provide that architecture in any but its most meagre form. But picturesque architecture is within the public means, and is thoroughly enjoyed by the student. Classic architecture is suited to large cities, where the long lines of buildings, the flat roofs and façades without advancing or retreating planes, do not lend themselves to picturesque groupings; therefore it may be as well to build in classic styles the city schools which are not isolated. But even under these circumstances there should be more motives in the façade than ordinarily occur. There is no objection to grouped windows in schoolrooms, yet they seldom appear, and there is but slight opposition to the use of mullions and transoms, both of which are most effective upon exterior and interior. In isolated suburban or small town schools, the neces-

sity for classicism, caused by the immediate surroundings, ceases to exist, and the picturesque treatment of architectural forms is by far the most agreeable that can be adopted. Greater subdivision of both mass and surface than is now customary is desirable.

There is still another side to the question. Study of any kind, even the enforced study of the child, requires a certain amount of seclusion to produce the best result. Its associations should be those of the library, the recitation room, and even of the cloister. A resemblance to a factory is the last thing to be desired in a school. The bare brick walls and raw beams trussed with iron rods, which are only too evident, and which accompany the so-called mill construction in all its nakedness, are being used in schools in exactly the same manner that they are in mills; in fact, a school interior could often be mistaken for a room in a factory excepting that school furniture is present. It has even been proposed that schoolhouses be so designed that they may have interchangeable parts; that there may be several stock patterns of porches from which to select, cornices of various shapes and patterns, and windows of regulation sizes. To accept such a proposal is to herald the apotheosis of utilitarianism. While this mechanical perfection of assorted schoolhouses may be advocated seriously, it will hardly be accepted in the same manner, but is, nevertheless, an indication of the lack of perception that a school should be something more than a practical workshop. Though the gymnasias of Greece and of Rome, with peristyles and columned façades, approached by avenues between groups of statues, may be impracticable in our congested cities, it is still possible to make dignified the entrances to our schools, and to build them in attractive forms. An attempt has been made in this direction in the rehabilitation of the colonial school, in the adoption of palladian motives

over entrances, and the occasional use of marble with the brick. Much more, however, might be done in this direction, and the colonial façade, which is nothing more nor less than an economical translation of classic forms, while it is a distinct advance in the architecture of a city school inclosed amongst adjacent buildings, is bald and uninteresting when isolated. Under these latter circumstances, it looks what it is, a plausible, praiseworthy attempt to beautify economically an unattractive mass. The monasteries were the schools of mediæval times; and whether from their character of contemplative seclusion, or from the amount of imagination displayed in the curving of their capitals, string-courses, and arch mouldings, or in the imagery of the tympana above the doorways, these monastery cloisters appeal more to the emotions than do many of the nobler forms of classic architecture. The monk in the cloister garden, the bees humming amid the flowers, and the reflected sunlight from the monastery walls lighting the page of manuscript that he is skillfully illuminating, or the black-letter volume which he is reading with such zeal, — this is the ideal of scholastic quiet, of repose, which has not lost its charm even in the midst of the bustle of the nineteenth century. There are many who dream that if such quietude were still possible, they could bring to fruition, under its influence, the seeds of originality that they possess. It is too much to expect that the peace of the cloister can have even a faint reflection in the activity of the school; perhaps it is as well that it should not; but the surroundings of the cloister, which went so far to make the monastic life agreeable, are suggestive in the adoption of a type of architecture for the school. Classic architecture does not permit individuality of minor forms, though it insists upon their refinement to an extent that needs training to appreciate. It requires the use of stone finely cut,

with perfect surfaces and accuracy of detail, and ornament which will show the least deviation from precision of line and modeling. It confines its forms of openings to the lintel, the round arch, and the circle or oval; it permits no accidental effects, no accommodation of one mass to another. Every part must be as perfect as the whole. To construct a small and comparatively inexpensive building in such a style almost necessitates the use of meagre detail. The more picturesque styles, upon the other hand, give much greater latitude in design. At the very beginning, masses do not require such careful balancing; there are all sorts of methods of accommodating forms to one another. Any size or shape of opening may be used; each piece of carving or of ornament may be individual, and may form an object lesson in itself. The variety of material which can be used is unlimited, and brick seems as well suited to the styles as stone. In designing the suburban school, the first thing to be done is to avoid absolutely the appearance of an ornamented box; and this can be done either by the adoption of advancing or retreating wings, or, if this is impossible, by variation in the planes of the façade. The roofs, instead of being flat, should be pitched at greater or less angles. As it is desirable to have as much light as possible in the rooms, and as arched windows cut off the amount of light equivalent to the space occupied by their spandrels, it would be as well to adopt square-headed windows, but these should be grouped with mullions, and perhaps with transoms.

The school should have an inclosure or green upon either front or rear, and it would be better to have this walled than to leave it open. If it is possible to have a colonnaded or arcaded side aisle to this inclosure as an open air space for play in rainy weather, so much the better. The interiors of the schoolrooms should be plastered, and the walls wainscoted with high paneled wainscot; the

expense of this wainscot above that of the usual sheathed wainscot would not be excessive. The large hall should be made as beautiful as possible, with high vaulted or trussed ceiling with ornamented trusses; and this hall should have leaded windows, with the mottoes of the different classes of the school as ornamental escutcheons. These windows should not be of colored glass, excepting of the palest tints, and color should be confined to the escutcheons mentioned. If sculpture is possible, — and it should be possible in memorial schools, and before long in municipal schools by private bequests, — it should be confined to the entrances, to capitals and stringcourses and cornices. Pavements of encaustic tile, the ironwork upon the doors, grilles in the windows, each and all can be made to give character to the work.

It will be seen that the styles best suited to this class of work are the so-called free classic styles; that is, the Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and the actual Queen Anne, not its spurious American namesake.

There are, in addition to these styles, suggestions to be found in the architecture of the smaller French towns, especially those of Normandy and of the district of the Loire. This architecture has in common with those of England a freedom from excessive formality, and a consequent attractiveness when adopted for small buildings. If there is opportunity for any considerable expenditure, schools designed with classic porticos, with impressive arched entrances and vestibules, express civic dignity in the noblest terms, but such schools are seldom likely to appear. By far the larger proportion are necessarily of modest requirements, and it is particularly to these that the foregoing remarks are to be applied. When our cities become architecturally as well as numerically great, the school will naturally be built in a style to correspond with the nobility of the architecture surrounding it.

C. Howard Walker.

DR. HOLMES.

It was thirty-seven years ago that Dr. Holmes published in the first number of this magazine the opening paper of a series which gave distinction at once to *The Atlantic Monthly*. Since that day scarcely a volume has appeared without a word from him, and many of the volumes contain a poem, paper, or chapter of a novel in every number. So identified had he become with the fortunes of the magazine that, the day after his death, I received a communication addressed to him as editor. It was very fortunate for all of us that he never was its editor, for he would have been so scrupulous that he would have expended his energies on other people's work, and we should have missed some of his own.

The constancy with which he held to this medium of communication with the reading public hints at a notable characteristic of his nature which finds abundant expression in his writings. Dr. Holmes had the passion of local patriotism. No one need be told who has read his stirring lyrics, his *Bread and the Newspaper*, his oration on *The Inevitable Trial*, and his sketch of *Motley's life*, how generous was his affection for the nation: but a great crisis brought these expressions to pass; his familiar habit of mind was cordially local. His affection fastened upon his college, and in his college on his class; he had a worthy pride in the race from which he had sprung, and the noble clannishness which is one of the safeguards of social morality; he loved the city of his life, not with the merely curious regard of the antiquary, but with the passion of the man who can be at home only in one place; and he held to New England as to a substantial entity, not a geographical section of some greater whole.

It would be a perversion of logic to say that all this was the result of condi-

tions of life; that the hard-working medical professor must needs stay at home, especially when, for a large part of his academic career, his duties permitted no long vacation, so that, after the preliminary scamper over Europe which every young professional man was expected to make if he could, fifty years would elapse before the man, crowned with honors, should make a royal progress through England; that the lectures, again, before the medical school precluded those general lecturing tours which gave Emerson and others acquaintance with remoter parts of the country. Dr. Holmes had his little experience of the lyceum. A truer account would reverse cause and effect. He did not travel, because Boston and Nahant and Berkshire contented him. His laboratory was at hand; human nature was under his observation from the vantage-ground of home. With the instinct of a man of science, he took for analysis that which was most familiar to him, assured that in the bit of the world where he was born, and out of which he had got his nourishment, he had all he needed for the exercise of his wit.

He lived to see many changes in the large home to which he remained constant, and some of these changes were due to him. It may be doubted if any city so young as Boston ever acquired in its short life so distinct and self-centred a character. It is true that its founders brought with them a furnishing of customs, traditions, and ideas which gave the place at once a visionary ancestry of its own, and started it in life with a stock of notions; but the after life of the town down to the time when Holmes was a young man was singularly adapted to the creation of a personality such as is rare in modern times. With a very homogeneous population, a diversity of occupations, a commerce which gave its citizens

the sense of being in the centre of the world, a lively interest in politics and speculative theology which forbade intellectual stagnation, Boston was the head of a province, and had its own standards. So late as 1841, Mrs. Child could publish *Letters from New York* without raising a smile.

But when Dr. Holmes began his *Breakfast-Table* series in *The Atlantic*, the great migration from Ireland had been going on for ten years, clippers had given way before ocean steamships, New York was draining the Connecticut valley and the lower tier of New England States, manufacturers were establishing new centres of industrial interest, and political discussions were changing the centre of gravity from party to moral principle. The great westward movement, also, had drawn Boston capital and Boston men into new relations, and the old days of provincial security and self-content were coming to an end.

It was then that Dr. Holmes with one hand held up to view the society whose integrity was about to disappear, and with the other helped to construct the new order that was to take its place. There is no more pathetic yet kindly figure in our literature than Little Boston. With poetic instinct, Dr. Holmes made him deformed, but not ugly. He put into him a fiery soul of local patriotism, and transfigured him thus. Under the guise of a bit of nature's mockery he was enabled to give vent to a flood of feeling without arousing laughter or contempt. All Little Boston's vehemence of civic pride is a memorial inscription, and whatever may be the fortune of the city, however august may be its presence, there lies imbedded in this figure of Little Boston a perpetual witness to an imperishable civic form.

If Dr. Holmes concealed himself behind the mask of Little Boston, he was more frankly in evidence under the humorous conceit of the Autocrat, and the service which he rendered in this char-

acter was an important one. He knew a society in which theological discussion was still largely concerned with abstractions, and warfare was carried on under a set of rules which both parties recognized. Dr. Holmes used his wit not on one side or the other of prevailing controversies, though the conservative party undoubtedly regarded him as an assailant, but with the design of bringing to bear on fundamental questions that scientific spirit which was bred in him by his profession and penetrated by his genius. It was not so much the logic as the ingenuity, the wit, of science which he used to test a good many problems in spiritual life. He angered many at the time, but now that the heat of that day of discussions has gone down, it should be evident that Dr. Holmes had much more of the constructive temper than was then accredited to him, and that he was a poet dealing with fundamental things of the spirit, not a theologian. His good-natured raillery undermined conventions rather than sapped faith, and his wit was an acid which had no mordant power on that which was genuine. There were a good many shocks from his battery, but, after all, those who received the shocks were stung into a new vitality; and, taking his work by and large, it may be said to have had a tonic effect upon the society closest to it; a fresher breeze blew through the minds of men, and intellectual life was freer, more animated, and more on the alert.

This concentration of his power and his affection has had its effect on Dr. Holmes's literary fame. He is another witness, if one were needed, to the truth that identification with a locality is a surer passport to immortality than cosmopolitanism. The local is a good starting-point from which to essay the universal. Thoreau perhaps affected a scorn of the world outside of Concord, but he helped make the little village a temple, and his statue is in one of the niches. Holmes, staying in Boston, has brought

the world to his door, and a society which is already historic will preserve him in its amber. It is the power to transmute the near and tangible into something of value the world over which is the mark of genius, and Holmes had this philosopher's stone.

The death of Holmes removes the last of those American writers who form the great group. This wit and poet lingered long enough to bid each in turn farewell. No doubt a longer perspective will enable us ultimately to adjust more perfectly their relations to one another and to the time, but it is not likely that there will be any serious revision of judgment by posterity as to their place in the canon. When Lowell went, Whittier and Holmes remained, and we kept on, in the spirit of Wordsworth's maiden, counting over the dead and the living in one inseparable company. Now they are all in the past tense, and all in the present; for death has a way of liberating personality, setting it free from accidents, and giving it permanent relations. There is thus a possession by the American people which, in a paradox, could not be theirs till they had lost it; they have lost out of sight the last member of the great group, and they have gained thereby in a clearer field of vision the whole group.

The significance of this will doubtless be more measurable a generation hence than it is now, but an intimation of it is given in a parallel from the political world. We are enough removed from the great group of American statesmen who had to do with the foundation and fortification of our political order to recognize the very great interest which the American people take in their lives and their contribution to our polity. As they recede from the field of personal acquaintance they become more heroic, and stand for the great deeds and thoughts of an historic past. Research may increase the particularity of our acquaintance with their actions, but their char-

acters are substantially fixed, and their images are formed in the minds of each successive generation; growing a little less actual, it may be, but charged constantly with greater power of transmitting the ideals for which they stood.

It is of inestimable value that the political thought of the early days of the republic should have its exponent in this noble group, and though that thought may be run into newer moulds, the characters that gave weight to the thought can never cease to have interest. But after all, general as is the political consciousness of the people, it is not so comprehensive nor so constant as is the consciousness which deals more directly with conduct, and with the whole realm of the spirit; and the existence of a great group of men of letters, appearing as it were after the political foundations had been laid, may be regarded as an event of immeasurable importance. The men whom we have been considering have made their works the entrance way to the world of beauty for a whole people, and if we take into account the probability that in a few years the great body of literature read in the public schools of the nation will be the writings of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, and Irving, we may well reckon it of inestimable moment that these writings are charged with high ideals, free thought, purity, a noble love of nature and humanity, a passion of patriotism. Nor is it of scarcely less moment that when the boys and girls who have read these writings turn to the records of the lives of the writers, they will find simplicity of living, devotion to art, and high-minded service.

A common language is essential to anything like common life in the nation. The perils which beset us now in the industrial world are largely enhanced by the lack of a common intelligence of speech. But a common literature is essential to any true community of ideals; and in the work of producing a homoge-

neous nation out of the varied material which different races, different political orders, and different religious faiths have contributed since the war for the Union, — a work which is largely committed to the public schools, — there is no force

comparable to a great, harmonious literature. Therefore, for a generation to come, the spiritual host which Holmes has just joined will be the mightiest force that can be reckoned with for the nationalization of the American people.

The Editor.

TRAVELS HERE AND THERE.

THE summer vacation, always a busy season for the artist, has come to be a period of activity for the writer as well. At every summer resort the portable ink-stand is set up alongside of the easel, landscape and figures are transferred to foolscap as well as to canvas, and atmospheric effects are sought after as eagerly by the word-painter as by his brother of the brush. Mr. James Payn, whose volumes have accompanied many a summer tourist, in his autobiography drew a pathetic picture of the unhappy author, forced to work while other people were playing, and envying the bank clerk his yearly outing. But that was in the days when summer reading was produced in Grub Street by the sweat of the brow, and before the *genre* of summer writing was invented. If Mr. Payn had been a globe-trotter, an outdoor writer, or an idylist, he could have taken a holiday and turned it to account. If a complete rest is denied the weary quill-driver, he can at least vary the monotony of the service by driving a four-in-hand, or going to sea in a bowl, or by taking his readers to some mountain height and instructing them in the open air with less formality and strenuousness than in the study or laboratory. The readers, too, ought to be gainers; for if we cannot demand of holiday writers or travelers an achievement showing "the long results of time," we can at least look to them for novelty

of information, or for some fresh bit of impressionism in literary art.

In characterizing the somewhat miscellaneous group of travel and outdoor volumes before us as a holiday harvest, we have not the intention of implying that they are all the product of that easy writing said by Sheridan to be hard reading. Mr. Norman's book on Japan¹ is the reverse of this. It represents considerable and efficient work in the accumulation of materials, and it is well written and thoroughly readable. Its chapters have been published, we are told, in English, French, and American journals, but they dovetail well and were well worth reprinting, their flavor of cosmopolitan journalism being for the most part thoroughly agreeable, though we confess to a shade of ennui on being called upon at every turn to admire the rare opportunities for information accorded to the author. We must take exception also to the title of the book, if not on behalf of those writers on Japan to whom we have hitherto felt indebted for information as well as pleasure, at least in the interest of readers of our own turn of mind, who may find that to have the whole truth thrust upon them in one pill is no more agreeable or reassuring in literature, or even journalism, than in dogma.

¹ *The Real Japan*. Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and

But when we are allowed to forget the finality and the price of the banquet set before us, we find Mr. Norman's book Politics. By HENRY NORMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

full of interesting matter handled in an able and suggestive manner. His account of administrative and judicial affairs in Japan is a very vivid one. The Japanese, in their eclectic renovations, have formed an army of mingled French and German type, a navy after the model of the English. At their universities the teaching is German, while the strictness of discipline goes beyond that of an American college. They have the Continental method of thorough espionage; they have a Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, which, as Mr. Norman tells us, "has plagiarized the methods of Fate. It neither warns, nor explains, nor justifies; it simply strikes." The judicial procedure is French, but to this is joined a system of prison labor and discipline peculiarly their own. Not only various trades, but the finest kinds of art handiwork (the making of *cloisonné*, for example) are taught to common criminals, to each man according to his capacity, with no deterrent fear of competition of convict with other labor, and with the most admirable results in discipline. In dealing with prostitution, too, the Japanese have their own method. Mr. Norman devotes one of his essays to what he terms the unwritten chapter of their life, the Yoshiwara, — a name applied to the quarter in every Japanese town set apart for the courtesan class, and hence to the system, which is that of high license and isolation. He does not make it quite clear how far this insures to the victims of the social evil, many of them the slaves of parental cupidity and of that filial obedience which is still absolute in Japan, an immunity from want; but that would seem to be one of the results of a solution of things which does not profess to be more than palliative, and which seems to work with success. It is not the less interesting from the fact that it may still be regarded as an experiment, having been in operation only about twenty-four years, and that in a country which is undergoing a phe-

nomenal change. We are accustomed to think of new institutions in Japan as foreign, and of native ones as ancient; but the Japanese administration, from Mr. Norman's account, is evidently wanting neither in actuality, nor in disposition to retain the advantages of the old system, and to adjust carefully the importations to the existing conditions.

How far these elements will blend, and what shape the civilization of Japan will ultimately take, is certainly one of the most curious problems of the day. The spectacle of an entire nation with an Oriental past planning for itself an Occidental future; of a people with a clear-cut idiosyncrasy, with traditions the opposite of our own and aptitudes absolutely unattainable by us, learning the language of our civilization down to its newest or finest shade of meaning, is a thing that "may give us pause." Of that most important and obscure element in the problem, the Japanese mind, Mr. Norman gives an analysis, probably as good as can be arrived at by foreign guessing; noting the inherited discipline and docility which are such aids to the excellent judicial and administrative results mentioned above, as well as the frequent occurrence of a high order of intelligence. He points out the development of the imitative faculty among the Japanese, and discusses the question how far their quick assimilation of foreign culture may be due to that faculty alone. Is it not possibly due also to the fact that electricity, bacteriology, and the higher criticism are shibboleths easily learned, that our culture is everywhere diffused by processes partly simian, and that an imitation of it is about as long and as broad as the original?

Mr. B. Douglas Howard has also unearthed a race problem in the course of his travels,¹ which appear to have been extensive. Having traveled to the

¹ *Life with Trans-Siberian Savages*. By B. DOUGLAS HOWARD, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

outposts of Russian civilization in Siberia with the object of investigating the prisons and the condition of the exiles, he was led, by a chance encounter with an Ainu, to visit the region occupied by that ancient race of savages in the island of Sakhalin. Here he spent a few summer weeks as an honored guest, and was even made chief wizard in an Ainu village. It will thus be seen that he enjoyed opportunities for study at least as great as those of Mr. Norman, — opportunities which most readers, however, will hardly be inclined to envy him, as the Ainus are, from his account, owing to other causes than shortness of temper, "gey ill to live wi'."

From Sakhalin Mr. Howard proceeded to Japan to study the Ainu population there, and to compare them with his Sakhalin friends, with a view to tracing the origin of the race. His book is thus partly ethnographical, but the greater part is a narrative of personal adventure of the old-fashioned sort; such a traveler's tale as Dr. Johnson was wont to explain by the simple formula, "Sir, there is no doubt that he lied." And while we would not for a moment doubt the veracity of a writer who appears to be a God-fearing and enterprising Scotchman of unexceptional moral tone, we cannot ignore the resemblance to a certain class of fiction in the accuracy and precision with which his savages go through the conventional motions and genuflections, strike fire with a bow, pray to a whittled stick and to the stranger's rifle, offer him their daughters in marriage, tattoo themselves, and lead exemplary lives on a diet of raw flesh. They appear to be mentally equal to the exercise of a certain order of masculine reason, for we are told, in explanation of the fact that women among them are not allowed to pray, or to take part in any religious exercise: "The first reason for this is ancestral tradition; the next is that the men fear that if the women were allowed to pray, they would

be sure to indulge in a lot of tittle-tattle to the gods about the men, and especially about their own husbands." Which piece of simple wisdom among an ancient people may be taken either as proof of that Aryan origin which Mr. Howard claims for them, or as testimony to a permanence of type among jokes.

A little book of travels which comes to us from the Swiss press, *En Bretagne*,¹ makes no claim to recondite sources of information and introduces no problems, but is interesting as a record of impressions at first hand. It is addressed, as Swiss books are apt to be, to an intimate audience; it has the gayety and vivacity of tone of bright conversation or correspondence, yet is careful and deft in form, and it gives a pleasant picture of a country which, though by no means *inédit*, is full of resource for writer as for painter. The book is the record of a summer tour which was not only its author's first introduction to the country of Renan and Loti, but that of an inlander to the sea. The mighty deep is served up to him in French fashion at first, with the music of Miss Helyett mingling with its murmurs, and it will not do to take it too seriously; nevertheless the moment is one of importance. "Never shall I forget the emotion which I felt on walking for the first time over that fine sand; on breathing that air full of marine emanations, and hearing the gentle lapping of the waves which came up to expire at our feet."

Scent and sound are mentioned first, but throughout the book there are pictures of the sea in its various aspects. There is a sunset with a band of rose on the horizon, "and then gold, liquid gold, and above the blue growing deeper and darker towards the zenith," while "the sea is blue, of a pale electric blue." And there is this bit of landscape from the Landes: —

¹ *En Bretagne*. De Berne à Belle-Isle. Par ÉMILE BESSIRE. Genève: Ch. Eggimann et Cie. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

"To the right the sea, which is not always visible, but which one feels to be there; to the left, far away, the gray spires of a few churches; everywhere a gloomy horizon, a *lande* of infinite sadness under a brooding sky. No more cultivation, no more trees, no more bushes; something neutral which is not yet the sea, and which is no longer the earth. And that silence, — that vast silence which recalls that of the high Alps, and which is broken from time to time by the wild, dismal cry of a seagull. . . . In the midst of this solitude a chapel, Notre Dame de Bon Voyage, and here and there an ancient stone calvary."

There are glimpses of the Creizker with its "adorable spire" rising "in the blue night among the pale, small stars;" there are little incidents of travel told with humor, and sketches from life of Breton figures effectively done, with a certain alertness of observation. And all this is the work of a blind man. M. Bessire, who is a journalist, a lecturer on French literature at the University of Berne, and professor in the École Normale Supérieure of that city, is a native of Besançon, who lost his sight in 1872, at the age of twenty. Like Mr. Fawcett, he has ignored the deprivation, leading an active and cheerful life, full of literary and social interests. In the book before us there is no allusion to his blindness, and no evidence of it. In describing things seen through the report of other eyes, M. Bessire appears to be aided not only by a memory of unusual accuracy and scope, but also by a faculty which we may call sound connotation, each sound bringing to his mind a whole train of impressions. In other words, he sees with the imagination; and without some such reseeing the writing even of things seen is of small account.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller also shows

this faculty of recasting her observation into definite pictures.¹ Of the Colorado landscape and the brilliant Colorado flowers, already so vividly described by H. H. and other writers, she has made a new and effective use as a background to her figures of birds. The tiny cañon wren flitting before a niche of the precipice in which hangs a great golden columbine is a picture quite in the Audubon manner, and so is the redbird in the rosebush. But Mrs. Miller does not limit herself to word-painting. She follows up her birds, noting them as individuals, and watching their ways and habits from the eggshell. This method gives very pleasing results in observation and outdoor gossip. Her stories are vivaciously told, and if any reader is unfeeling enough to object to the endearments lavished on these little folk of the bird nursery, let him betake himself to a library of weightier tomes.

Though Mrs. Miller starts in Colorado, the closing chapters of her book are devoted to Utah, and the Salt Lake pasture described in them sounds very close to the Mormon village which is Miss Merriam's camping-ground.² Miss Merriam, however, has exchanged her ornithological themes for the study of human life as displayed in Mormonism. She has less literary instinct and training than Mrs. Miller; she gives us her material just as she has found it, and trusts too much to the inspiration of a bright naturalness of manner, and too little to the afterthought of art. She takes the reader too indiscriminately into her confidence, after the manner of those travelers who admit us to a haphazard intimacy during an hour's talk in the train. She alludes confidently, but unnecessarily, to "my friend" and "my friend's daughter" without bringing them into view, and treats the persons who play a more important part

¹ *A Bird-Lover in the West.* By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

² *My Summer in a Mormon Village.* By FLORANCE A. MERRIAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

in her narrative with a similar intimate vagueness. Miss Merriam does herself injustice by this want of restraint, for she shows a considerable aptitude for the delineation of character. In one, at least, of her figures — the landlady who cannot bear to ask for pay in advance of a class of transients who might cheat her, and whose large heart makes her, albeit a Gentile, the mother confessor of the

Mormon village — we have a portrait which needed only a little more largeness of treatment to be as memorable as it is attractive. Miss Merriam gives, from her intercourse with Mormon women, a sympathetic account of the womanly virtues martyred to the cause, and of the religious exaltation, the hope of a heaven upon earth, which led in many cases to their voluntary sacrifice.

SOME RECENT STUDIES OF THE SICILIAN PEOPLE.

To interpret his own country to itself, — what more beautiful work of patriotism can be undertaken by a literary man ! It is this which has been, more or less consciously, from the time of his boyhood, the ideal proposed to himself by Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, the Palermitan folklorist and physician. For Sicily, — in these days so troubled and confused, — his subtle and luminous comment upon the past origins of its present conditions ought to avail greatly as a lesson in regard to its future.

This year Dr. Pitrè has crowned his labors by the publication of his *Bibliografia delle Tradizioni Popolari dell'Italia*,¹ — a magnificent work, and marvelous also as showing the vast extent and the scrupulous care of his researches in the comparative study of the traditions and customs of Sicily and of the Italian peninsula. Naturally, it is his own land that is the special ground of his observations; and indeed none could be more fertile and rich in material than the wild and beautiful island, from remote centuries desired by many nations, and conquered by them in turn. The Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Normans, the Spaniards, the French, have contributed to

form its present civilization; and behind the record of their successive reigns appear hints of prehistoric occupation, written in the solemn illegibility of ruins, as those of Solunto and Segesta. The Sicilian character, moulded in crises of conquest, may be fancifully likened to the lava of the island: plastic amid convulsive fires, then hardening to retain perdurably the impressions received.

Dr. Pitrè, perhaps more than any other folklorist, has the gift of intuitive and affectionate understanding of his country and his compatriots. In his quality of physician he enters into the homes of all sorts and classes of Sicilians, and possesses their entire confidence. During his medical visits he sees humanity off its guard, and is able to note emotions, beliefs, phrases, which in his hands are a whole treasury of precious documents. The volumes of his *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane* illustrate every phase of life from birth to burial, describing the legends and songs, the customs and credences, the agriculture and notions concerning natural phenomena, the cries of venders and the voices of bells, the proverbs of the prudent and the jargon of the lawless. In course of the thirty years during which

¹ *Bibliografia delle Tradizioni Popolari dell'Italia*. Compilata da GIUSEPPE PITRÈ. Con

tre Indici Speciali. Torino — Palermo: Carlo Clausen. 1894.

Dr. Pitrè has been collecting the notes for these studies, he has handled, in order to compare and illustrate his own researches, an immense mass of books, pamphlets, and special articles in periodicals.

The present Bibliografia is an admirably systematized index of all this material, comprising 6680 titles, which are furthermore arranged by classification under authors, pseudonyms, subjects of anonymous works, geographical location, and topics. Often a book is summarized briefly, or its contents referred to in a way to give especial aid to students, by sparing them time and fatigue. The result of Dr. Pitrè's labors is a masterpiece of intelligent care; and kindred praise is also merited by the work of the publishing house of Carlo Clausen of Palermo, that, throughout the course of the difficult and not materially remunerative toil of the great folk-artist, has proved to him a constant and disinterested friendship.

Dr. Pitrè's personality is in full accord with his genius and his studies. Fortune favored us with the opportunity to become acquainted with him in his native city during the past winter of 1893-94, when Sicily was proclaimed to be in a state of siege. Amid the excitement attendant on such a condition, the spirit of Dr. Pitrè, faithful patriot and friend of the people, burned with extreme brilliance. He would not hazard much expression in regard to the subject which occupied the thoughts of every one; he restrained his utterance, which if unbridled would have carried him too far in the way of impassioned eloquence. But in that little which he permitted himself to say much could be divined and comprehended. He well knew how hard is the case of the Sicilian proletariat, under the burden of the dead body of Bourbon traditions, impeded by a confused tangle of petty oppressions, of land rents, of local tariffs, of political rings for the distribution of town offices, — an underbrush which the axes that cut down the forest

of the government of the strangers had not time to clear away. But neither is this remainder of the *selva selvaggia* to be burned off by fires kindled here and there by an ignorant populace.

All this Dr. Pitrè understood, and with his dark face flashing with emotion, he would repeat with his unforgettable southern emphasis, "This state of siege is a Providence for Sicily, a real Providence!" He desired that the people should be saved from themselves, from their own half-savage natures in revolt stimulated by malcontents and demagogues.

The more thorough became our familiarity with Palermo, the more Dr. Pitrè appeared to us its representative and *primo cittadino*. In the hours which he so generously devoted to explaining to us the historic associations of certain places and edifices in Palermo, he evoked with power the spirits of the past and bade them speak sooth. Indeed, Dr. Pitrè might be an Arabian mage, with his intensely black and piercing eyes, his dark masses of hair and beard sparkling with silver, his rapid, gliding motion, his picturesque and courteous speech, the eloquence of his sensitive shoulders and fine, nervous hands. All the past of Sicily is as if present to him, because he is completely penetrated with the sense of its survival in the conditions of to-day; and the lessons received by us from his enthusiastic erudition will remain indelible in their brilliant strokes of first intention, as if from an etcher's needle.

It may not have been inopportune to describe a little the personality of Dr. Pitrè, which adds so much prestige to his work, before offering a very brief outline of his writings. The first excursion of his genius in the way that it was afterward to pursue was in the year 1858, when, a schoolboy of seventeen years, he began to interest himself in comparing Giusti's collection of Tuscan proverbs with the proverbial sayings of Sicily, of which he knew by heart a great number.

In connection with this Dr. Pitrè recalls a striking story.

In 1866, after some years of collating Sicilian proverbs, he had obtained more than eight thousand examples, written on slips of paper. These were kept in a room in the neighborhood of the Church of San Francesco di Paola, at that time a suburb of Palermo. On the 15th of September of that year, the people of the city and its environs made one of their instinctive insurrections, without clearly knowing the reason why; and it was rumored that San Francesco di Paola was to be assaulted. The young Pitrè hastened to his home within the city gates, leaving his proverbs to their fate; which would have been that of all philosophy in times of war, if he had not soon returned to find them, and, aided by his brother, bear them away from danger, crawling on hands and knees in order to avoid the bullets which rained from the Porta Maqueda upon the few soldiers defending the Piazza Ruggiero Settimo. "The words still sound terrible to me," Dr. Pitrè records, "which, when we hazarded to cross that street, were shouted to us by an officer: 'Go on! If you fall, that is your own affair!'"

The young folk-lorist had received his baptism of fire.

His collection of Sicilian proverbs, afterward augmented to the number of thirteen thousand, and compared with nearly seventeen thousand from the other dialects of Italy, as well as with Latin and Biblical citations, forms part of the series of volumes of the *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Siciliane*.

In 1882, Dr. Pitrè devised the scheme of publishing the *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, the pioneer of all the journals of folk-lore, which he still continues to edit with the aid of his long-time friend and colleague, Dr. Salomone-Marino. Of course the present *Bibliografia* indexes all the articles which have appeared in this periodical. A supplementary volume will record books and

articles, of various nationalities, which were received by Dr. Pitrè too late to be included in the body of the work.

Next to a prolonged stay in the island, — which sojourn should moreover be fortunate, as was ours, in occasions to gain the friendliness of the people and have access to their daily life, — there is no way to know one's Sicily so well as by the reading of the *Biblioteca* of Dr. Pitrè. It is an infinite comment upon the spirit and manners of the country. The first two volumes of the series are devoted to an essay upon Sicilian poetry, with nearly eleven hundred examples of the lyrics and legends of the people, — which appears a logical starting-point for the study of the folk-lore of the island, when we remember that the origins of the Italian language were in the troubadour court of Frederic II. at Palermo.

(In parenthesis, very subdued, may be murmured a heresy, — a poor thing, but our own, — to the effect that if Dante had been Sicilian instead of Tuscan, the vulgate of Italy, evoked by him from the chaos of dialects and the darkness of the dead Latin, would have attained much sooner to the efficacy, force, and plasticity which it now goes seeking by a more liberal policy of acceptance of provincial idioms, provided these be adjudged useful and not ill constructed. What Hellenic forms, what Oriental color, are in the speech of Sicily and of Calabria! Compared to their eagle cries or nightingale throbs, — this always under privilege of a pagan in presence of the worship of the *Toscaneggiamento*, — the pure Tuscan locution, with its pretty redundancies and suave preciousities, sounds like the warbling of linnets in a bush!)

Italian poetry, then, began in Sicily; and there is a current song of the peasants that boasts, "Whoever wants poetry, let him come to Sicily, for she bears the banner of victory; of songs we have a hundred thousand."

Because of the curious phenomenon of the coincident and equal development

of the cultured and of the popular poetry of Sicily, the task of separating them is extremely difficult; and many acute critics have erred therein, confused by the clever literary imitations of the songs of the people. Here Dr. Pitrè's intuition and tact have greatly availed him. From the lips of the peasants he has noted the genuine Sicilian lyrics, imposing in their abundance and variety: love and hatred, jealousy and reconciliation, parting and death, lullabies and the ingenuous and often fantastic invocations of religion, history, and legend, all find their large expression in poetry.

Not less plenteous and characteristic is the collection of popular tales which fill four volumes of the *Biblioteca*. They have been already somewhat illustrated for American readers by Professor Crane's charming book of Italian folktales,¹ so that little need be said here, except to note the vivid imagination and the extraordinary spiritedness of their manner of telling. They touch the Arabian Nights on the one hand, and the legends of Hellas on the other, yet always preserving the popular tonality. Among them are various anecdotes familiar to laughers in all languages, and attributed to the chief wit of the time and place in which they happen to be related, be he Dante or Sydney Smith, or, in Sicily, the unconscious humorist, Giuffà the simpleton.

A volume containing a study of the religious festivals and spectacles in Sicily throws light upon the bizarre superstitions, the touching devotion and faith, the survivals of the pagan spirit, and the natural and pure religion that mingle inextricably in the Sicilian credences and forms of worship.

In four other volumes are recorded the traditions of the secular existence; which, however, are constantly interwoven with the observances of the Church or

with the whims of superstition. What a phantasmagoria of common things taking color from the most improbable fancies and practices! What strange ideas concerning omens and auguries, the intervention of the saints and of the souls in purgatory! The personnel of the Greek and Roman mythology survives to-day in Sicily, baptized or banned, as the case may be. The bountiful Demeter, mother of corn, is still adored as the *Madonna del Carmine* in her ancient fields of Enna (now *Castrogiovanni*), and the finest of the wheat is offered upon her altar. Certain saints have assumed the record, more or less revised and corrected, of gods and demigods. *Sant' Agata* wove and raveled the web of *Penelope*; the mysterious divinities of the household, the *Lares* of the Etruscans, perhaps the *Deæ Matres* of the Romans, appear as the often beneficent, always capricious *Donne di Fuora*; sylvan spirits haunt the nut-trees; the siren sings on the rocks of the coast; Fate and Death in person are to be met in the roads. Infinite is the imagination that gives to the Sicilian view of existence a constant illusion and a marvelous coloring. The real is always supplemented and rendered significant by the purely ideal, which causes the most surprising contrasts in sentiment and in practice.

A very interesting task of Dr. Pitrè's may be noted here, — the commission given to him by the National Italian Exposition, held at Palermo in 1891-92, to prepare a Sicilian ethnological exhibit, which by his care was made to comprise several thousand objects belonging to the manners and customs of the people. Nothing was admitted which was not of traditional as well as of present use. Many of the articles loaned were, after the close of the exhibition, returned to their proprietors; but enough remained of those owned by or ceded to Dr. Pitrè to form an instructive and not meagre museum; which he had the goodness to show and explain to us. It is lodged in a storeroom not far from the *Porta*

¹ *Italian Popular Tales*. By T. F. Crane. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Carini, — an unpretentious theatre, indeed, for the object lesson upon Sicily brilliantly pronounced there one morning by Dr. Pitrè to an audience very small in number, but in inverse proportion attentive and grateful. A pamphlet at this moment near our hand records the exhibit, illustrating with careful woodcuts the text concerning the costumes, the vehicles, the implements of agricultural and of domestic use, the amulets and charms, the popular art as applied to the painting of *ex votos* or to the scenes of the Carolingian legend, the children's toys, and the curious forms of loaves and sweets suggested by fancy, or more often by devotional tradition.

Though the titles of Dr. Pitrè's separate publications upon folk-lore amount to no less than two hundred and twenty in number, these brochures and journalistic articles are mostly reprinted in the volumes of the Biblioteca, which, with the exhibition catalogue and the great Bibliografia, represents the career of the Sicilian patriot and man of letters, who has worked always without subsidies or patronage of any sort, spending in the cause of folk-lore the slender gains of medical practice (not a little of which is gratuitous among the poor). For many years he was hindered by ignorant and envious opposition; he was called a fool, and a waster of time and of ink, by persons who later have fully recanted their error, and testified their admiration of his constancy and wisdom. Still in the prime of his powers and in the full impetus of work, he enjoys his due reward in the popular esteem, and in the personally expressed appreciation on the part of the king and queen of Italy.

On the eastern coast of Sicily are the scenes of the studies of rustic life by the eminent novelists Signor G. Verga and Signor L. Capuana. These two resemble each other closely in their theory of art and in the main qualities of their

work; so that it is less by means of generalities than by particulars that criticism can differentiate them. Their recent volumes of short stories — Verga's *Don Candeloro*¹ and Capuana's *Le Paesane*² — were published very nearly at the same time. With all respect to the more famous author of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, it may be frankly said that just now Signor Capuana appears to be doing the better work. They both have great and well-recognized merits. We are not aware whether many American readers are acquainted with the writings of Capuana, but cisatlantic attention has been widely directed to Verga as represented by the libretto of Mascagni's volcanic opera, and by the humane and beautiful novel, the *Malavoglia* (translated under title of *The House by the Medlar Tree*). Both authors are professed realists; they have studied with much care the manners and locations of their region, the province of Catania, even to the particulars and the prejudices of the "bell-towerism" of their respective towns.

At their best they are very good indeed; so much so that it was easy to condone the rather dogmatic rhapsody with which the American edition of the *Malavoglia* was introduced by Mr. Howells, who perhaps had not read certain others of Signor Verga's writings; and he was quite right in admiring that one. For indeed the *Malavoglia* is a masterpiece in its honest sympathy with the humble fisher folk of Aci Trezza, showing the little village as a real microcosm.

In the more limited bounds of a short sketch, Signor Capuana is great when he tells about the "Tabbùtu," the coffin bought at a bargain, and adapted as a receptacle for nuts pending its funereal serviceableness. He appears a Sicilian Dickens who portrays the old Don Stelario and his maiden sister Donna Salvatrice, with their incredible niggardli-

¹ *Don Candeloro e C^a*. Di G. VERGA. Milano: Treves. 1894.

² *Le Paesane*. Di L. CAPUANA. Catania: Niccolò Giannotta. 1894.

ness, their fear of thieves, their dull, warped affections, in the atmosphere of the smoke-stained, disordered, cobwebby house, two fingers thick with dust, and exhaling the musty odors of decay.

But the defects of the writings of Signor Verga and of Signor Capuana are not those of their qualities, except in so far as they are inseparable from the theories of art rather consciously proposed to themselves by these novelists. Their fault, their very great fault, is literary absenteeism. They have acted upon the proverbial paradox that "the longest way round is the shortest way home:" they have gone to Paris in order to look at their Sicily; they have absorbed the studies made by M. Zola to the end of becoming acquainted with their own fellow-townsmen. They have not neglected to note Sicilian details of places, customs, superstitions, sayings; they have transferred types, often with admirable efficacy. But they have remained too far away to impart to their stories the odor of the Sicilian soil, the breath of antique romance which breathes there like the perfumes of the *zagara*. (One likes the pretty Sicilian word, of Arab strain, which means inclusively the flowerage of the lemon, the orange, the citron, and all their golden kindred.)

Signor Verga and Signor Capuana, yet always asserting their aim to be that of interpreting the Sicilian character and manners, have adopted as their means a predetermined and emphatic tone of Gallicism, than which nothing could be more discordant with the temperament of Sicily. France, for causes easily understood, has never possessed the sympathies of the Sicilian people; instead, its name suggests to them ideas of distrust and enmity. It appears almost like a betrayal, this use of the French lorgnette of M. Zola, in the hands of Sicilian observers of their compatriots. This lens, let us be aware, — especially if we aspire to the large art of true realism in fiction, not being merely "lovers of ignoble realities," as

Flaubert said, — this lens, then, has the perverse property of magnifying disproportionately all that is vicious, squalid, base; and of minifying to the vanishing point those ideal satisfactions of which, however poor or vague they may be, no conscious life is quite deprived.

The disciples of the school of M. Zola mistake the exceptions for the rule: they photograph monstrosities; they insist upon the sordid accidents of life as the whole and final meaning of the earth and of its creatures; they would deny to humanity that little gleam of inward poetry — none the worse if this remain unformulated — which illumines and comforts the personality of every one.

How much an artist is to be blamed, or, on the contrary, pitied, for "seeing ugly" is another question. It may be an affair partly of temperament, partly of a willful pose of pessimism. At all events, the opposite disposition of view is worth cultivating, especially for the sect of realists who like to declare themselves the ardent friends of the poor humanity whose nature they do not at all flatter in their art! In effect, they protest against injuries by means of insults. One distrusts, somehow, the philanthropists who court disillusion, and as eagerly announce it.

Perhaps for Signor Verga and Signor Capuana absence has been able to chill somewhat their appreciation of their fellow-countrymen. There is a sort of familiarity which, proverbially, breeds contempt; but there is also that familiarity which is impelled by good will toward its object, and whose result is intelligent sympathy. An important difference between the writings of these novelists and those of Dr. Pitre is that for the former the Sicilian people are like so many models who stand before the artist, amid the technicalities or the blague which may be the atmosphere of his studio; while for Dr. Pitre the proletariat is ignorant, unfortunate, sometimes criminal, but always to be dealt with fairly, studied in

a spirit of kindly philosophy, in order to make it comprehended by the Italy of which it is part.

In turning the pages of the present volumes, it is noticed that Signor Capuana has secured a tone of unity for his group of sketches by confining them to stories of peasant life. Among these emerge the *Tabbùtu*, already praised; *Tre Colombe ed Una Fava*, not too finely sifted, but veritable comedy; *Lo Sciancato* and *Quacquarà*, in which the pathos of a fixed idea is raised to a truly poetic height; *Gli Scavi di Mastro Rocco*, diggings inexhaustible of figurines of the goddess Ceres; and, most dramatic of all, the *Assise*, with its piteous heroine, half-unconscious cause of the tremendous passions that had whirled so tragically around her.

The sketches of Signor Verga are found to be less Sicilian, both in conception and in language, than those of Signor Capuana. Verga has absorbed the French sentiment and idiom until his style has become to no slight degree denationalized. In adherence to his theories of realism he sometimes misses the point of his own story. *Don Candeloro*, for example, is the narrative of the career of a manager of a theatre of marionettes, — a type peculiarly Sicilian, and essentially comic in the seriousness, anything but ignoble, with which it takes itself. One could wish that Signor Verga had chosen to set forth the guild of marionette managers with the dignified self-esteem, the solemn artistic convictions, the improbable ideals of chivalry, which are the badge of all their tribe (and in which, indeed, *Don Candeloro* is not al-

together lacking), instead of making prominent the vulgar escapades of the prodigal daughter *Violante*.

Paggio Fernando is another sketch of life behind the scenes of the minor drama, and is very good in its provincial atmosphere. *La Serata della Diva* is a sophisticated impression of the more ambitious *coulisses*; also *Il Tramonto di Venere* has nothing to do in this *galère* of rustic types. Signor Verga depicts with considerable truth and humor various figures from the populations of the convents, in these days becoming extinct in Italy. *Epoepa Spicciola* is a grim fragment of war as seen by an old peasant, who cannot give himself a reason for the carnage and the disorders, ignorant of the purpose of the conflict, viewing it all divested of illusion, only an inhuman horror and pity.

There are many admirable qualities and brilliant passages in these two volumes of Sicilian stories; but it is not possible to commend them as a whole, or to indorse them as a just characterization of the people of Sicily. If only Signor Verga and Signor Capuana would decide to unite themselves with Dr. Pitre in filial and sincere studies of their mother country, honoring her in her traditions and in her language, — and this ought not to be difficult for either of them, surely not for the author of the *Malavoglia*, — what characteristic, illuminating, sympathetic fiction they could create! It is such a dreary business, that of certain realists who advertise themselves as chiropodists of the feet of clay of the image of humanity, never raising their eyes to regard its head of gold.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. B. Sanborn. (Houghton.) Readers of the old volume of Thoreau's Letters, as edited by Emerson, were somewhat surprised when, a year or two ago, The Atlantic published a group of Thoreau's letters. These seemed to be written by another Thoreau, and the explanation lies in the fact that Emerson's judgment led him to print mainly what he thought reflected the permanent Thoreau. But a man is kept alive by his whole self, and it is not wise to give the world merely one's own view of a friend. Mr. Sanborn, in editing this fuller collection, has done much to rescue Thoreau from the exclusive company of the woodchuck, and the book becomes, in connection with his writings, a most satisfactory exhibition of the man. Many will revise their judgment upon reading it. — *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.* (Harpers.) A two-volume work containing the published studies of the great military critic and commander upon various questions of a diplomatic or military character connected with modern European history. Then follow speeches delivered by him in the Reichstag and in the Prussian House of Lords, as well as drafts of speeches delivered in the Customs Parliament. As these speeches extend from 1868 to 1890, and as Moltke spoke only when he had something to say, it will be seen how living a comment they afford upon very recent history. Finally, there are a number of lively reminiscences of the great field marshal by members of his family and others. — *Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent*, translated by Mary Herms. (Harpers.) Another of the series of volumes setting forth the great soldier, this time under his more familiar aspect. Many of the letters are trivial, but even these help to bring out the character of the man by the little touches of affection and friendship. The former part of the volume is taken up with letters to his family, the latter with letters to his friends. — *Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier*, translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. III. (Scribners.) This vol-

ume covers the period of the first Restoration, the One Hundred Days, and the beginning of the second Restoration, the last records being of the autumn of 1815. We have before spoken of the quite exceptional value and interest of the work, which gives the experiences and impressions of a singularly clear-eyed and unimpassioned observer, who throughout the greater part of his narrative is in a position to know the inner history as well as the outward show of the events he describes. We see that notwithstanding the brilliant success of the first days of Napoleon's return, sagacious men, not carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, calculated pretty accurately the probable duration of his power; added light is thrown upon the diplomacy of Talleyrand, and the perfidy of that universal deceiver, the ex-Terrorist, Fouché, who, to show perhaps that nothing is incredible in French politics, was for a brief space one of the ministers of Louis XVIII. Of the high position which these Memoirs will permanently hold among the authoritative documents of the Napoleonic era there can be no question. — *Costume of Colonial Times*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) From old letters, diaries, inventories, and the like, with the very material assistance which the advertisements in old newspapers so often give in showing us our forefathers in their habit as they lived, Mrs. Earle has constructed not only an entertaining volume, but also one that should have a permanent value. Though with all her skill and patience in research she has not been able to solve every mystery, such cases are rare, and usually her explanations and illustrations are admirably clear and explicit. Much is condensed into a moderate space, and the alphabetical arrangement makes reference easy. The book should be especially useful to artists dealing with the colonial period, and may help to dispel the idea, among others equally rooted and erroneous, that one unvarying mode, commonly that of about the year 1770, with occasionally a premature Empire gown thrown in, characterized the whole eighteenth century. But why does Mrs. Earle imply that so general an article of attire as the band was par-

ticularly Puritan? — unless, perhaps, as the records might lead us fondly to imagine, seemingly and, to the credit of the mothers of New England, well-cared-for neckgear was more universal in the eastern colonies than elsewhere.

Literature. Abraham Lincoln. Complete Works, comprising his Speeches, Letters, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. In two volumes. (The Century Co.) The writers of the comprehensive *Life of Lincoln* do well thus to bring out an authoritative collection of Lincoln's writings. It will be a surprise to some to see how large was Lincoln's contribution to political literature before he was President. One volume is occupied with this period, but it is swelled, wisely indeed, by the inclusion of Douglas's rejoinders in the great debate. There is an admirable index, but no table of contents. The volumes may be regarded as an accompaniment to the *Life*, yet we think it was a mistake in editing not to give more head-notes or other explanation of the circumstances under which important addresses were given. For example, the last speech of Lincoln has no explanation of the occasion of its delivery. — Mr. A. M. Williams's *Studies in Folk-Song and Popular Poetry* (Houghton) include not only what we ordinarily mean by popular poetry, as, for instance, the Scotch and English ballads, or the folk-songs of Hungary and of Roumania, but also such diverse subjects as American sea-songs, the folk-songs of the civil war, and the poetry of Lady Nairn. In method and treatment, these studies are popular rather than scholarly. They do not carry research to original sources, and they are not exhaustive. But perhaps on these accounts they are none the less appreciative, and they have the great merit of being written out of a genuine, intelligent interest in the subject, so that the book is not at all a piece of mere book-making. — *American Authors, a Hand-Book of American Literature from Early Colonial to Living Writers*, by Mildred Rutherford. (Franklin Printing and Publishing Co., Atlanta, Ga.) The work of an enthusiast, apparently, who loves literature, who has a patriotic sense of the value of American literature, and a desire, moreover, to see the Southern section properly presented. Miss Rutherford has been diligent in collecting anecdotes, and desires

to make her readers students of history and literature, for she intersperses questions and reviews, and she adds also a good many portraits. Some of the comment thrown in is entertaining. We advise Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith to read by himself the chapter devoted to him. — Alongside of Fielding, in J. M. Dent & Co.'s pretty reprint, should be placed the half dozen volumes of Laurence Sterne, in the same style, issued by the same publishers. (Dent, London; Lippincott.) These volumes, like Fielding, are edited by Mr. Saintsbury, and illustrated by E. J. Wheeler. Readers of *The Atlantic* have lately been reminded of Sterne by Mr. Merwin, and these attractive books afford an excellent opportunity for revising one's judgment and reviving one's memory, or it may be, making new acquaintance with one of the imperishable names. It is not necessary that he should be altogether acceptable at the present day; it is enough that he was one of the sure spokesmen of his own day; and so long as literature is historically interesting, so long certainly Sterne will need to be read, and the necessity will bring some agreeable things in its train. — The illustrated edition of Irving's *Sketch-Book* in two volumes (Lippincott) has an interest, apart from the comely form in which it comes to the buyer and reader of to-day, in the use which it makes of a series of illustrations prepared long enough ago to make the representation of them now a means of comparison with the work of current draughtsmen. Darley, Hoppin, McDonough, McEntee, William Hart, Ehninger, Bellows, Edwin White, — these and others were once names to conjure with; and on the whole, though the fashion has somewhat changed, the cuts, in spite of the rather heavy printing, have a certain mellowness which is not unattractive. We suspect some of the excellence is due to the fact that these artists themselves drew on the block. — Messrs. Scribners have begun the publication of a reprint of the principal novels of Henry Kingsley with the issue of *Ravenshoe*, in two attractive volumes, agreeable both to the hand and eye. The selection for the opening work of the new edition is a wise one, as this vigorous and exceedingly interesting tale, undeniably its author's most notable work, will be his best introduction to a new generation of readers. — *The Temple Shakespeare* (Macmillan) is en-

riched by two more volumes, *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, each, after the manner of the edition, fronted by a pretty vignette, and equipped with a frugal but satisfactory apparatus of introduction, glossary, and notes. The fifth and sixth sections of the *Ariel Shakespeare* (Putnams) contain twelve volumes, and these complete the series, the whole consisting of forty pretty little volumes, printed with clear black type on good white paper. The volumes are neatly bound, and the text, though open to query now and then, certainly is not carelessly edited. The *Poems* are given in one volume, the *Sonnets* in another, and a *Glossary*, with a convenient *Index of Characters* also, makes a volume by itself. Altogether this is an attractive edition.

Fiction. *Perlycross*, by R. D. Blackmore. (Harpers.) After the unwholesome atmosphere of those fictions of the day whose writers think that the close of the century must needs be its decadence as well, *Perlycross* comes like a breath of pure country air. Though the story proper of the book is very slight, and told in the slowest and most digressive fashion, and though one of the leading characters, the Spanish Lady Waldron, — in intention an impressive figure, — is a rather pronounced failure, the reader soon begins to find a peculiar pleasure in his leisurely progress, and lingers willingly by the way. The mere story matters little; the humors, prejudices, superstitions, foibles, and virtues of the rural Devonians who play more or less, often less, important parts in it are a never failing delight. It is Mr. Blackmore's misfortune always to be compared, usually to his disadvantage, with himself. His best book remains alone, but among those which without derogation may be called his second best the graphic records of *Perlycross* sixty years since should take a high rank. — *Eyes Like the Sea*, by Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. (Putnams.) This tale, crowned by the Hungarian Academy as the best Magyar novel of the year 1890, is declared by the translator to be the most brilliant of its distinguished author's later works. Though Mr. Bain confesses to an acquaintance with but five-and-twenty of Jókai's one hundred and fifty romances, he has so greatly the advantage of almost all readers of English that they can hardly controvert his opinion in the matter. In his own

proper name and person, the writer himself is the hero of his tale, and there is much in the reminiscences of his boy life and his later experiences in the Hungarian struggle for independence to appeal strongly to his country folk, and indeed to be found readable by outsiders, even after it has passed the ordeal of translation. But to them the real interest of the book will probably centre in the extraordinary story of Bessy and the five men who, legally or illegally, succeed each other in her affections, this history being the connecting thread in a most loosely woven narrative. The presentment of the lawless lady with eyes like the sea, a heroine in some respects *sui generis*, is an exceedingly vivid one. — *The Prince of India*, or, *Why Constantinople Fell*, by Lew. Wallace. (Harpers.) An historical novel in two volumes, told with the abundance of detail and succession of highly wrought incidents which make this writer's books marvels of literary industry, impelled by an imaginative force which has been stored up for much better uses than the construction of commonplace melodramatic stories. — *A Change of Air*, by Anthony Hope. (Holt.) This is not a tale of romantic adventure, like the story by which "Anthony Hope" is mostly known to American readers, but is moderately realistic in tone, though there is perhaps an element of romance in the abundant prosperity which in the young hero's case results from the writing of revolutionary and erotic verses. The poet takes a country house for a time, is graciously received in county society, falls in love with the squire's charming daughter, and, as a consequence, becomes reconciled to the institutions of his country; thus exciting to frenzy the village doctor, an ill-balanced enthusiast who has taken the earlier poems for his gospel. The book shows the author's epigrammatic cleverness in dialogue, and is agreeably readable, but it will not be likely to add materially to his reputation. His portrait and a brief sketch of his life are prefixed to the volume. — *A Saint*, by Paul Bourget. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. (Roberts.) The story of a modern miracle wrought by a rather old-time saint. Incidentally, it makes a contrast between an earlier world of superstition and the present decadent age of restlessness and irony, — a contrast that, on the whole, is disappointingly inef-

fective. The characterization, on the other hand, is as clever, and sometimes as subtle, as one would expect of M. Bourget. — *Pastime Stories*, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Harpers.) The old-fashioned custom of having a little word at the start with the "gentle reader" Mr. Page has revived rather unfeelingly. He is even unreasonable enough to ask the "gentle reader" not to complain if the stories in question are not entertaining; for the writer *tried* to make them so! If he had not succeeded, the "gentle reader" might not have thought it worth while to complain; but when stories are worth noticing at all, then he may reasonably insist upon his right to criticize as he must. In the present case, it seems to us — who were ever gentle — that Mr. Page has neither made nor marred his tales in the telling, and that the least said about it would have been the better. — *Brander Matthews' Vignettes of Manhattan* (Harpers) illustrate an artistic tendency, which we usually associate with the French, to present reality vividly, whether it be beautiful or not. In style these sketches are brisk and specific, but at the same time they are somewhat academic. They lack sympathetic quality; they lack atmosphere. But in substance they suggest, again and again, a strong sense on the part of the author for a baffling aspect of the life with which he deals, for its meaningless tragedies, its unordered, inconsequential course. — *Katharine North*, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) Miss Pool has an ingenious faculty for seizing upon some very trying and uncomfortable situation, and then making it yield all sorts of complications and excitement. Here a widower lays siege to the heart of a young girl, and by the aid of her mother succeeds nominally in getting possession. But the moment the decisive word is said the girl asserts herself, and thereafter tries to live her own life, with the result of becoming really in love, and being called on to resist this new enemy. The book is strained and tortuous, and one cannot help feeling that much good work is misspent upon a forced situation. — *Peak and Prairie*, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) This series of Colorado sketches deals with the variety of subject and interest natural to the curiously transplanted life of a great health resort, a life in no way native or indigenous. Its special character and its scenic background

these stories do not suggest with complete success. At the same time they are pleasing in tone, and have something like the bright and tonic quality of Colorado air. — *Endeavor Doin's Down to the Corners*, by Rev. J. F. Cowan. (Lothrop.) A tale in rude country manner of the doings of the Christian Endeavor Society in a rough New England neighborhood. It is corduroy-road-traveling to go through the book, and genuine New England wit and humor are hard to find; one has to put up with well-worn phrases and uncouth spelling in place of the more ingrain quality. But if one takes the trouble to get at the actual contents of the book, he will find some sensible wrestlings with powers of darkness. — *Salome Shepard, Reformer*, by Helen M. Winslow. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) An attempt, in fiction, to set right the relations of employer and employed in a factory village, when the two elements in a common purpose have drifted apart. The application of the rule of Christianity is good, but we fear the fiction will scarcely do much toward solving the actual problems. — *Seven Strange Stories*, by J. Wallace Hoff. (Brandt Press, Trenton.) The rather common interest in weird things which had better be left to the Society for Psychical Research is forever seeking expression in literary art. Among the evidences that might be mentioned of this are the seven pale unrealities before us. Such significance as they may have in this way is, however, their only value. — *J. K. Bangs' Water Ghost and Others* (Harpers) are the jolliest set of spooks we ever met. If more uncanny spirits haunt you, they will drive them off. Though they bear you company after candlelight, they will leave only the memory of extravagant fun and farce to hover about you at bedtime. — *Balsam Boughs*, by A. C. Knowles. (Porter & Coates.) An amiable but futile effort at telling a few Adirondack stories. — "Out of the Sunset Sea," by Albion W. Tourgée. (Merrill & Baker.) A romance evidently designed for the World's Fair trade. The money-making motive sometimes stimulates the production of great artistic work; but when this motive gets the better of a writer's desire for truth and beauty, it vulgarizes his art most abominably. — Among the paper-covered novels are, a reissue of *Upon a Cast*, by Charlotte Dunning (Harpers); and

The Damascus Road, by Léon de Tinseau, translated from the French by Florence Belknap Gilmour (George H. Richmond & Co., New York), a not very alluring book, neither the content nor the manner having any attraction. — The Sea Wolves, by Max Pemberton, has been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Books for the Young. Among the unfailing *avant-coureurs* of the holiday season are certain books for boys, whose popularity may be considered as assured. Foremost among these are the tales of G. A. Henty (Scribners), with their illuminated covers, green-edged leaves, and three or four hundred amply filled pages, a length which somewhat daunts the older reader, but is regarded by the younger with a sigh of satisfaction, because the story "will last so long." We are sure to meet the same modest, manly, well-bred English lad, whatever be the age or clime in which he has his being, who, after many haps and mishaps, will be finally left in peace and prosperity. This year he first appears in *Wulf the Saxon, a Story of the Norman Conquest*, as a valiant young thane, a ward of Earl Harold, and faithfully follows his lord from the days of the Norman captivity to the end at Hastings. He figures in *When London Burned, a Story of the Great Plague and Fire in London*, as Sir Cyril Shenstone, the orphan son of a ruined Cavalier, and, after serving in the Dutch war and escaping harm from plague and fire, he triumphantly comes to his own again. As Tom Wade, a seeker after fortune in the Far West a generation ago, he is the hero of *In the Heart of the Rockies, a Story of Adventure in Colorado*, and his search is rewarded by the discovery of a gold mine. These are spirited, wholesome tales, and the first two follow history, so far as events go, with reasonable accuracy. — Mr. Kirk Munroe, who rivals Mr. Henty in the favor of the American lad, is more sensational in his methods than his co-worker, and his boy, while sharing many of the estimable qualities of his English fellow, is less amenable to authority, more self-confident and self-assertive, and so oftener falls into difficulties of his own making. In *The Fur-Seal's Tooth, a Story of Alaskan Adventure* (Harpers), we find the writer in a new field, whose possibilities in the way of exciting narrative are by no means exhausted in this volume. There is the usual

breathless succession of thrilling situations and hair-breadth escapes interspersed with a good deal of information regarding the hunting, lawful and unlawful, of the fur-seal. — Another annual is *The Boy Travelers in the Levant: Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Greece, and Turkey, with Visits to the Islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, and the Site of Ancient Troy.* (Harpers.) The "two youths," who must, in the course of their wanderings up and down the earth during the last fifteen years, have stumbled upon the fount which eluded Ponce de Leon's search, are, after the boys we have been considering, rather wooden young gentlemen. But the mixture of story and guide-book which records their doings, is usually readable, often instructive, and always popular, aided as it is by an abundant supply of altogether admirable illustrations.

Travel and Nature. *Three Years of Active Service, an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the Attainment of the Farthest North*, by Adolphus W. Greely. (Scribners.) Lieutenant Greely published, shortly after his return, an official report and one for the public. He has now gone over his material again, with the view to presenting clearly and in more moderate compass an account of an expedition which has not been surpassed in late years in positive results. He has used illustrations and maps freely and made a handsome volume, but we cannot help wishing that he had taken the occasion to bring his material into still more compact form. We think he would have increased the number of his readers. — *A Japanese Interior*, by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Houghton.) Miss Bacon has already proved herself an admirable reporter of woman's life in Japan in her *Japanese Girls and Women*. This second book is even more direct in its report, since it is practically a rehearsal of her own life, and that of her comrades engaged as teachers or pupils in the Peeresses' School in Tōkyō, as they set up housekeeping by themselves, and thereby entered more intimately into Japanese daily life. Based on letters written at the time, the book strikes one as truthful, and certainly is interesting, the interest springing from the fidelity of the narrator, and not from any effort to make a good story. Miss Bacon has made a real addition to our knowledge of Japan. — Brief

Guide to the Commoner Butterflies of the Northern United States and Canada, being an Introduction to a Knowledge of their Life-Histories, by S. H. Scudder. (Holt.) The main part of this manual is occupied with a catalogue raisonné of the commoner butterflies in their separate stages, the technical description being followed in each case by a less formal account of peculiarities, food, habits, etc. An introduction goes rapidly, but clearly, over the general subject of the butterfly, caterpillar, and chrysalis, the eggs, difference in sexes, mimicry, classification, and the book is at once a very convenient manual for the young collector and an intelligent introduction to a delightful study. — What might be called an untechnical monograph by the same author (Holt) is the *Life of a Butterfly*; a Chapter in Natural History for the General Reader. Here he has taken the milkweed butterfly and followed it through life, making each stage furnish a text for a liberal study, one may say, of all butterfly life at that stage. It is a most enjoyable little work, and gives a glimpse of what is possible in our natural history literature when precise knowledge is joined to a power of seeing and presenting relations of a single type. — In the convenient though somewhat unequal series of University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight (Scribners), is a volume by Patrick Geddes, entitled *Chapters in Modern Botany*. It illustrates well the method by which the more agile lecturer seeks to start students by an appeal to their curiosity and interest, and, while developing the science in an orderly fashion, constantly stimulates inquiry, and leads to independent search, if not research. To the reader already familiar with botanical study the book is a delightful résumé, and we do not see how it could be taken up seriously by a novice without inspiring in him a desire to know the matter by personal observation.

Education and Textbooks. Practical Lessons in Fractions by the Inductive Method, accompanied by Fraction Cards, by Florence N. Sloane. (Heath.) Miss Sloane's method, which she has worked out and tested, is the simple one of making actual divisions of circles of pasteboard by which to illustrate to the eye various fractions. The book contains a large number of examples. — In the series *Readings for Students* (Holt)

two books have come to our notice: Selections from the Prose Writings of Coleridge, edited by H. A. Beers, and Specimens of Argumentation, compiled by George P. Baker. The former gives extracts largely from literary criticism; the latter brings together an interesting and varied group of argumentative speeches. It is a capital idea to put these in the way of a student as exercises in analysis. — Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* has been brought out with explanatory notes, by Maynard, Merrill & Co. — The same firm issues also Motley's essay on Peter the Great.

Religion. In the series of American Church History volumes, publishing by the Christian Literature Company of New York, a useful compendium appears which presents The Religious Forces of the United States, Enumerated, Classified, and Described on the Basis of the Government Census of 1890, with an Introduction on the Condition and Character of American Christianity, by H. K. Carroll. The volume is mainly statistical and descriptive, and it is in the introduction only that the editor ventures upon generalization and characterization. He shows a candid and catholic spirit here, and the conclusion he reaches when he says, "Evangelical Christianity is the dominant religious force of the United States," is the result plainly of a wide range of observation. — In the same series is a more specific volume, *A History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States*, by Henry Eyster Jacobs. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) This is a more historical work, devoted to origins and development, written of course in sympathy with the church, but not in a partisan spirit. — *Sabbath Hours, Thoughts*, by Liebman Adler. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A series of discourses and practical application of Old Testament truths by a Jewish rabbi who lived long in Chicago. It is interesting to see in this book, full of lessons of high morality, the kind of preaching which would result were men to be content with the Sermon on the Mount without the preacher behind that sermon.

Sociology and Hygiene. Masses and Classes, by Henry Tuckley. (Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati.) This book, which introduces itself rather pretentiously as "A Study of Industrial Conditions in England," must not be taken too seriously, for it is neither exhaust-

ive nor scholarly, but slight, sketchy, journalistic. Nevertheless, it rather forcibly suggests the deplorable condition—a condition so very much worse than anything in America—of English wage-earners. — *Vagaries of Sanitary Science*, by F. L. Dibble. (Lippincott.) Dr. Dibble, having been irritated by what he conceives to have been the unscientific theories of certain sanitary experts, sets to work, by the accumulation of a great number of cases, to disprove some of the generally accepted theories of the origin of disease. He holds a brief for filth, bad drainage, tainted meats, dead bodies, polluted springs, and other much-abused public offenders, and, after the manner of a criminal lawyer, girds at the public prosecutor. We leave him to the tender mercies of the women and the plumbers.

Household Economy. The Chafing-Dish Supper, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Scribners.) Formerly the chafing-dish was regarded as a somewhat Bohemian utensil, associated with bachelor apartments, happy-go-lucky "light housekeeping," and the evening Welsh rabbit, a mild dissipation of many conventional households; but now it has received wide social recognition, and even appears in solid silver as a rather

needless adjunct to rich men's feasts. Mrs. Herrick gives some very sensible advice as to its use, and furnishes a variety of excellent receipts, all of which will be found practicable for chafing-dish cookery, though we think it would be more convenient to relegate some of them to the kitchen and the prosaic sauce-pan and frying-pan. The book is brought out in the same attractive style as *The Little Dinner*, and should win equal favor with house-mistresses.

Ceramic Art. The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States, an Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Edwin Atlee Barber. With 223 Illustrations. (Putnam's.) A book chock-full of forgettable details, but containing also much admirable material. The author is an enthusiast, and drags the reader in bewildering fashion from one pottery to another, introduces the principal persons in the business, and sometimes narrates their personal history. The subject is treated largely from the commercial point of view, but the illustrations give a good idea of what has been achieved, and the book is a fair bird's-eye view of the present condition of the pottery industry in the United States.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Horse-Car Psychics. FOR many seasons—nay, many years—it had been my habit to regard, first with dismay, and later on with complacent scorn, such persons as would knowingly avoid payment of a small debt; especially if such avoidance premised no very active measure of dishonesty or actual jeopardy in the performance. Of course we all look with severe moral disapprobation upon him who defrauds his fellow-man, while we maintain stoutly that it is not so much the amount of the swindle that concerns us,—it is the principle of the thing, you know! As a matter of fact, our disapproval is greatly modified by the extent of the damage thus inflicted. The promoter who by means of a scheme brings ruin on our unsuspecting neighbor comes in for a share of virtuous indignation both loud and deep; at the same time, the malefactor whose

frauds extend no farther than a postage stamp or a car fare we regard with but little indignation, although with a good deal of scorn,—scorn which seems to imply a conviction on our part that, if a man must be a thief, it were better to be so on a scale which commands the respect of his fellow-purloiners, real or would-be!

But alas! that deceptive equation which has been the undoing of many worthy souls, the law of compensation and equivalents, had to step in and make havoc with a conscience as sensitive by inheritance as it was alert through cultivation; and this was the manner of the "decline and fall-off."

On one occasion, having given a horse-car conductor a quarter of a dollar, I watched him proceed to pocket the same and pass on with the indifference of one who has closed a transaction. To my demand for change

he turned a deaf ear. On the demand being reiterated more loudly, he produced from his pocket a five-cent nickel, declaring that was all I had given him. Redress was out of the question. A policeman who happened to be riding on the platform evidently regarded me as a troublesome person, and refused to entertain my complaint. For a brief moment there were thoughts of revolution, of clamorous denunciation, of assuming the martyr's rôle of one forcibly ejected for principle's sake; but wiser counsels prevailed, for here again the baneful law of equivalents told me that all this trouble would be dear at twenty cents, and besides, I could n't recover the money, anyhow; so I resigned myself to the sulky pose of a man with a grievance, and thereafter my comments on the inefficiency of the road were uttered with the justifiable acerbity of one who knows by bitter experience whereof he complains. Thus far reprisal had not been thought of except in the form of that liberty of speech so dear to the heart of every American citizen. But a day came when the wily conductor gave me in change a pewter half-dollar at a time when the late twilight rendered detection improbable. After this I found my mild revolutionary tendencies began to take practical shape.

Sitting lost in thought one afternoon, I abstractedly ignored the conductor as he was collecting his fares, and was somewhat surprised to find, on alighting from the car, that my fare rested tranquilly between thumb and finger. Here was a revelation. I did not hurry to give him the nickel, for I had once been told that a conductor had rather pay a neglected fare out of his own pocket than plead guilty to a degree of remissness which might cost him his place; and then, without any definite purpose, I fell to speculating as to why some people are asked for their fares, and why others are not. I pretty soon established the fact that the solution which has satisfied scientific investigators of the phenomena of mesmerism, namely, the theory of "expectation," would suffice for this problem. As an impressible woman under the hand of the hypnotizer is led to believe whatever that worthy suggests, so the horse-car conductor, I learned, promptly collects fares from all who have the look of "expectation" in their faces. This look, I further observed, is usually supplemented by appropriate gestures;

and this train of thought caused me to remember that the famous line,

"I tore up Fortune by her golden hair,"

was said to have been produced whilst the poet was occupied with fishing for a sixpence in the bottom of his trousers pocket.

Pursuing this line of investigation, I noticed that persons looking into space, or reading, or otherwise mentally absent were frequently ignored by the man of pence. It was not long before I ascertained the exact degree of wooden inexpressiveness on my part which would procure me a like immunity. Chuckling over my new-found treasure in economies, I even went so far as, in my thoughts, to pervert the text of Scripture which bears allusion to some who robbed, and others who passed him by. Parenthetically, I recalled to mind that, in the present case, the robbing had amounted to seventy cents, and the passing by scarcely to a dime.

There are many things beside edged tools which are unsafe in all hands, and a natural gift at sleight of hand, a deft faculty of unlocking desks with a hairpin, with other accomplishments meant to be used only in fun, has turned out in the long run as disastrous as that unloaded gun which every week, almost every day, is pointed sportively at some unintended victim.

And now, with averted face, I confess that, moved by a strong sense of profitable reprisal, I did practice that wooden look and that vacant stare, to mine own emolument and the company's loss, while hugging myself in the gleeful delusion that it was all done only as a mental exercise. For a while I salved my reddened conscience by giving such reservation of nickels to the poor, dropping the coin through the eleemosynary slot as a scarcely admitted conscience fund or blood money. Some of it even went in donations to the deserving poor who desired something to drink; and I have no doubt that in time I should have become, from mere force of habit, acclimatized to this new atmosphere of petty peculations. I found that, in strict justice, I was beginning to differ only in degree from a financier of that day whose assets were usually alluded to as "ill-gotten gains."

Also, the fact that I had companions in turpitude, and those far from prepossessing, gave me pause. Yes, there were other passengers of the street-car line who were adepts in a practice in which I was but an

amateur. And yet my attention was first called to their existence by the non-success of the stratagem, and by hearing the muttered ejaculation of the conductor, "Got on to that wooden face!" Of such as were thus detected that official collected fare twice, proving that the stratagem, unfortunately, worked both ways.

Under the Golden Rose. — Every one has felt at some moment that Shakespeare was not quite right when he said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and I am sure of sympathizers when I confess that we were attracted to the old inn by its shining title. It was a many-leaved, mammoth brass blossom, projecting far over the quaint Tyrolese street, glinting gayly in the sunshine and gently creaking when the wind blew, which lent its name to the friendly hostelry, and its perfume of Provençal song and romance overcame in our minds the attractions of the Post and the Eagle, though I own that I did sometimes feel drawn to the Moonshine which flaunted its suggestive crescent across the way. Such disloyal leanings, however, were always promptly smothered by succulent appreciation of the wonderful puddings concocted by our blue-eyed hostess. In Moonshine should we not be expected to fare sumptuously on dew and clover honey?

I think I must not tell the name of my Tyrolean village, and so reveal it to the irreverent transient tourist. If *you*, lover of leisure and the picturesque, wish to discover it, seek it by these signs which I confide to you alone. Set in broad green meadows which were once a goblin-haunted swamp, at the foot of snow-topped mountains, you will find a long, tortuous street spanned by a tall clock-tower with a delicate lancet window, standing astride the way like a one-eyed giant keeping guard. Every house is roughly stuccoed a different color, pale green, cream, lavender, or dove, and finished off in its own wise at the top. Some are machicolated, some rise to tall Gothic points, others are scalloped in the most varied manner, and all are generously supplied with small, red-capped bay windows filled with scarlet geraniums and distributed in irregular fashion over the house fronts. These gay, picture-book dwellings are like raw recruits in the matter of keeping line, — some jut out, and some stand back; but the commanding captain seems to

be the delightful old marble Rathhaus with its great protruding corner of bow windows which rise one above the other in a sort of tower, and make a background to the stone fountain and mitred bishop. Pass through the pointed arch, climb the stairs, and you will find the interior no less interesting. The paneled bow window, with its lozenge panes, ancient settles, and comfortable round table, clamors in your mind for six ruddy, burly, green-waistcoated old burghers gloriously draining their foaming tankards. Around the walls hang queer sacred pictures of the fifteenth century, and from the centre of the ceiling is suspended the pride of the town's heart, the chandelier for which the proverbial Englishman vainly offered thirty thousand gulden. It is a woman's head and bust of carved wood developing mermaid-wise into the long curved horns of a chamois.

Cæsar's dictum, "Better be first in a small Iberian village than second in Rome," often occurred to me as we three American girls wandered bare-headed up and down the quaint street to rummage the garrets for antiquities, or filled the small pastry-cook shop with jollity while we wavered between the attractions of hazelnut and cream cakes. The flirtatious young draper who came in the evening to play the zither in the *Gaststube* of the Golden Rose seemed to fall into an ecstasy of bowing delight when we crossed his threshold for a bit of tape or six shoe-buttons, and his rival, a little farther up under the arcade, threw the deep devotion of an ancient liegeman into his solemn "Empfehle mich." When one of the trio stopped in a tiny shop to purchase a Tyrolese pipe for somebody's brother across the sea, the saleswoman prolonged the transaction as much as possible to extract detailed information about the party, and I suspect that, in spite of her scant stock and the lilliputian dimensions of her domain, the price of the pipe was at that moment of very secondary importance.

In truth, my little town, though accustomed to transient German and Austrian pedestrians, was not hardened to the excitement of an American quartette settling for a month in the midst of it. The tall, stately guardian of Castle Sprechenstein pronounced the girls "*drei schöne Mädel*," and other vague, insinuating bits of flattery floated to the American ears. The kitchen

Vehmgericht at the Golden Rose declared the delicate, scholarly face of the party's head "most beautiful and fatherly;" and when the trio sallied forth in all the bravery of their girlish finery to drink coffee with the doctor's daughter from Meran, every window held an admiring pair of eyes, and the culinary corps suddenly and simultaneously needed water at the roadside fountain. Each morning our bedroom bouquets of carnations and passion flowers were renewed by the faithful Anna, and offerings of delicately arranged wild flowers came, as dainty tribute, from other well-wishers. As an offset to this æsthetic side of life, the family digestion, on Saturdays and Mondays, went through a stern German ordeal of pork, cabbage, dumplings, and noodles which made existence a dim, doubtful joy, only illuminated by the pudding moment, when every countenance lighted as the two Tonys came proudly in bearing the generous results of Frau Obexer's skill.

The way the table was waited on never ceased to be a source of amused impatience. Not a scrap was served until the very last straggler of the twenty boarders established himself at the table; then the Tonys went around collecting information as to the varieties of dark beer, Pilsener, and red or white wine wanted. In removing the courses, Tony No. 1 took off the plates, and Tony No. 2 followed for the knives; Tony No. 1 gave each person a clean saucer, and Tony No. 2 came on behind with a spoon. It never seemed to occur to any of the Teutonic minds that this order might be accelerated or simplified.

Our table's claims paled before those of the adjoining room, where athletic young members of the Alpine Club were entertained; and we never wearied of seeing Tony No. 1 sit down by a tall fellow's side, with her arm confidently laid on the back of his chair, to make out his bill. Is it treason, under the rose, to tell how Tony No. 2, a veritable Tyrolese beauty, was discovered one day contentedly sitting on the knee of an old gentleman who was taking his beer in the garden?

All day long, rain or shine, our Germans tramped, but after supper everybody sat around the long table and waxed sociable. The young dentist from Munich contrived animals and acrobatic skeletons out of bread crumbs and toothpicks, which were admir-

ingly passed from hand to hand; Joachim's pupil from Berlin made her violin say strange, wonderful things; and everybody drank beer. Sometimes the whole tableful would swing out into a rhythmic German song to the sound of the violin, and then again there would be a juvenile stampede to the Gaststube and the tinkling zither. Here, under the unfailing black crucifix of the Tyrol, the village beaux played billiards and drank their beer, and in a few seconds the room would be full of mazy motion, softly blurred by the blue smoke of many pipes. I never expect to see anything more graceful than the two Tonys gliding smoothly through a waltz together, but the favorite sight was that of the two pretty American sisters; and a boyish young fellow in a crisp pink shirt stumbled against public opinion when he blurted out that, according to his Leipsic code, only peasants reversed and danced so slowly. From time to time traveling musicians discoursed throughout the evening really exquisite music to an appreciative audience.

Space fails me to tell of all that filled that Tyrolese July: of the dark, windy night when a reiterated horn-blast resounded through the street and narrow alleys to summon help for a burning farm far up the valley, and the girls dashed away to the spot through the shadows and dusty whirlwinds; of the expeditions to Reifenstein Castle, with its Gothic furniture and its frescoed room of that weird green color like the rust on old coins, suggesting by its dim, eerie atmosphere the mysterious workshop of some terrible magician; of the picnic in the pine woods beneath the glistening glaciers; in short, of what made this Tyrolese nook dear to the quartette.

The last night came; Suzel wept, and her cheerful aunt melted to tears. Edith was handed a smooth white rock on which she was requested to write her name, to consecrate it as a paper-weight to be kept for life in memory of the beloved Americans; another admirer presented Louise with pressed Alpine flowers, and a Tyrolese picture dedicated by a note in which the donor called herself a "humble mountain blossom," and the recipient "the magnificent flower of America." Anna, the chambermaid, proudly produced three large bouquets framed by broad lace paper collars (which the girls carried seven miles to spare her feelings), and the dining-room was a chorus of "Happy

journeys," "Auf wiedersehens," and ejaculated wishes that it might rain on the morrow and prevent the departure of the pedestrians. It *did* rain, and the chagrined party had to meekly come down to eat breakfast, dinner, and supper again with their vociferously rejoicing friends. The second edition of the leave-taking, perhaps a shade less mournful, took place that evening to the sound of steady rainfall, and to our astonishment the next morning dawned brightly, luminously clear, with tidy white sheets of gleaming snow drawn neatly over every mountain top. Most people were still asleep, but we were again embraced and wept over by Suzel and the aunt. We shook hands with Herr Obexer and the pudding-maker, with Anna and the two Tonys. Our collared bouquets held proudly aloft, we marched away up the bright little street, and until we turned the curve we could desery Suzel and the aunt apparently waving themselves out of their bow window, and blond Herr Obexer bowing double in the arched doorway just under the Golden Rose.

— There were already four cats on our premises, — four cats belonging to nobody in particular, — when the Marchioness elected to make her abode with us.

Now, besides the fact that four cats are rather more than a sufficiency for any well-regulated establishment, the Marchioness had no attractions to recommend her to our favor as a superfluity. She was what boys call a "gutter kitten;" and, like the Marchioness of the immortal story, "she must have been at work from her cradle." An unrelaxed "striving for dear existence," a bare, unbeautiful existence, had obliterated all the sleek feline graces. She was handicapped at the start by a coat of brindled gray; the best wear, no doubt, for a gutter kitten, making of her an inconspicuous speck to escape observation; but had she been "a motley to the view," appealing to the lust of the eyes in the variegated glory of sumptuous tortoise-shell, haply some cat-lover had rescued her from a fate forlorn before she forgot the frolic uses of a kitten's tail.

The Marchioness was still a kitten when she came to us; an *old* kitten, in whom the juvenile spirit had perished utterly. She had no mind to frisk, and she manifested a distinct aversion to petting. Superannuated

by the uses of adversity, all she demanded was to be let to live. She did not seem to expect to be fed, always preferring to forage for herself at haphazard. Snatching scraps and dodging missiles had been the two imperative problems of her existence, and she knew nothing else. But constant practice in these accomplishments had developed in her a wariness and a promptitude not to be excelled.

The little vagrant made it evident, from the first hour of her arrival, that she had come to stay; and because she was all skin and bone, with a voice that hardly exceeded a whisper, and eyes forever on the alert, we let her stay, for very pity, and we gave her a name that we loved. Very soon it was discovered that if the Marchioness had no beauty, she had in no small measure the gift of character; and character, though it does not assert its claims so immediately as beauty, excites a livelier curiosity, creates a keener interest, establishes a more lasting impression.

The four cats of old possession, the Jet, the two Snowballs, and the Tortoise-Shell, eyed the intruder with supercilious disdain, flaunting their prescriptive privileges as if to proclaim to the forlorn plebeian that her betters had arrived before her. But the Marchioness was not expecting to be adopted; all she sought was a chance "to quench her hunger" a little less precariously than street vagabondage permitted. Brickbats and broomsticks, and such like violence, she had so long been habituated to that mere slights made no impression. As to the soft places, the cosy nooks, where luxurious naps were to be enjoyed on chair cushions or sofa pillows, the Marchioness, having no knowledge of such indulgences, did not aspire to them. It fulfilled her idea of comfort that she was left unmolested to snooze in the sunshine, on the piazza edge, outside the railing; and in all her coming and going she maintained her isolated existence, in serene oblivion of the pampered quartette.

But the day of her supremacy was to dawn ere long. Hitherto the four associated cats had lorded it over the premises by right of having no rivals and no determinate owner, — a questionable advantage, indeed, since in such cases ownership means championship. But there came a rival at last, a formidable rival, accredited to a responsible

master, — a magnificent young Newfoundland dog, so black that, until a more appropriate name suggested itself, he was known by the elaborate title of the Ace-of-Spades. The Ace-of-Spades "played the deuce" with the cats. Considering himself monarch of all he surveyed, his first decree was that all felines must go.

Cats, however, especially long-established cats, are obstinately loath to change their quarters. Neither the Tortoise-Shell, nor the Jet, nor either of the Snowballs, indeed, presumed to offer battle; they fled precipitately to the roof or the treetops, upon the first canine demonstration; but they returned again and again. Yet could they never evade the vigilant Ace-of-Spades, ready to pounce upon them the instant they descended. Then would ensue a dash, a growl, a bark, a squall, a scamper, and a scurry for safety; until, wearied out with this persistency of attack, the persecuted quartette took refuge permanently in the orchard, over the high fence of which it did not comport with the dignity of the Ace-of-Spades to follow.

While this lively warfare endured, the Marchioness pursued the even tenor of her way, protected by her insignificance; but when at last the Ace-of-Spades had effectually banished his four adult aversions, his eyes were opened to the "impertinent individuality" of the little scrawny gray kitten. When first he took notice of her existence, she was performing her morning toilet where the sunshine flooded the piazza. The Ace-of-Spades approached for a nearer view of the microscopic object, and, recognizing his lawful prey, made a premonitory dash, with the short, sharp bark, his signal of attack, as he crouched, and brought his nose on a level with the midget.

It was a breathless moment, the crisis of her fate; for one tap of his vigorous paw would have annihilated that mere anatomy. But the Marchioness was equal to the emergency. Before we could rush to the rescue, she had reared back upon her haunches, quivering in every fibre, but "game" every inch of her; and stretching her meagre jaws to emit the faint squeak that served her on all occasions of protest, she raked the Ace-of-Spades severely across the nose.

The giant recoiled with a low whine of pain and astonishment, and stared at the audacious speck incredulously. The audacious

speck stared back unflinchingly. Then, in the language of defiant kittenhood, with a voice that was but a sound this side of silence, she said plainly, "Now I hope you are satisfied, you great brute," and soberly walked away to the other corner to resume licking her dingy fur.

The Ace-of-Spades gazed after her and pondered deeply, — or seemed to. When next he made advances to the Marchioness, they were of a pacific nature. But the Marchioness was a wary young one; distrusting caresses, she first resented, and long steadily resisted, his friendly overtures. In the end, however, the indomitable subduer of felines prevailed; and one day, the Marchioness, being minded to make experiment of a softer resting-place than the piazza floor, crept between the great black paws that once had threatened her life, curled herself up in comfortable security, and went to sleep. The Ace-of-Spades watched over her slumbers with dignified indulgence, and from that time forth became her pillow, her shelter, her protector, her *friend*. Needless to say what name the Newfoundland thus won for himself.

— It is what Carlyle called a *Lady Tramp*. "leafy Sussex lane." It was a favorite lane with young Arthur Stanley when yonder rectory was his temporary home, and fame far before him. But a short bird's flight away is the cottage in which John Sterling lodged during the very brief time that he served the Church; through these hedgerows Frederick Denison Maurice often passed, seeing only the world within him.

It is a lane of English poetry and idyls; withdrawn from a quiet highway, and winding through cornfields past a stately mansion with Jacobean windows blocked up and Victorian children about the door, till it dwindles to a mere track across the ancient deer park to the ruined castle.

Because of its seclusion it was chosen by one easily mistaken for a lady gathering flowers, perhaps even for the *châtelaine* of yonder towers gathering simples for the still-room; a dignified attitude, figure even stately, the dress (twenty yards away) entirely ladylike.

But why that blue vapor rising timidly but an inch or two above the grass? Has a lady of the olden times here set up her delicate laboratory to distill sweet fra-

grances and perfumed oils and essences, within touch of the vast and silent one of nature herself?

"I am not a good fire-maker," said a gentle voice, a voice that might have given command to many men and maidens.

The speaker wore a hat becoming her age and face. A queen of fashion could not have better chosen. It was a close, lace-trimmed, black hat, precisely such as dowager duchesses wear in their gardens; under its drooping brim, snowy hair, a refined but weather-beaten face, sound but neglected teeth. A faded cloak, once elegant, the remnants of a cotton frock, and ragged boot soles under more ragged white cotton stockings had no suggestion whatever of the neatness which makes poverty respectable. Instead of neatness and respectability was an air those decencies never have, *le grand air*.

In the midst of the timid smoke was a biscuit tin, set among smouldering twigs gathered by the wayside. "Would you kindly smell of it, madam," she mildly said, "and tell me how it seems to one who fares daintily? I have scraped away all the maggots." Had she said "lady," the shibboleth of menials, I should never have seen the inside of that biscuit tin with contents gently seething, ornamented with a bit of parsley, and sending up no odor, so far as I could tell.

"Thank you," re-covering the tin. "Now it will taste better. A butcher's kind wife gave it to me."

Her glances about her were as timid as her timid fire. "I asked a lady outside the lane if any trouble could come upon me here, and she thought not. I should like a cup of tea" (she said "cup," but meant her rusty cocoa tin) "better than this flesh food, and people will rarely refuse us hot water, though they refuse us everything else."

That "us" was the first actual clue to her condition.

"I did not sleep well last night. A cup of tea cheers without inebriating, after such a night;" adding naively, "Do you not find it so?"

Only in answer to questioning, felt under the circumstances to be grossly vulgar and impertinent, she told that, although last night's lodgings had been satisfactory, the sound of whistling outside had several times disturbed her slumbers.

"Who whistle are honest," said the visitor.

"Of just such we are, unfortunately, afraid," she answered simply. "The single woman seemed delicate, so I gave her my corner, away from the door; the married couple took the fagot-heap; so I had Hobson's choice inside the empty coal-bin, although I did not know it till I found bits in my mouth; but, as Shakespeare says, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

"Where are your fellow-lodgers? Why did you not keep with them?"

"Why should I? I knew not who and what they were. Doubtless they were decent enough, but one must be very careful in making acquaintance when one takes to the road. The single woman was rather clever; she told me not to be afraid of dirty water, for all comes clean when it is boiled. But she had biscuits and sugar, and the married couple had tea. I had nothing, so I left them all together."

The tanned and dirty hands were soft and still shapely. "Picking oakum is their severest labor," she said. "I avoid the Shelters as much as possible on that account; also because in the most of them the officers speak as if you were dirt under their feet. The last one I entered at Hastings is a very ill-bred affair; so is that at Hailsham. I have turned sixty, but I can still walk all night rather than bear with rudeness. I am getting on to the Hailsham Shelter now, but if the sky clears I shall make an effort to pass it; they keep you in until eleven, the best time of the day. Hopping begins next week; I shall probably have a pound at the end of it, enough to pay my winter's rent. I cannot earn now the wages of twenty-five. At twenty-five I paid wages; at fifty I was servant in a clergyman's family, but I could not get on with his wife; her accent was atrociously vulgar; in Warwick we use good English; so I took out a five-shilling license to sell the bit of lace I crochet; and now I have neither license nor lace."

"Husband? He died of riotous living. Children? Both dead, and I have no abiding city, no home made with hands."

Was she going to cant? Did she take me for a Bible reader, as van people usually do?

"Sad, is n't it?" she laughed gleefully, seeing my perplexed face.

"You don't look your age, dear" (when told it). "But it's sheets." Here she drew herself up as do tragedy queens. She flour-

ished a rusty case knife and a battered cocoa tin, not violently, but in a grand manner. "Sheets," she crooned, — "sheets, white, clean sheets; under them a bed, over them soft, white blankets! In them one may turn as far as one's arms can reach. Oh, the blessedness of sheets, sweet-smelling sheets, sheets! Can such things be without our special wonder? the Bible says."

The Lady Tramp then deliberately turned her back on me. She had asked for nothing, and I felt dismissed with a whole Longer Catechism yet unanswered.

When I returned, half an hour later, madam had tied her biscuit tin and contents in a grimy cloth to sling upon her arm. She accepted a small parcel with a stately bow. "You are not a Christian," she daringly said; "Christians don't give away grocer's parcels of tea. You are better, — you are a lady!"

As she placed the parcel in her ragged satchel she saw an inquisitive gaze rest upon a few yellow rags neatly folded.

"My clean handkerchiefs," she explained.

Franklin's
"Our Lady
of Auteuil."

— A house standing at one end of what was then the suburban village of Auteuil, with a long, narrow strip of two acres of ground behind it, and a small one-storied pavilion or annex at the extremity, became in 1773 the residence of Madame Helvetius, and the resort of some of the best thinkers in France. Blessed with twenty brothers and sisters, of good birth but without a dowry, and not expected to find a husband, Anne Catherine de Ligniville had been saved from the otherwise inevitable cloister life by being adopted by her aunt, Madame de Graffigny, an amateur dramatist and novelist. But in 1751, at the mature age of thirty-two, "Minette" ("Pussy"), as she was called, had accepted the hand of Helvetius, the son and grandson of Dutch doctors, butler to Louis XV.'s queen, and enriched by tax-farming. After twenty years of happiness with a husband whose virtues, as Rousseau told him, belied his materialistic doctrines, the widowed lady, having seen her two daughters married, quitted Paris for this suburban retreat, to which her lively conversation, her simplicity and kindness, attracted excellent company. Laroche, a secularized priest, ex-librarian to the Duke of Zweibrücken, a collector of books and curiosities, was a permanent inmate, and

another priest, Morellet, was installed in the pavilion, though he spent half the week at Paris. From 1778, moreover, there was an adoptive son, Cabanis, of whom Madame Helvetius was wont to say that, were transmigration a fact, she should believe that the soul of her only son, who died at the age of fourteen months, had been reincarnated in Cabanis. Her friends forbore advancing the objection that for nearly a year the two infants were contemporaries, and would thus have had but one soul between them. The young medical student, the future physician of Mirabeau, whose agony he refused to shorten by opiates, went to Auteuil on what was to be a short visit, but it lasted thirty years. The habitual callers included Chamfort, that "ill-licked cub," as Madame Necker styled him, whose misanthropic talk made the hostess melancholy for the rest of the day; the poet Roucher, with his wife and daughter, little Eulalie, on whom Madame Helvetius conferred her own old pet name of "Pussy;" Turgot and Condorcet, inseparable friends, full of faith in the regeneration of mankind; Volney, who had mused on the ruins of Palmyra; and Sieyès whose pamphlet in 1789 was to electrify France. Last, not least, there was Franklin, who, introduced by Turgot and Malesherbes, walked over twice or thrice a week from the adjoining village of Passy. He it was who styled the hostess "Notre Dame d'Auteuil," while he named her married daughters "les deux Étoiles."

The lady took such a liking to the American philosopher as to relax her rule of seclusion, and, accompanied by Laroche, Morellet, or Cabanis, she paid a weekly visit to Passy. During one of these visits she insisted on the destruction of the cobwebs which had perhaps afforded Franklin matter for meditation; whereupon, acting as amanuensis to the flies, he presented her with their address of thanks. It must, however, have been at Auteuil that Madame Helvetius, who had already, it is believed, refused Turgot, declined to become Mrs. Franklin No. 2, — a refusal so amiably expressed that Franklin sent her the next morning an account of his charming dream of the condolence on his rebuff offered him in the Elysian fields by Helvetius, who had there found a helpmeet in Mrs. Franklin No. 1. With good-humored irony Franklin professed to have been told by Helvetius that

his suit might have prospered better had he got Morellet to plead for him, or Laroche against him. Across the street lived Madame de Boufflers, the lady whom Dr. Johnson, in the most negligent of toilets, escorted to her coach in Fleet Street, and visitors often went from one house to the other. Well might Franklin, from the other side of the Atlantic, sometimes wish himself back at these feasts of reason, of which no record, alas, remains, — feasts almost devoid of belief in theology, but full of belief in human progress. Turgot's death in 1781 and Franklin's departure four years later made serious gaps in the circle. Turgot had enjoyed a Pisgah view of the Revolution; Franklin lived to see its brilliant dawn. Both were spared the spectacle of the atrocities of the Terror. As for the remaining "Academicians," we may imagine their enthusiasm in 1789, Morellet being the only scoffer, and indeed turning traitor by a malicious pamphlet against Madame Helvetius and Cabanis. Alas! the guillotine was destined to claim Roucher; Condorcet escaped it only by poison; and even the inoffensive Laroche, after his brief honors of the village mayoralty, suffered imprisonment. Sex, moreover, was no protection, for poor Madame de Boufflers underwent incarceration; but Madame Helvetius was, happily, unmolested. Yet prepared at any moment for arrest, she is believed to have buried a large sum of money in her park, and to have been unable, the danger over, to recollect the spot. The story would seem to have better foundation than other traditions of hidden treasure, for her heirs, on selling the ground, reserved their right to any eventual discovery.

Auteuil enjoyed a kind of Indian summer after the fall of Robespierre, but its hostess never forgot its early luminaries. She fainted on having one day to pass through the Place de la Concorde, which recalled the fate of Roucher and Condorcet, and she especially liked, as Helen Williams testifies, to speak of Franklin, who seems to have stood second in her affections to her husband; and him she counted on rejoining when the time should come for her ashes to be laid in a corner of the garden which she calmly pointed out to her visitors. She continued to feed troops of birds in winter on her balcony, and her eighteen cats were too well fed and lazy to

interfere with them, or even with the mice which scampered about her drawing-room. The ideologists, as the surviving Girondists were now called, were deluded into applauding the eighteenth Brumaire, mistaking Bonaparte for a French Washington who was to restore liberty as well as order. He used them, as he did other parties, for his own ends, and then dismissed them with contempt, or muzzled them by public appointments. Yet on one of his three visits to Auteuil he partially unmasked himself by commenting on the smallness of the park, whereupon Madame Helvetius replied, "You do not know, general, what happiness can be found in two acres." That happiness had been heightened in 1796 by the marriage of Cabanis with Charlotte Grouchy, Madame Condorcet's sister, and the children born to the pair gladdened the hostess's last days.

When she peacefully expired with the expiring century, at the age of eighty-one, her daughters scrupulously respected her desire — for the law did not allow her to command — that Laroche and Cabanis should remain in their old home. Laroche, however, after being a deputy, retired to the country in 1803, but Cabanis retained possession till his death in 1808. Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, already separated from the wife who had insisted on still calling herself Madame Lavoisier, then hired part of the house. He occupied it till his decease in 1814, Cuvier and a few other friends keeping up with him the traditions of genial conversation. Three years later the property was sold by the descendants of Madame Helvetius. In 1871, the house, already stripped of most of the park, was burnt down, and a Jewish college now occupies the site. The pavilion was destroyed six years afterwards, and the spring in the street facing the house, where Louis XV. used to drink on his way to the hunting-box at La Muette, has also disappeared. Thus no material trace remains of this rendezvous of wit and enlightenment, except that two or three trees behind the Jewish college look as though they might have been saplings a century ago. But M. Antoine Guillois, with the aid of his ancestor Roucher's documents, and with access to the papers of Cabanis and Condorcet, has revived the memories of Auteuil in his charming little volume *Le Salon de Madame Hel-*

vetius, while the eloquence of the hostess's great-grandson, M. de Mun, a French deputy and Catholic lay revivalist, shows that ancestral talent in the intermediate generations was not probably extinct, but merely dormant.

"As Others See." — Not long ago it was my fortune to have an experience not usually vouchsafed, — at least seldom in so poignant and complete a degree as it befell to me. With the Club's permission I will record.

It was on a dull, rainy day in winter, such weather as increases immeasurably the clang of the city street, and renders the pedestrian's career a most tedious undertaking, from the tendency of multiplied and hurrying umbrellas to interlock overhead, after the manner of the Roman artifice of shields. It was the sort of day when, by natural law, the spirits take their barometrical position at the very bottom stratum, and when humanity appears altogether unlovely, save, perhaps, to the resolute philanthropist. My errand, among a series of petty commissions, was to have a prescription filled for an invalid friend. For this, however, I did not intend to go out of my way; the next apothecary shop would do as well as any other, although the street through which I was passing was unfamiliar.

In the usual repetend of shops of all kinds, a drug store was soon reached. It was of considerable pretension, extending, as it appeared to me on entering, quite through to the next street, so uncommonly well lighted were the generally dingy recesses of the dispensary. When the prescription was filled, I resolved to take a cross-cut to the adjoining street, and was passing rapidly through the long room when I was stopped by one of those fatuous encounters with strangers which might well be called impromptu dodging-matches, and in which each person turns simultaneously to the right, to the left, and *da capo*, yet neither seems able to effect a passing.

I shall leave it, eventually, to the reader to decide why the person I thus met excited in me an ire and an impatience quite disproportionate to the occasion. The woman. — I felt that I could scarcely call her a lady, such was the entire absence of bearing and of self-possession displayed by her

in the matter, — the woman had a face that was distinctly careworn, the expression jaded, yet with the suggestion of a capacity in the wearer to be roused into a light-minded interest in tiresome details such as a cultivated mind very properly abhors. She was, I saw, no longer young (I shall not forget that fact); and I distinctly remember how ill her rather shabby clothes hung upon a figure pronouncedly lank. But then the wet weather drives us into the unhappiest accommodations; so I would withhold criticism on that point.

We dodged to right, to left, and *da capo*. She appeared as much annoyed as myself; but how I wished she would forbear a most disagreeably conciliatory way she had of smiling at each ineffective mutual bob! Moreover, I thought I saw, as her eyes more directly met mine, a tendency to the sardonic jocularly of that class of citizeness who should say, "Give it up, ma'am!"

The woman was just putting her lips in motion, perhaps for the enunciation of that conjectural remark, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a voice at my side, whose tone was one of courteous alarm, "Madam, the mirror! *This* way, please!"

The drug clerk had saved me from the destruction of valuable property (sparing, incidentally, the leanest of all purses). The quicksilver charm was dissolved, and yet not until I had cast an involuntary glance at my late fellow-dodger, and she had thrown me one, of mingled relief for herself and contempt for my *maladroitness*. Besides, I have since thought she may have been a person of some sagacity; for it seemed to me that in that fleeting final glance I detected an amused apprehension of my thoughts on class distinctions in which she had figured to such disadvantage.

In brief, I had frequently heard that to see one's double is significant of one's approaching dissolution. My own experience in the matter leads me to affirm that such an apparition does, certainly, sometimes, forewarn the demise of that very large part of ourselves which we term Vanity. Posthumous reflections on this subject may be salutary, but they are not conducive to moral comfort; and I often rue the day that I saw the shabby woman in the mirror.